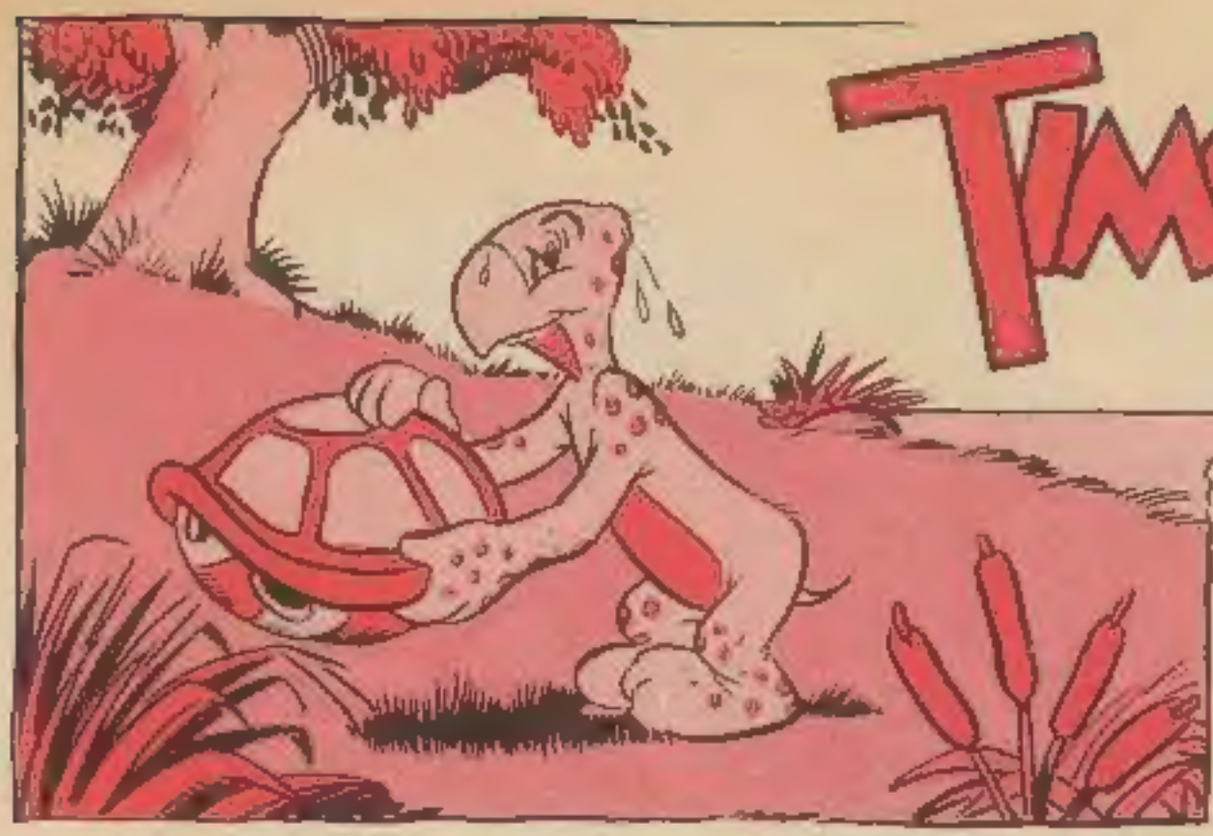
A DELL MAGAZINE 10¢

AUGUST

Our Gang COMICS



TIMOTHY TURTLE'S NEW SUIT

It was a hot summer afternoon, and Timothy Turtle's ferry business across the Old Mill Pond had been very slow all day.

"Ho hum, what a lazy day," Timothy yawned. "Believe I'll just take a nap here in the shade. If anyone comes along, they can waken me." And he slipped off his shell and carefully hid it among the tall grasses.

Now, scarcely had Timothy dozed off than two little figures came scurrying down the path. They were Clarence and Charlie Chipmunk, trying to find a way to keep cool on such a hot afternoon. As they neared the spot where Timothy napped, Charlie dropped down among the flowers and heaved a sigh.

"I can't go any further, Chuck. I don't know when I've been so hot. If we could just go for a boat ride it might cool us off a bit." And he pulled a petal from a daisy and began to fan himself with it.

"Well, I don't see Timothy around, but here's his shell. It sure would make a good boat, if we turned it upside down. Do you suppose he'd mind if we borrowed it?" Clarence turned the shell over and peered inside.

"Heck, no, he wouldn't mind," cried Charlie, eagerly. "And we can use those two old spoons someone left down at the Picnic Grounds, for paddles. I'll get them." In an instant he was back, helping his brother push the shell onto the water.

Now, of course, as hot as the day may be, when evening settles down in the woods, it gets mighty chilly, and it wasn't very long after the sun had gone down that Timothy gave a little shiver and sat up, yawning and rubbing his eyes.

"Now, where'd I leave my shell?" he grumbled sleepily, as he searched through the tall grasses. "It must be here somewhere, but it isn't. Why, Jumping Juniper, it's gone . . . it's gone!"

"What's gone?" asked a voice, right behind him.

"My shell's gone . . . that's what. Oh, hello, Uncle Porcupine. I didn't see you, it's getting so dark. Say, have you seen my shell anywhere? It couldn't just walk away by itself."

" 'Pears to me that's just what it's done, son. Yep, it certainly did." And Uncle Porcupine searched among the grasses.

"But what am I going to do?" wailed Timothy. "I've got to have a shell. I'll catch my death of cold without one." He sneezed once or twice. "See what I mean?"

"Yes, sir, you certainly are going to need a shell. Tell you what I'll do. I'll see if I can round up some of the neighbors and try and track down that shell of yours, or a reasonable facsimile thereof."

And Uncle Porcupine hurried away through the trees.

"Oh dear, it looks like everything happens to me," sighed Timothy, as he wrapped himself up in a large leaf.

Soon Uncle Porcupine returned, followed by quite a gathering of the Wood folks. (Continued on inside back cover)

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M.G.M. Presents

Our Gang

SAY, YOU KIDS HAD BETTER BE CAREFUL UP IN THE MOUNTAINS. REMEMBER THE "BARREL", THAT CROOK WE HELPED CATCH?

WHAT ABOUT THE BARREL, JANEY?

HE'S BEING TAKEN UP TO MOUNTAIN STATE PRISON TODAY BY CAR

SO WHAT? IS HE GOING TO CONJURE UP AN EARTHQUAKE AN' DESTROY US?

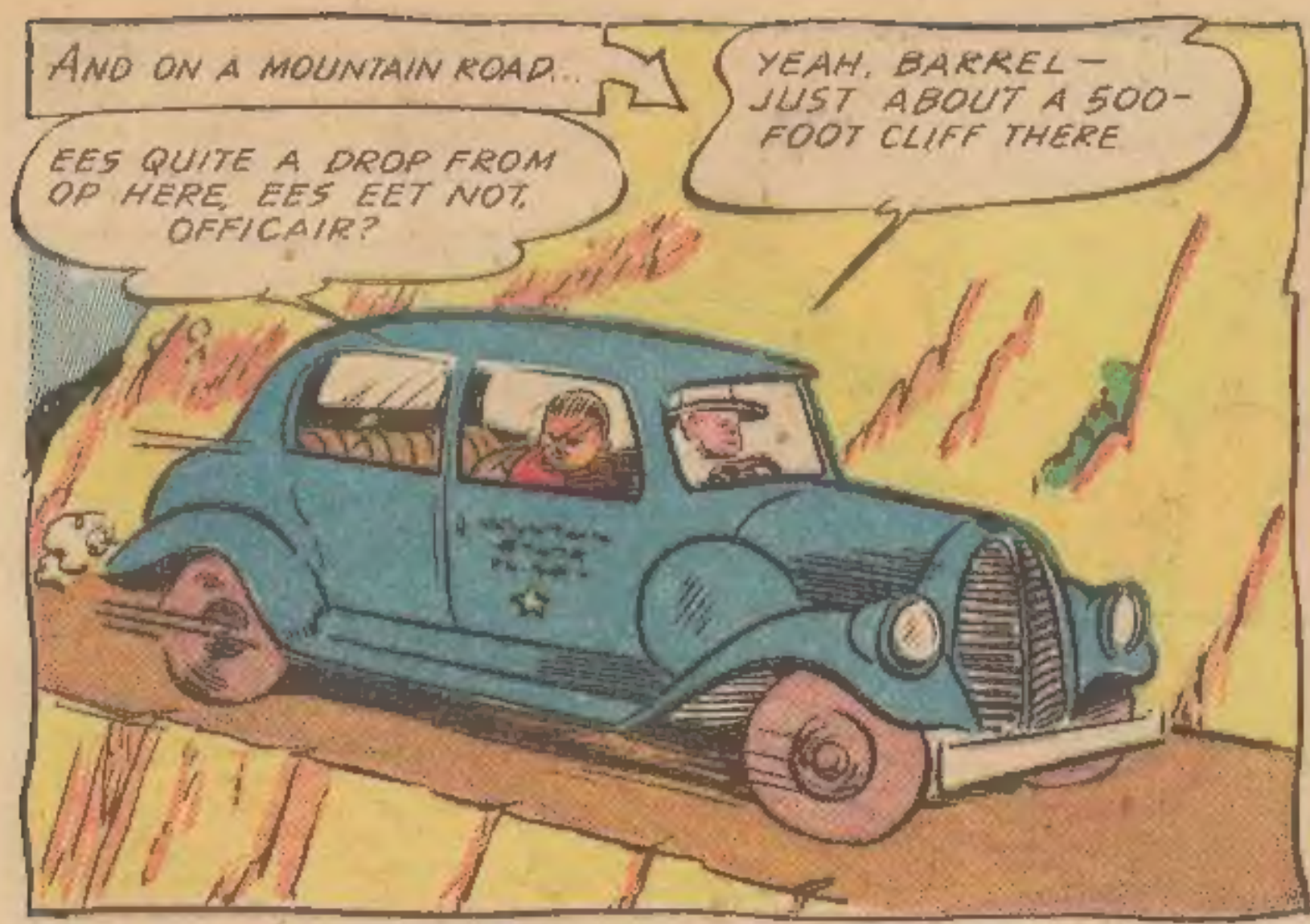
NO, BUT YOU REMEMBER HOW REVENGEFUL HE IS! IT SAYS HERE HE'S SWORN TO GET EVEN, BUT IT DOESN'T SAY WITH WHO!

JANEY, THAT'S JUST LIKE YOU! ALWAYS WORRYING... I'M GLAD YOU CAN'T GO CAMPING WITH US.

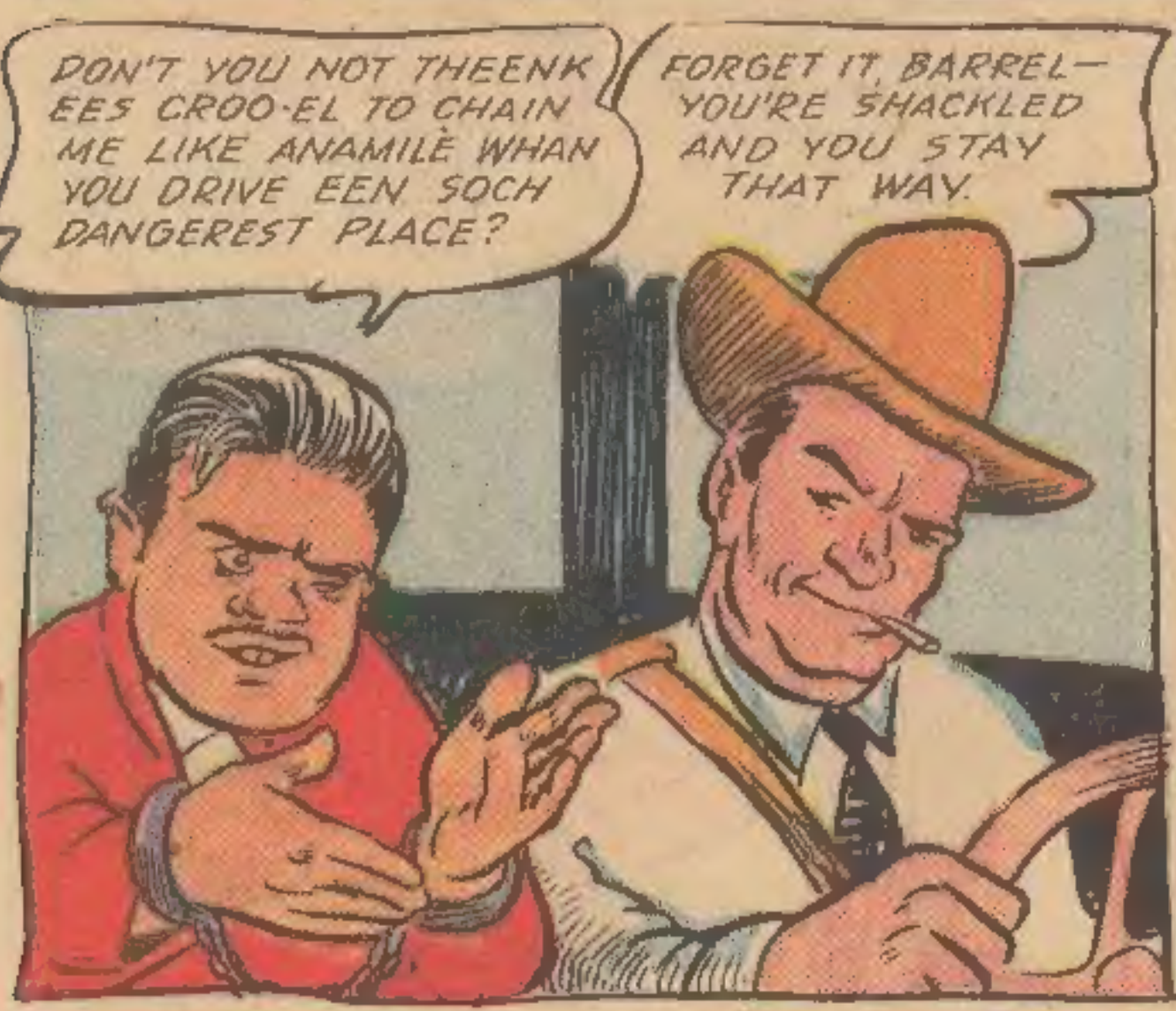
WELL, JUST THE SAME, YOU BE CAREFUL!

OKAY— SEE YOU TOMORROW, JANEY!

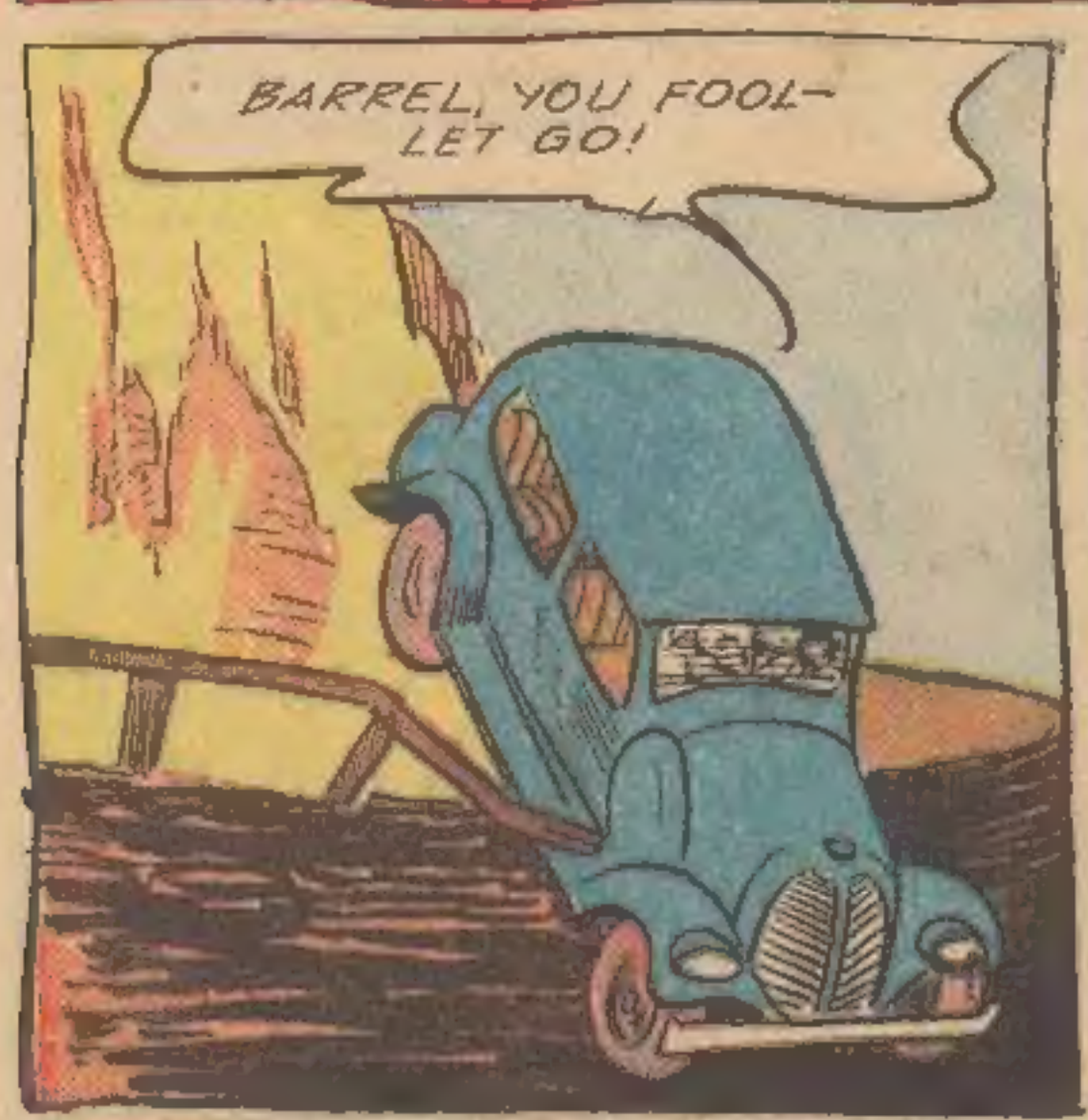
SO LONG!

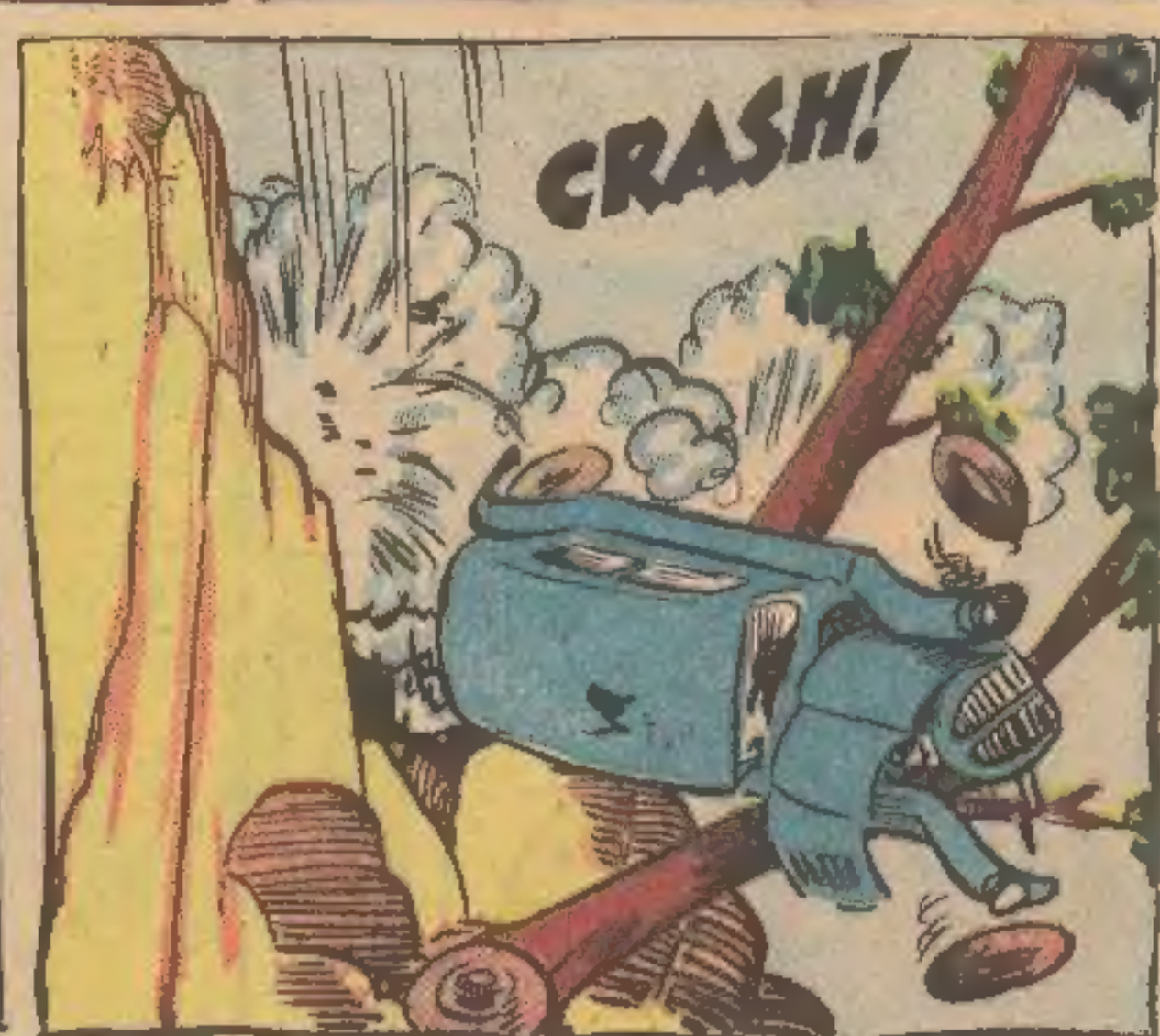

AND ON A MOUNTAIN ROAD...
YEAH, BARREL— JUST ABOUT A 500-FOOT CLIFF THERE
EES QUITE A DROP FROM OP HERE, EES EET NOT, OFFICAIR?

WOULD BE NOT SO FONNY TO FOLL OFF THESE CLEEF HERE, NO?
NOT SO GOOD, BARREL.


DON'T YOU NOT THEENK EES CROO-EL TO CHAIN ME LIKE ANAMILÈ WHAN YOU DRIVE EEN SOCH DANGEREST PLACE?
FORGET IT, BARREL— YOU'RE SHACKLED AND YOU STAY THAT WAY.

BY JAR! YOU WEEL NOT TAKE ME TO PREESON— I WEEL KEEL US BOTE!
HEY!

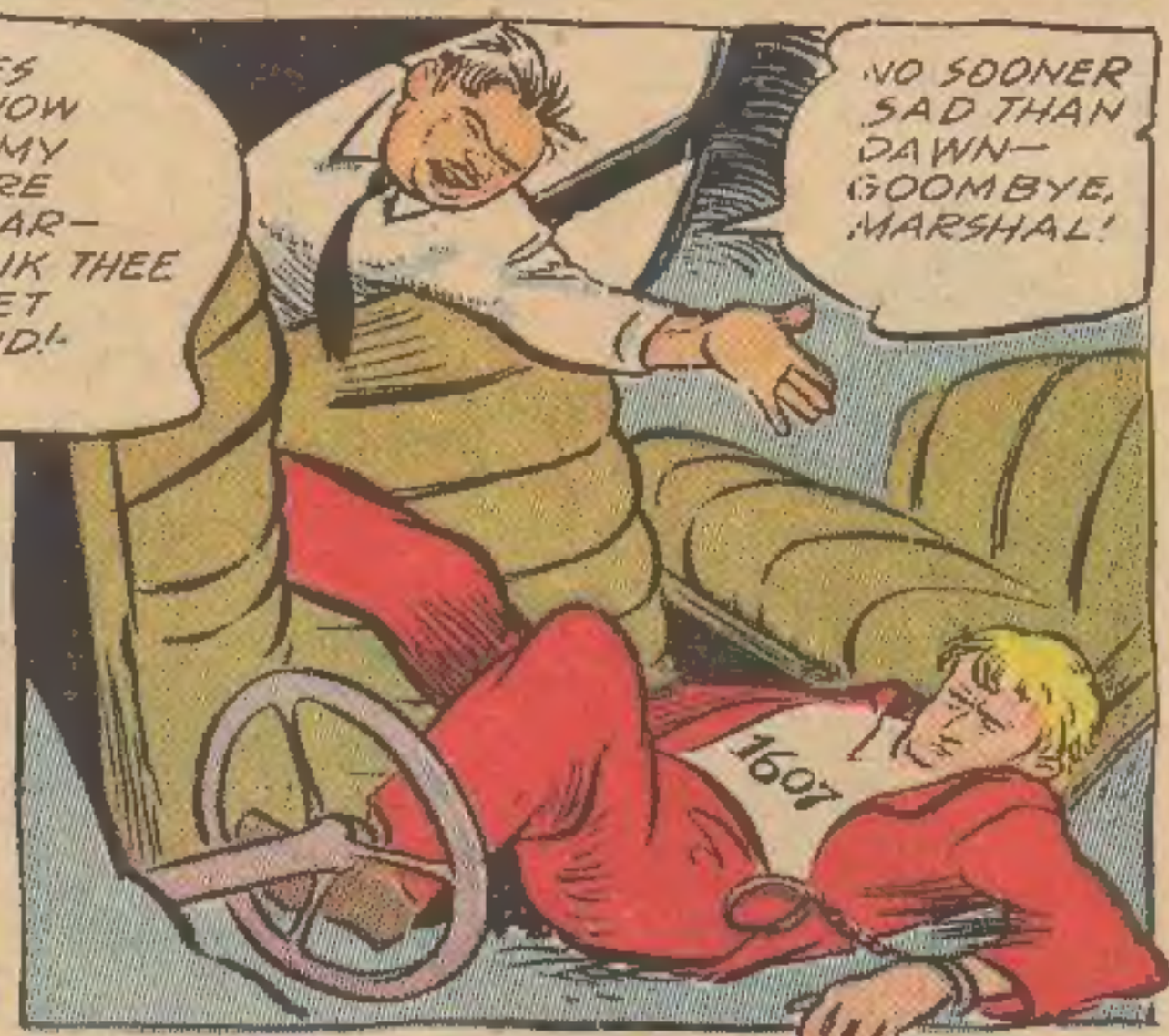

BARREL, YOU FOOL— LET GO!


CRASH!

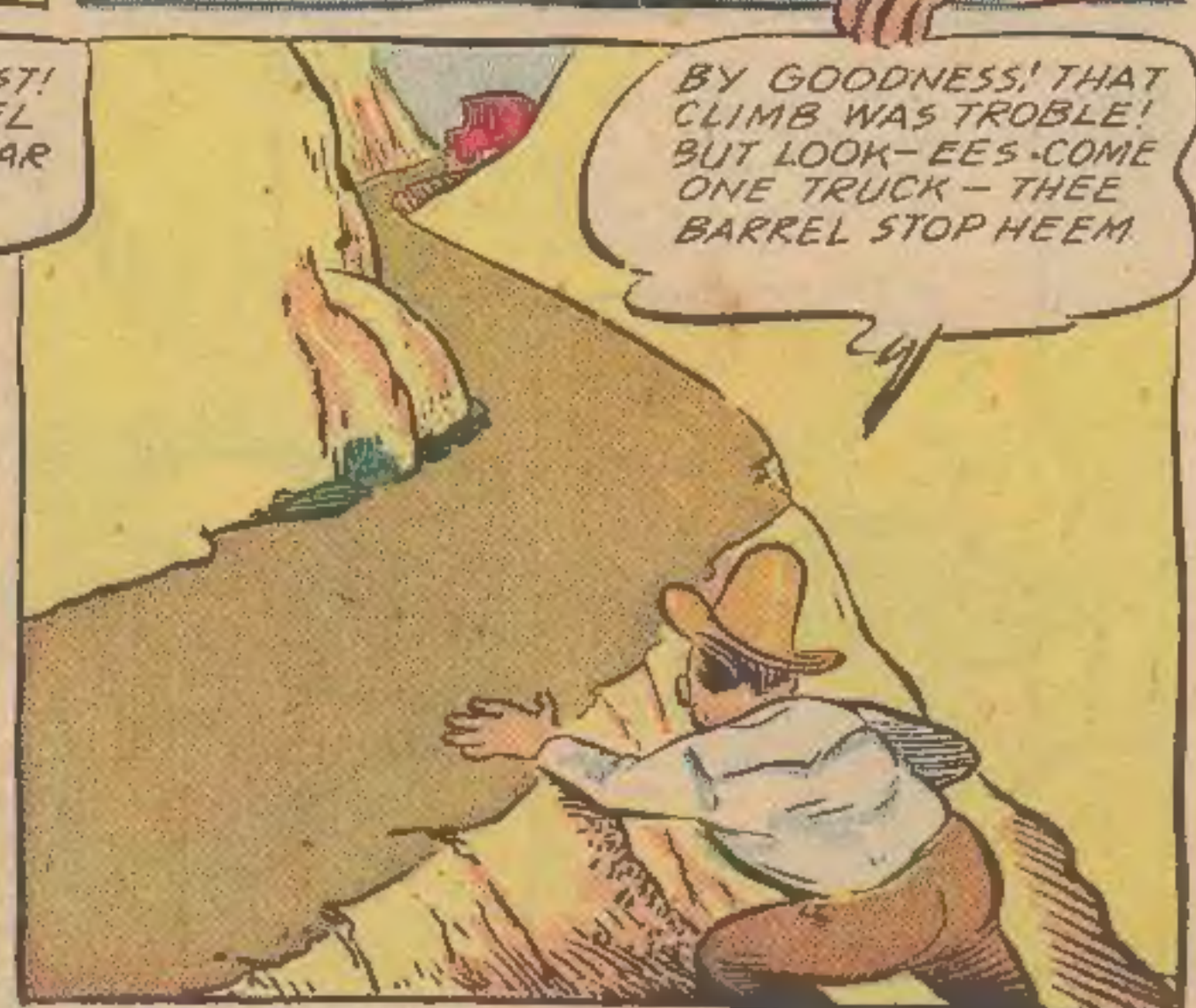
GOOD! I AM STEEL ALIVE— THAT EES VER' FORTUNATE.
1607

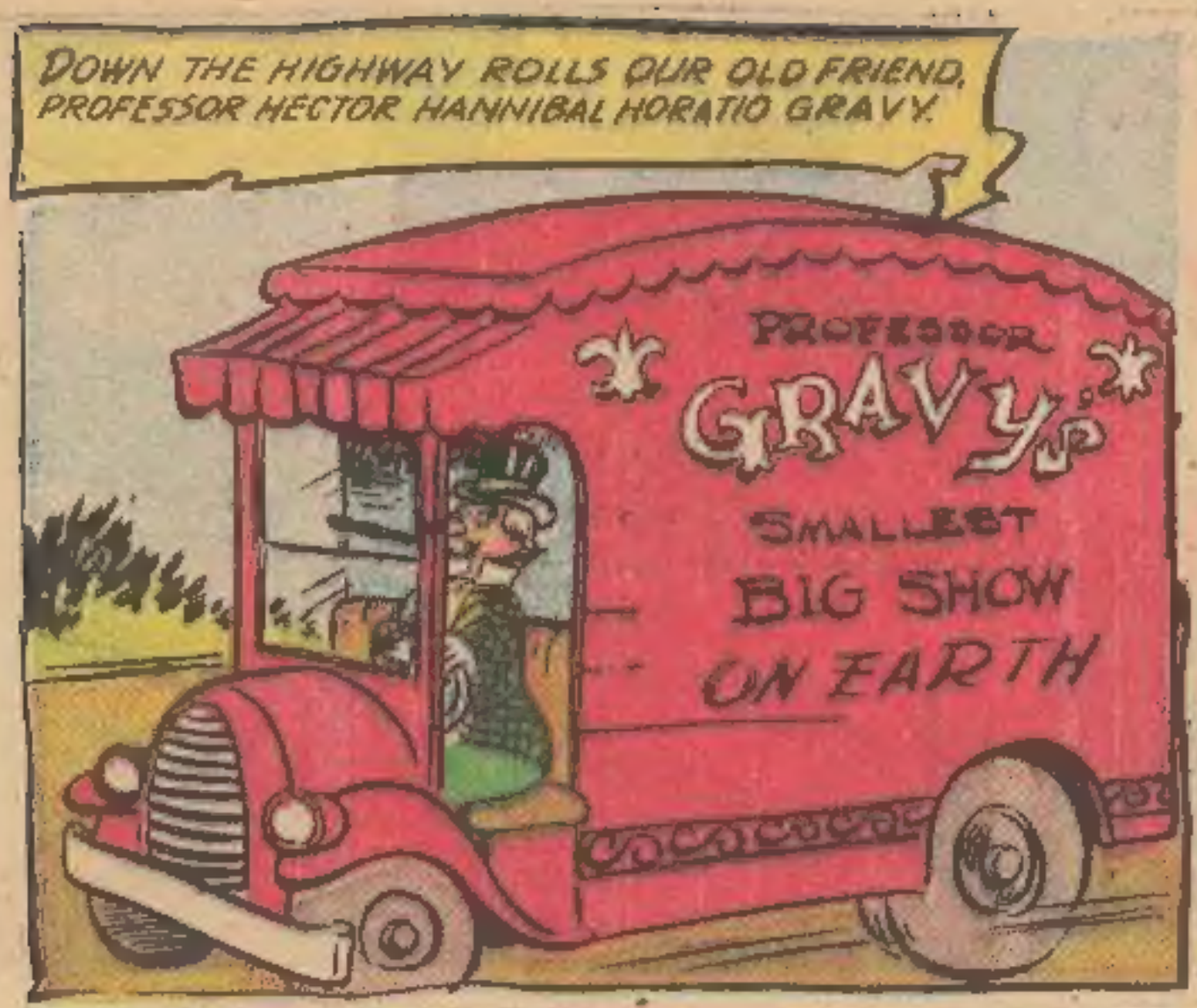
GOOD AGAIN! THESE KEYS ARE STROKE OF LOCK!

THE MARSHAL EES DAID, I THEENK—NOW EEF HE WOS EEN MY CLOTHES—AN' A FIRE CONSUME THEE CAR— AVERBODY THEENK THEE BARREL MEET UNTIMELY END!
1607


NO SOONER SAD THAN DAWN— GOOMBYE, MARSHAL!
1607

AAAH! THE PETROL TANK EES BOST! NO PETROL, NO BURN! THE BARREL MUST STOP A CAR OPP ON ROAD!


BY GOODNESS! THAT CLIMB WAS TROBLE! BUT LOOK— EES COME ONE TRUCK — THEE BARREL STOP HEEM.


DOWN THE HIGHWAY ROLLS OUR OLD FRIEND, PROFESSOR HECTOR HANNIBAL HORATIO GRAVY.
PROFESSOR GRAVY'S SMALLEST BIG SHOW ON EARTH

ODDS BODKINS! A GUARDIAN OF LAW BIDS ME HALT— HOW UNSEEMLY!

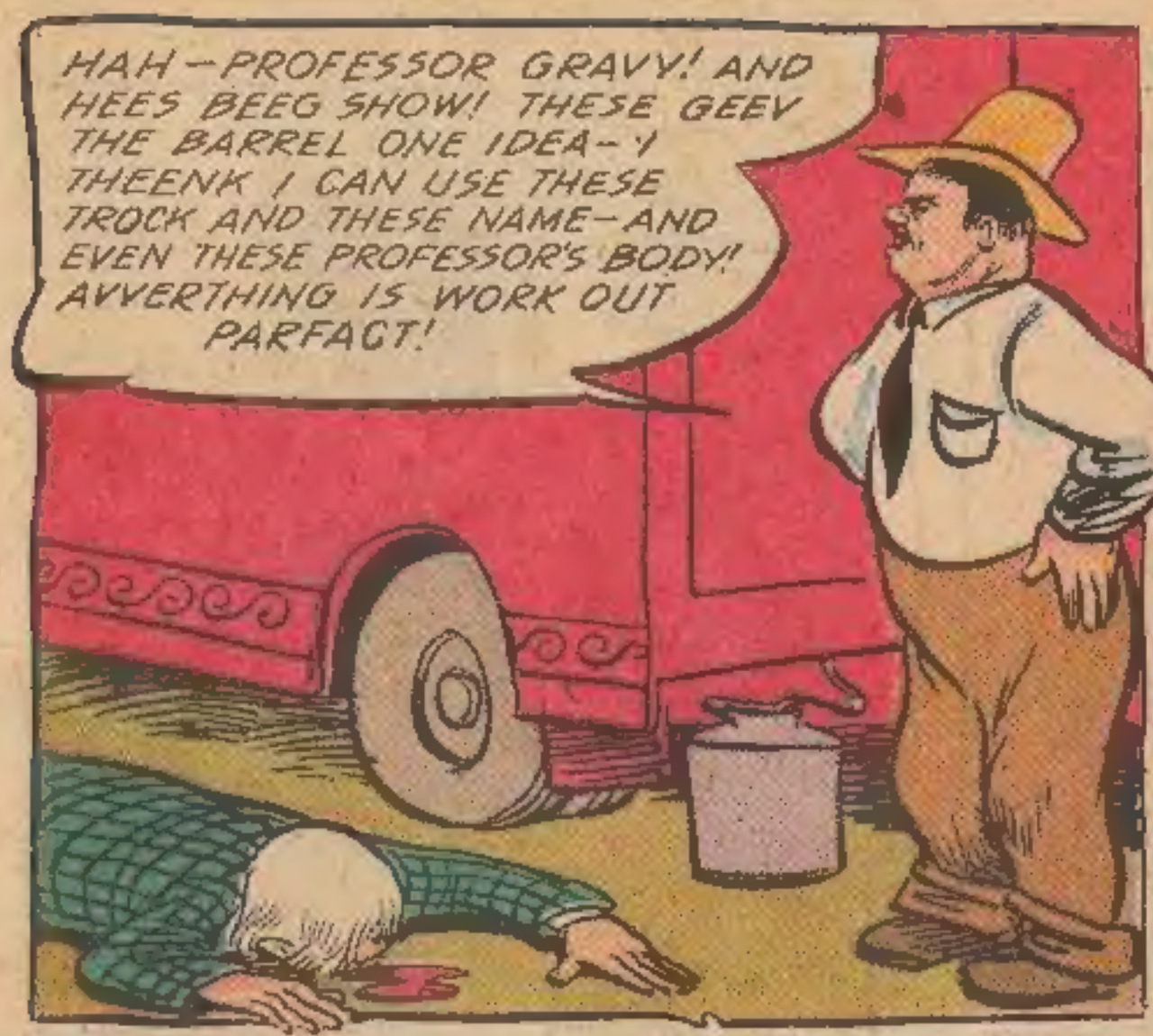
GOOD MORROW, OFFICER—HOW STALWART YE STAND! A BOON TO THE EYE, INDEED— HAVE, I PRAY, ONE OF THE FINER CIGARS THAT HAVANA PRODUCES!
GAT OUT OF THESE TRUCK AND GEEVE ME SOME PETROL!

MY SOUL! YOUR ARROGANCE IS OF UTMOST DISTASTE, SIRRAH!
OUT!

CONFRONTED BY YOUR HORSEPISTOL, I MUST NEEDS COMPLY— BUT WHEN I GET TO TOWN I SHALL REPORT THIS MATTER TO—

WHACK!

PEEG! NO WAWN REPORTS ABOUT THEES BARREL! NOT NO MORE!


HAH—PROFESSOR GRAVY! AND HEES BEEG SHOW! THESE GEEV THE BARREL ONE IDEA—I THEENK I CAN USE THESE TROCK AND THESE NAME—AND EVEN THESE PROFESSOR'S BODY! AVVERTHING IS WORK OUT PARFACT!

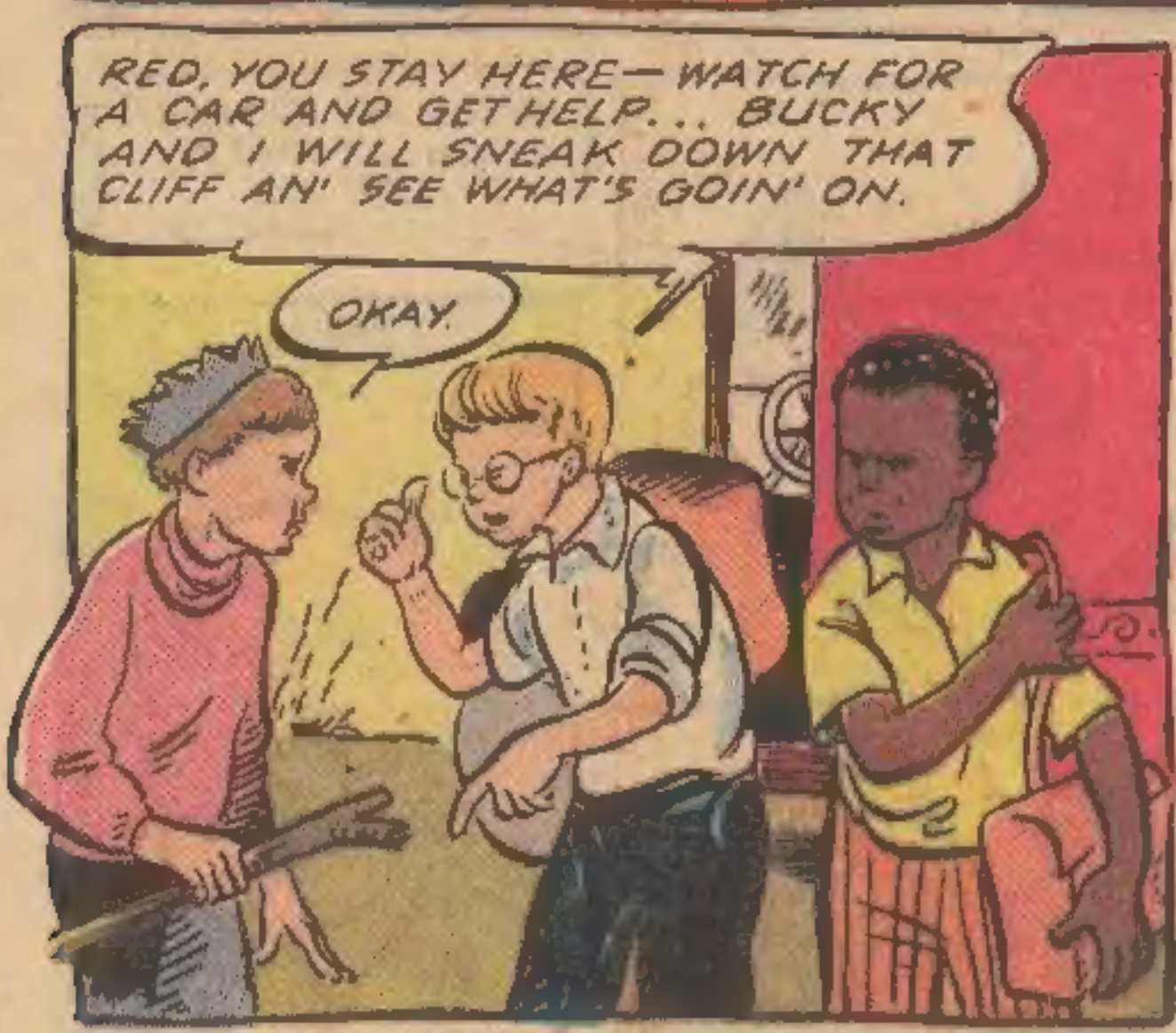
AFTER ALL, TWO BODIES ARE NEEDED IN THEE WRECK—AND I CAN BECOME PROFESSOR GRAVY!

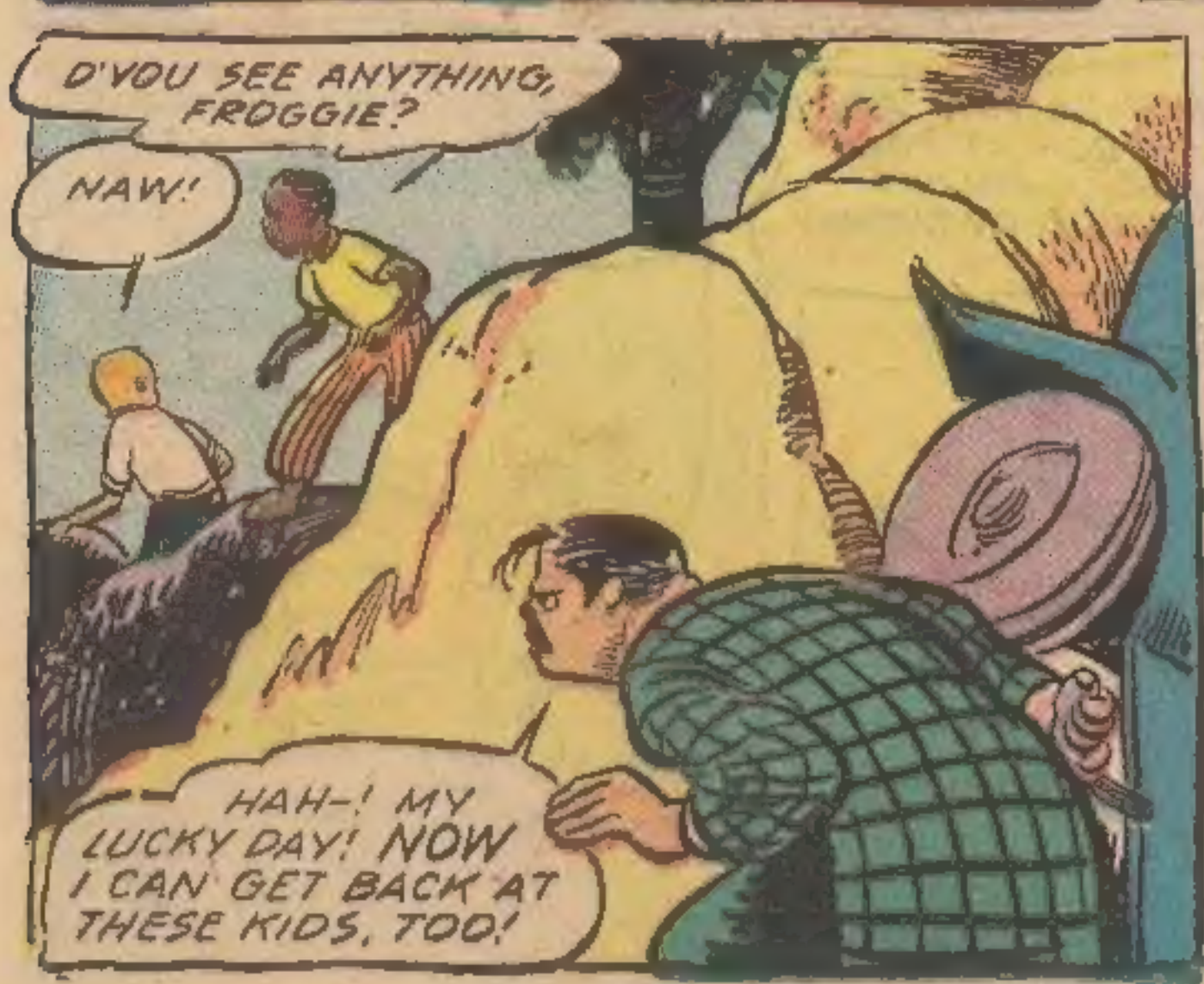
WHAT IS SO RARE AS A DAY IN JUNE?
30 DAYS IN FEBRUARY! HYUK, HYUK!
WATCH! HEY, LOOK!
BLOW ME DOWN! LOOK AT THAT! I MUST BE SEEING THINGS!

AW, IT'S NOTHIN'!
I'M NOT TALKIN ABOUT YOU—LOOK AT PROFESSOR GRAVY'S TRUCK DOWN THERE!
GOOD OL' PROFESSOR GRAVY! WHAT'S HE DOIN' UP HERE?
HEY, PROFESSOR!
YAHOO!

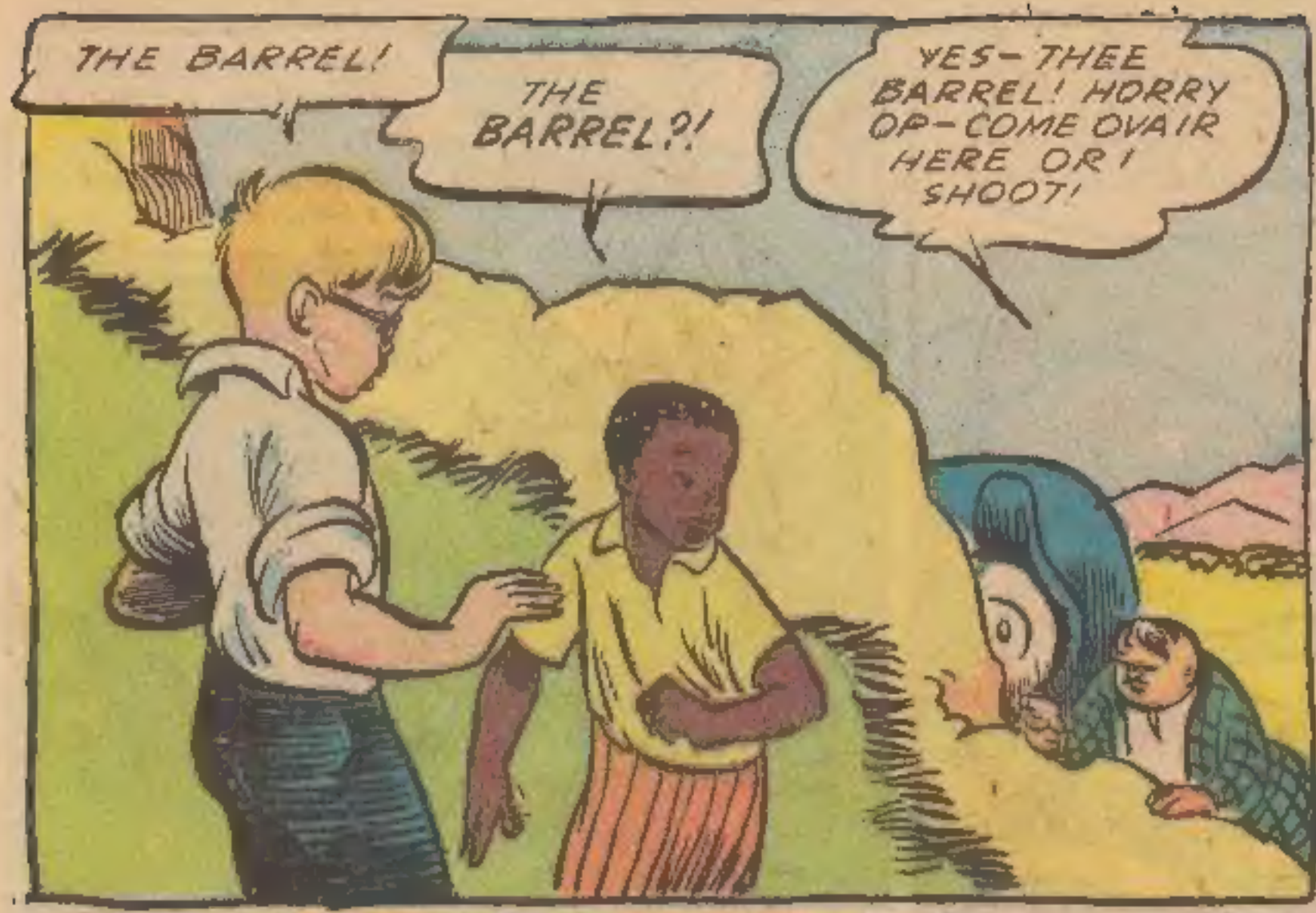
HE'S NOT HERE!
LOOK-! HIS HAT- AND BLOOD!

HE'S BEEN SLUGGED!
AND DRAGGED OFF!
THE MARKS POINT THAT WAY!


RED, YOU STAY HERE—WATCH FOR A CAR AND GET HELP... BUCKY AND I WILL SNEAK DOWN THAT CLIFF AN' SEE WHAT'S GOIN' ON.
OKAY.

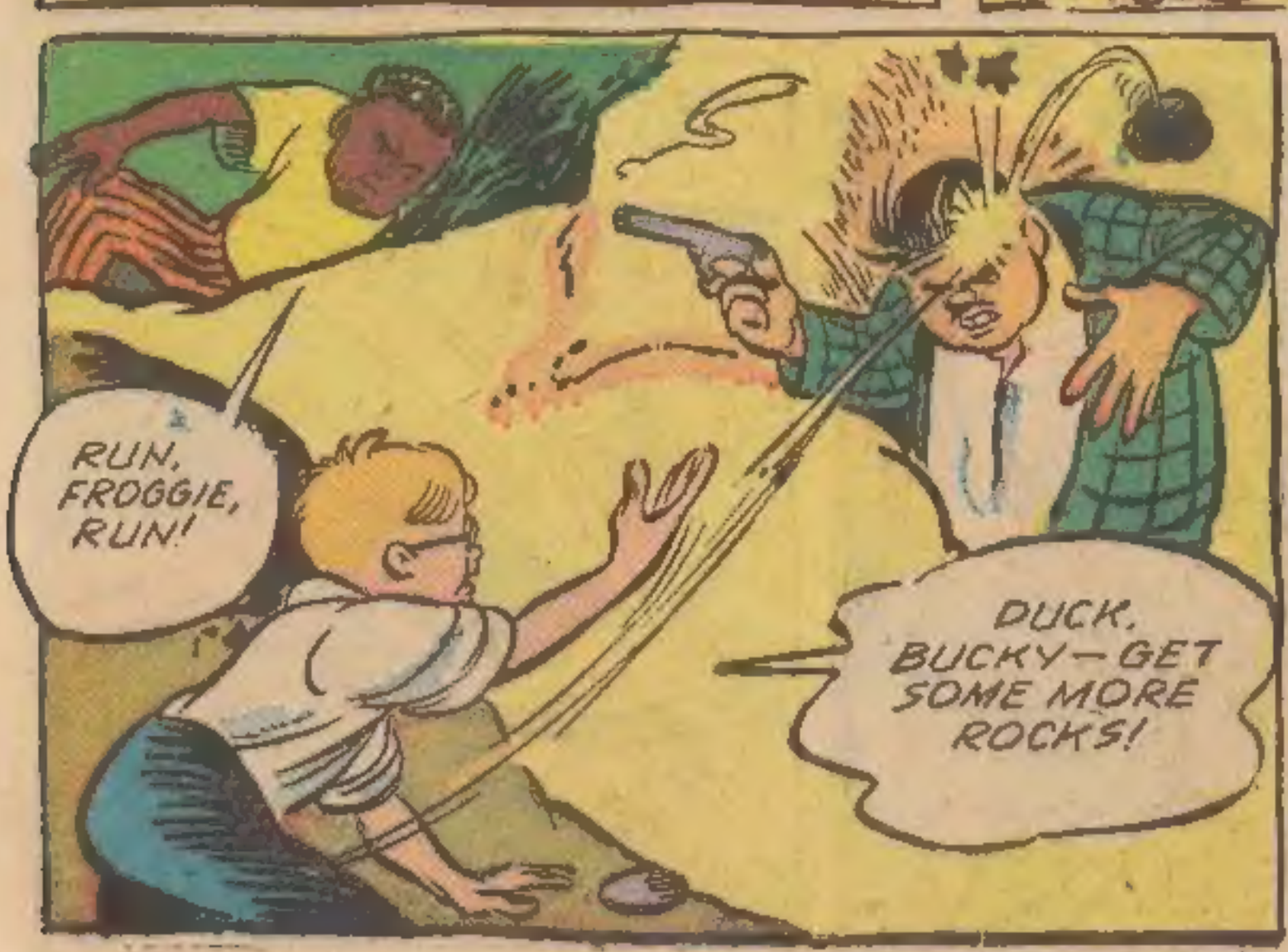

D'YOU SEE ANYTHING, FROGGIE?
NAW!
HAH-! MY LUCKY DAY! NOW I CAN GET BACK AT THESE KIDS, TOO!

RIGHT OVAIR HERE, MY FRANS—HERE YOU CAN SEE SOME-THINGS—COME CLOSER, AN' BE QUIET. QUICK!


THE BARREL!
THE BARREL?!
YES—THEE BARREL! HORRY OP—COME OVAIR HERE OR I SHOOT!

PSST—IF HE GETS US WE'RE GONERS, FROGGIE! GET READY TO DIVE INTO THE BRUSH AND DOWN THE HILL.

YOU DAVIL! BARREL KEEL YOU!
BANG!


RUN, FROGGIE, RUN!
DUCK, BUCKY—GET SOME MORE ROCKS!

BANG!

FROGGIE— FROGGIE! HE KILLED FROGGIE!

THEE CONFOUNDED KEEDS— NOW I MUST RUN—THE SHOTS WEEL BRING SOMEWAN!

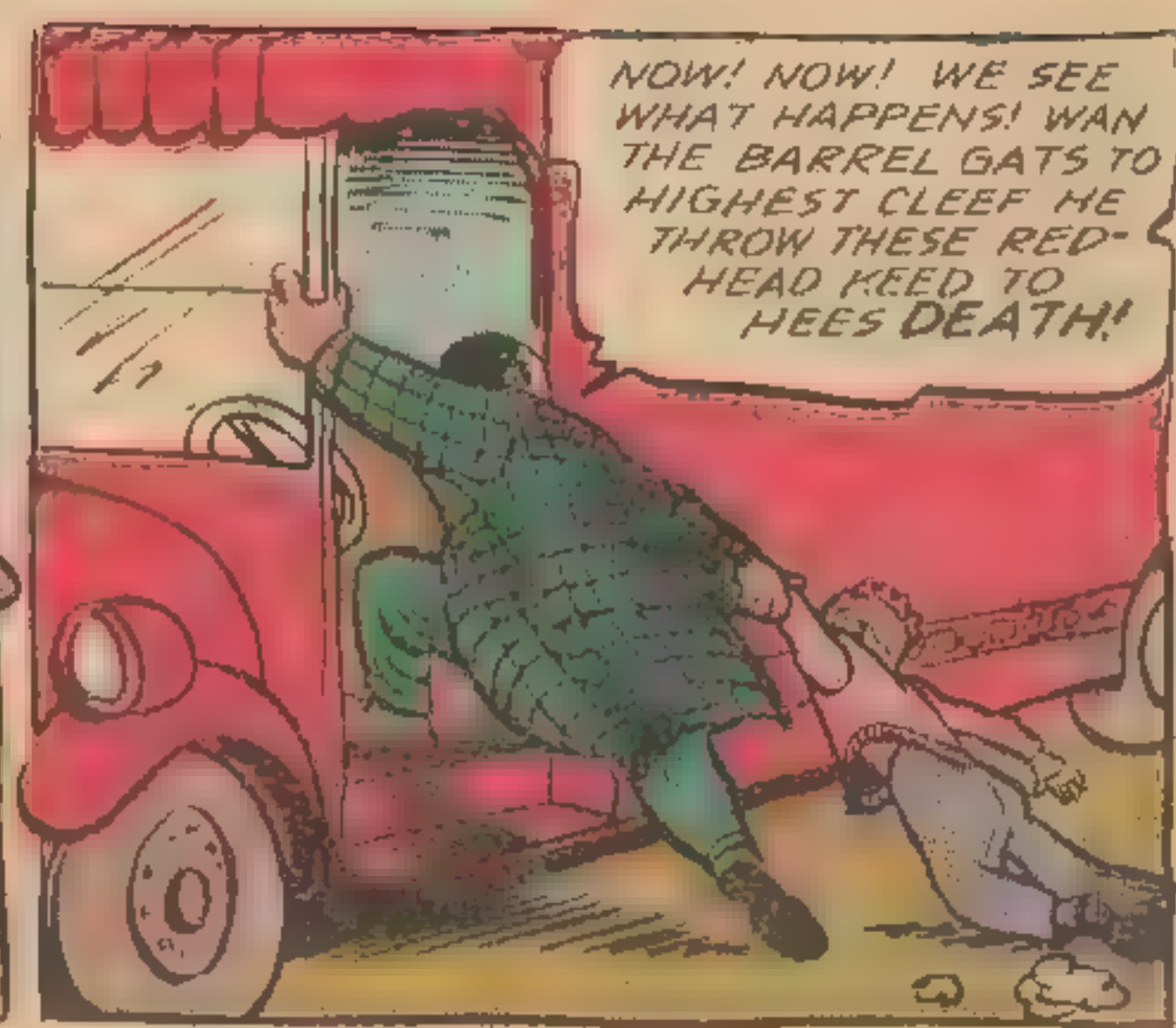
NO TIME TO SET FIRE TO THE CAR— MUST GET AWAY—AN' THAT KEED EES FINALLY GOT WHAT COME TO HEEM!

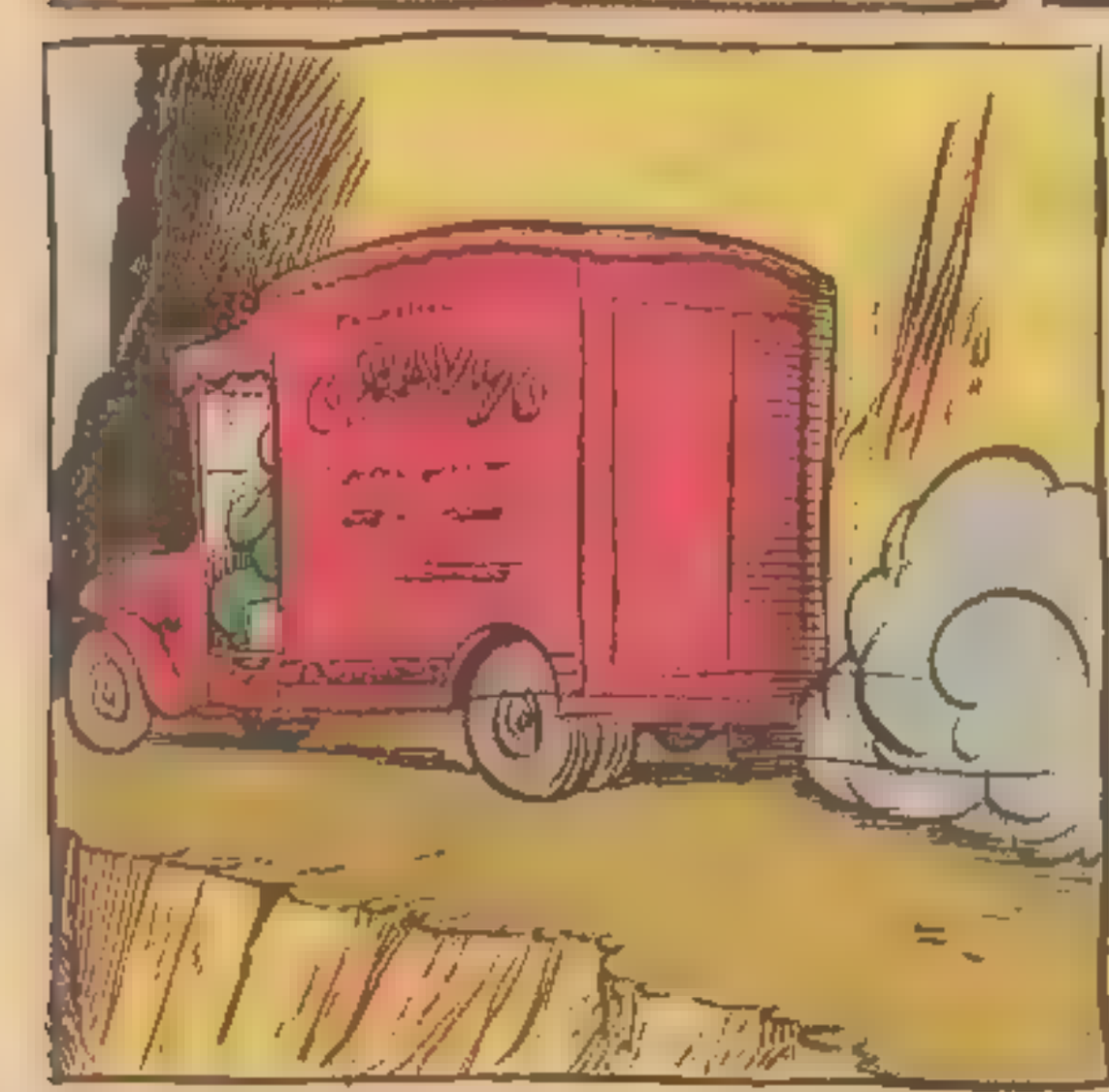
THOSE SHOTS MEAN TROUBLE— I BETTER HELP— SOUNDS LIKE SOMEBODY CLIMBIN' THE BANK

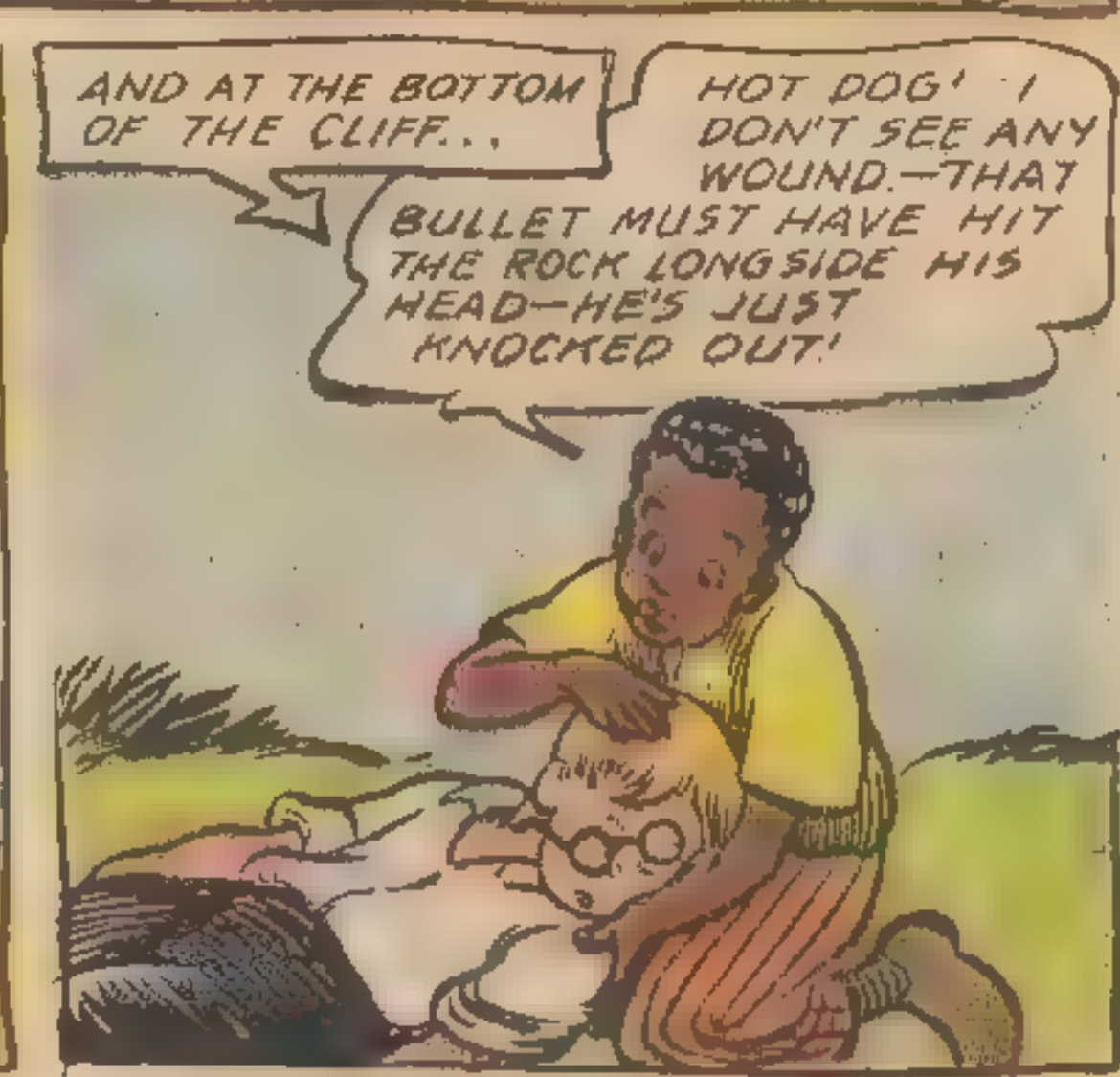
PUFF—HUFF—UH— ANOTHER ONE!—PUFF!
BARREL!

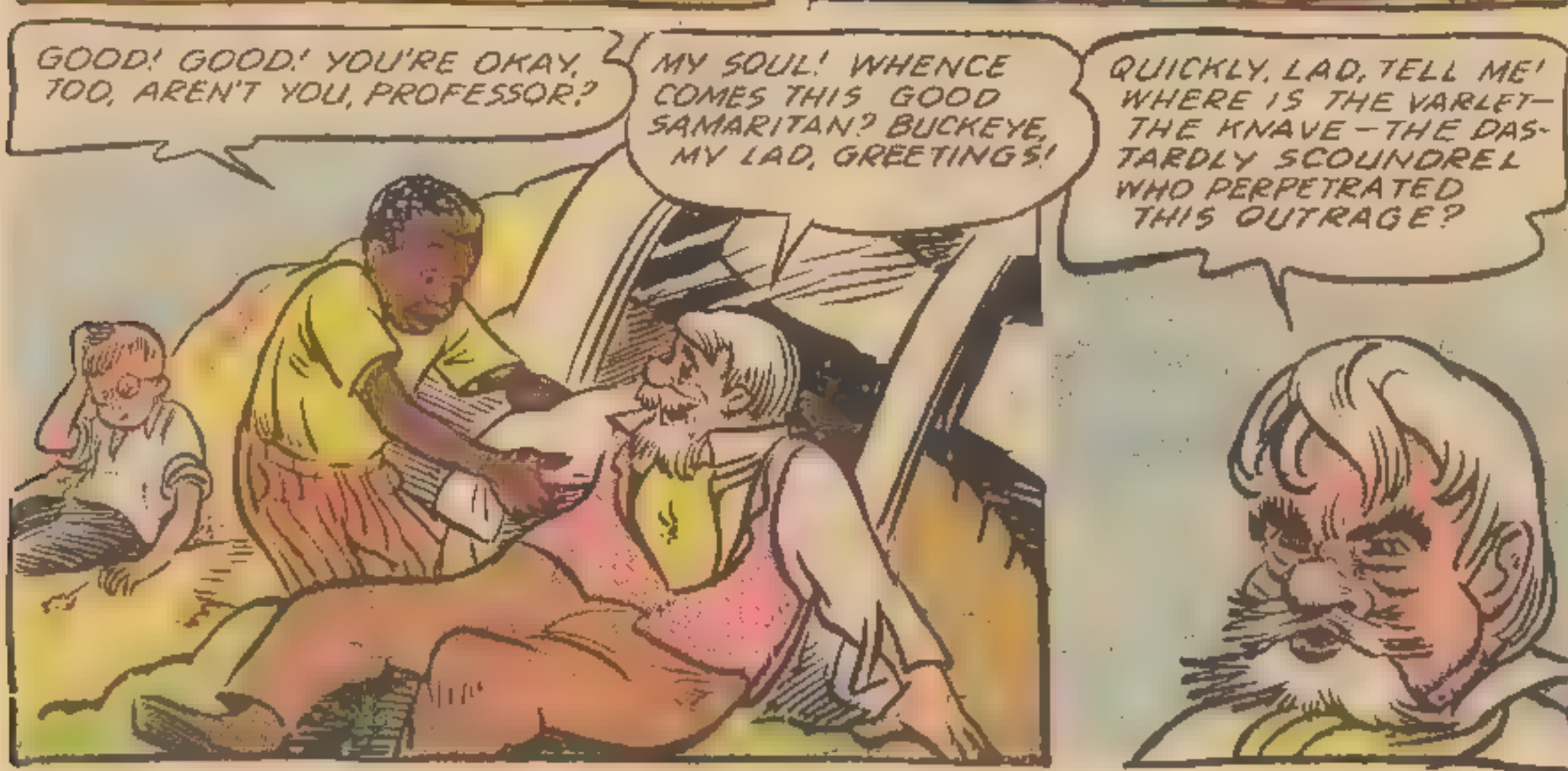
YEOWTCH! YOU DAVIL REDHEAD! I KEEL YOU, TOO!

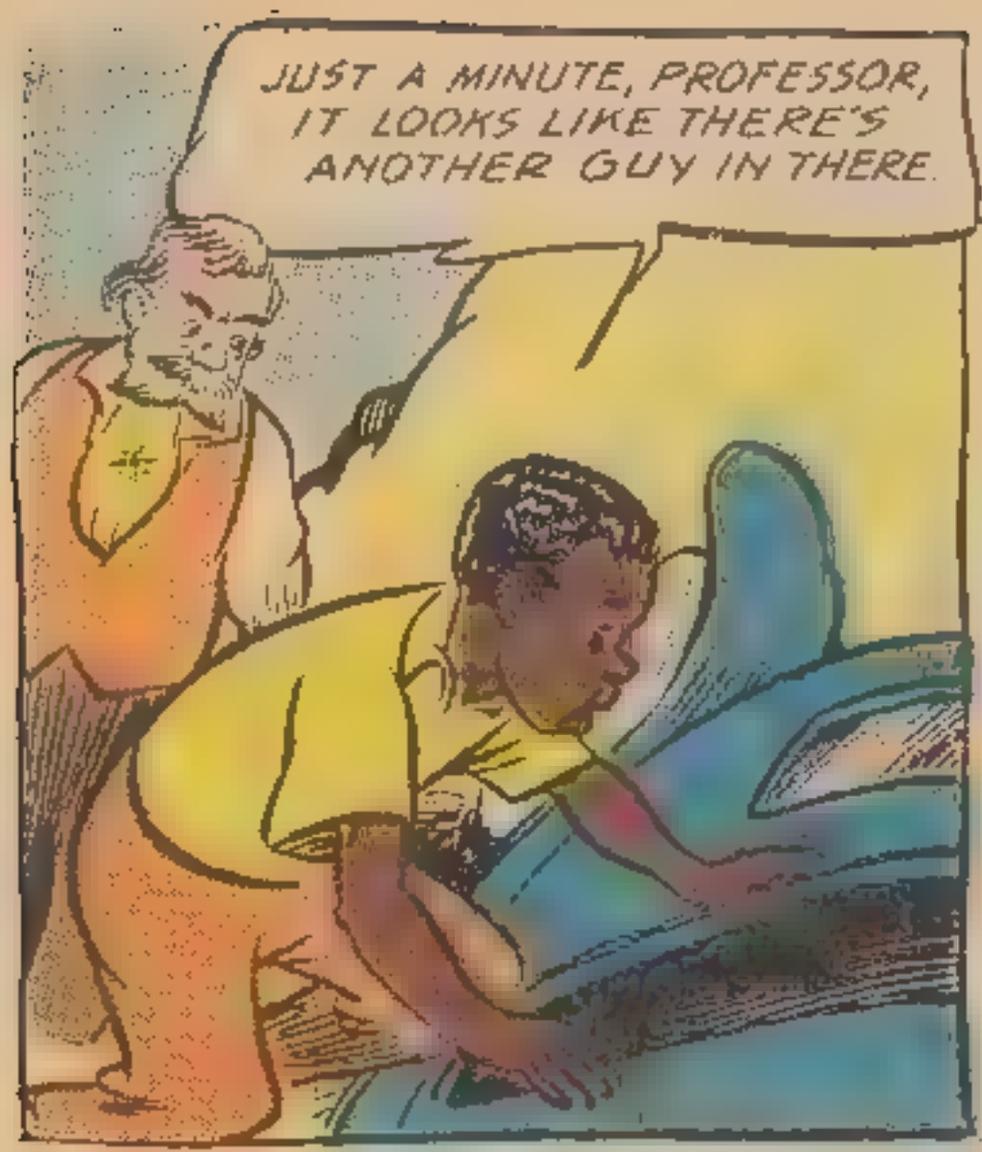
YOU COME WEETH ME – YOU MAK ME LOSE THE GON! YOU SNAKE! I KEEL YOU!

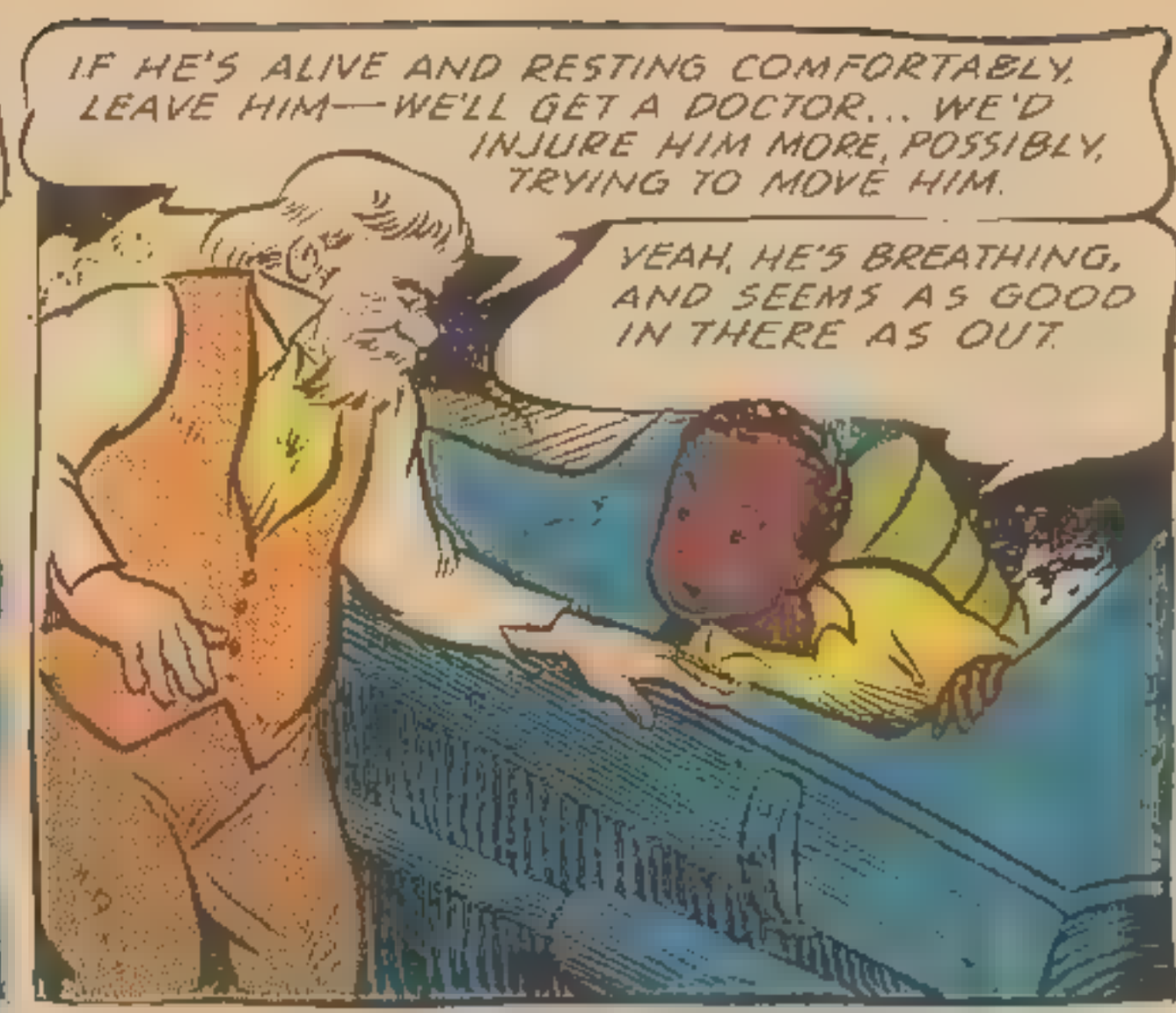

NOW! NOW! WE SEE WHAT HAPPENS! WAN THE BARREL GATS TO HIGHEST CLEEF HE THROW THESE RED-HEAD KEED TO HEES DEATH!

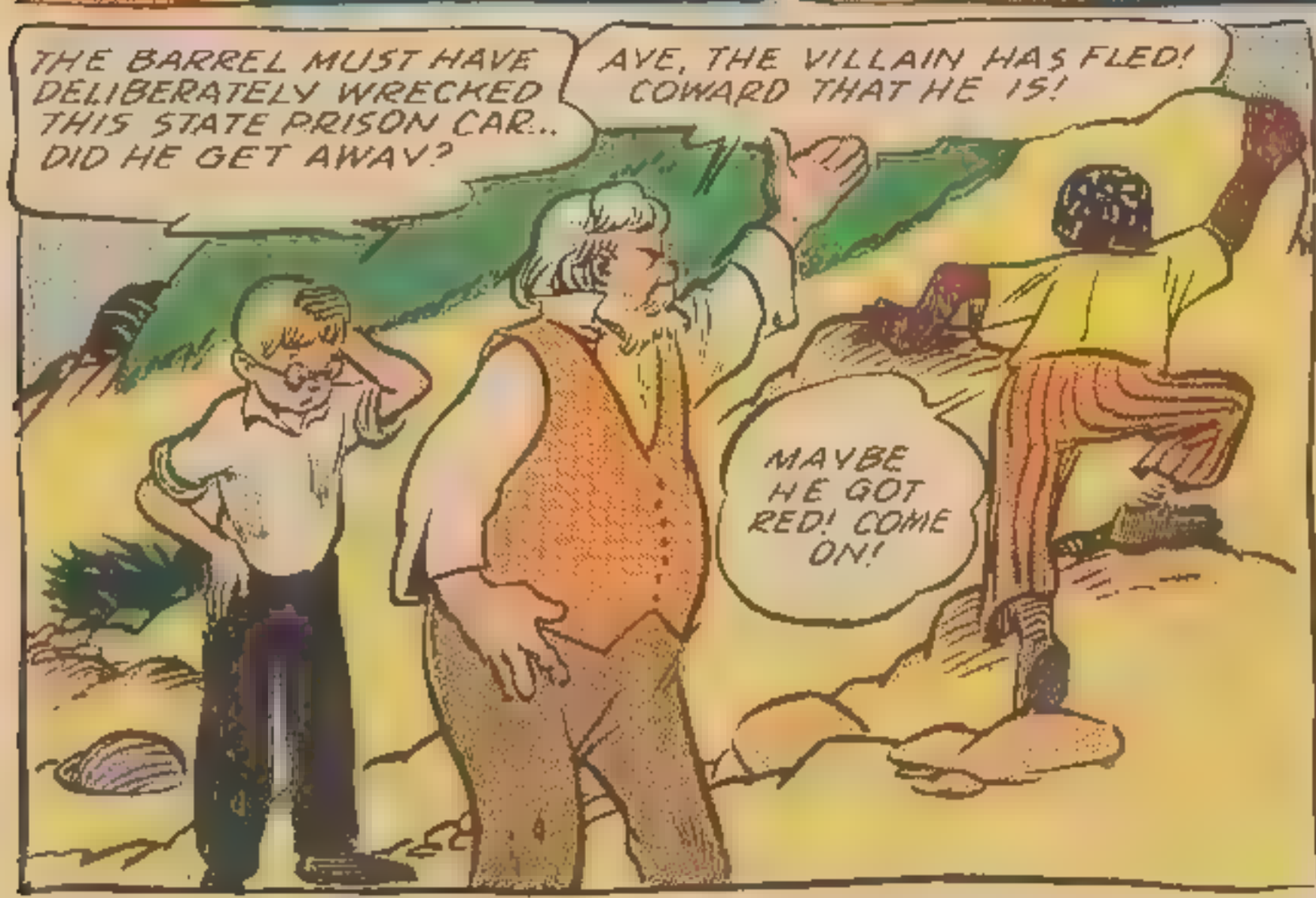



AND AT THE BOTTOM OF THE CLIFF...
HOT DOG! I DON'T SEE ANY WOUND.—THAT BULLET MUST HAVE HIT THE ROCK LONGSIDE HIS HEAD—HE'S JUST KNOCKED OUT!

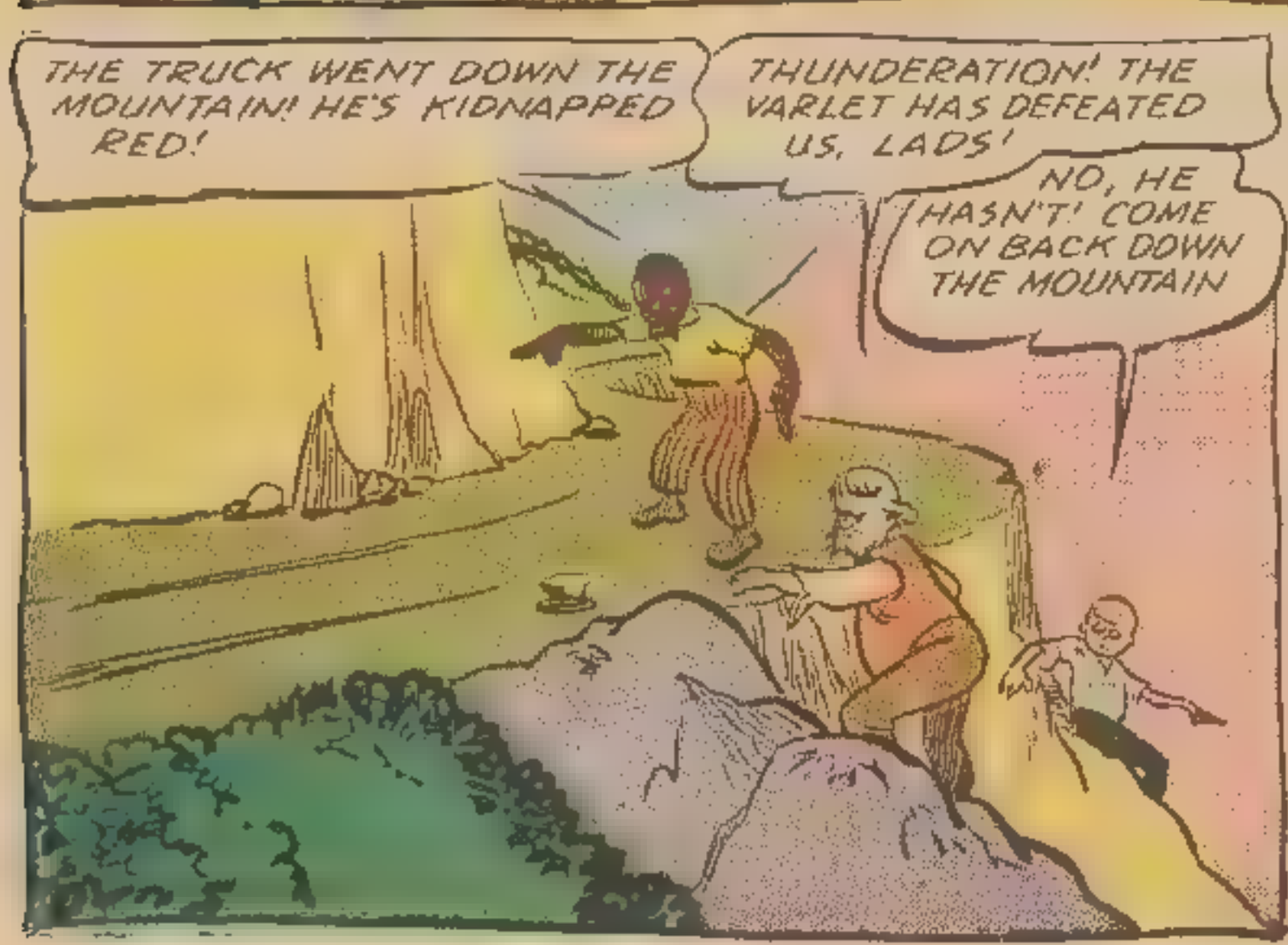

GOOD! GOOD! YOU'RE OKAY, TOO, AREN'T YOU, PROFESSOR?
MY SOUL! WHENCE COMES THIS GOOD SAMARITAN? BUCKEYE, MY LAD, GREETINGS!
QUICKLY, LAD, TELL ME! WHERE IS THE VARLET—THE KNAVE—THE DASTARDLY SCOUNDREL WHO PERPETRATED THIS OUTRAGE?

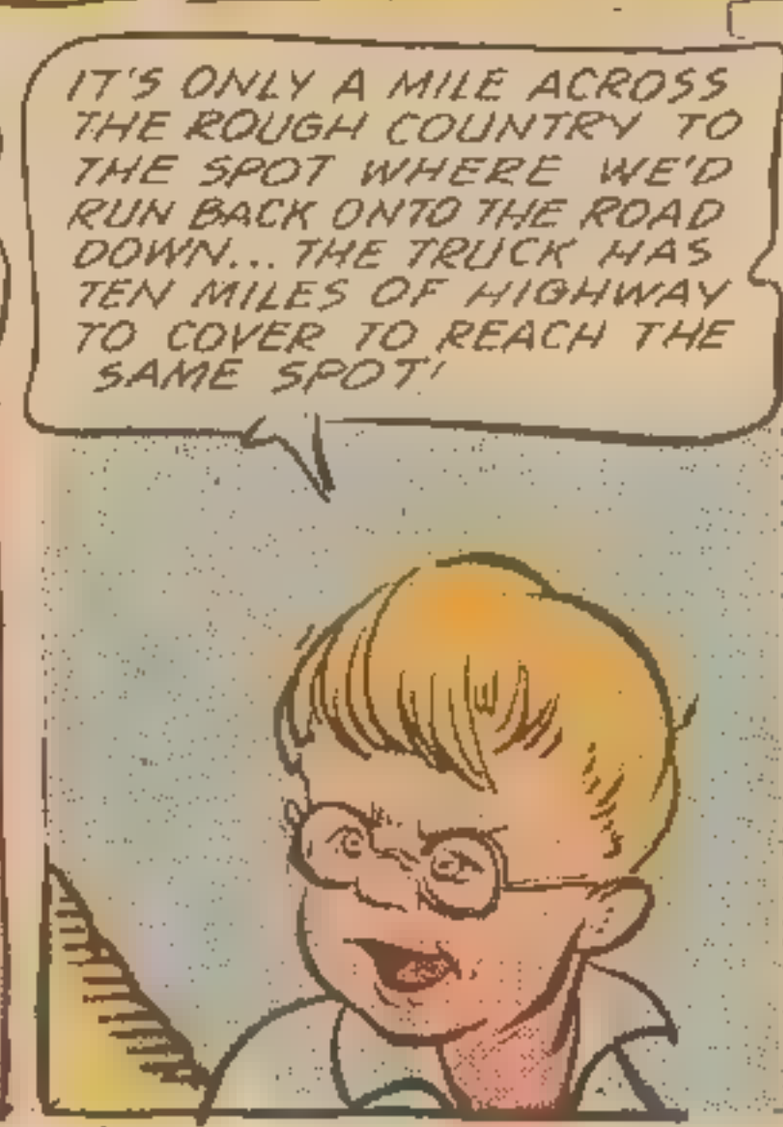

JUST A MINUTE, PROFESSOR, IT LOOKS LIKE THERE'S ANOTHER GUY IN THERE.

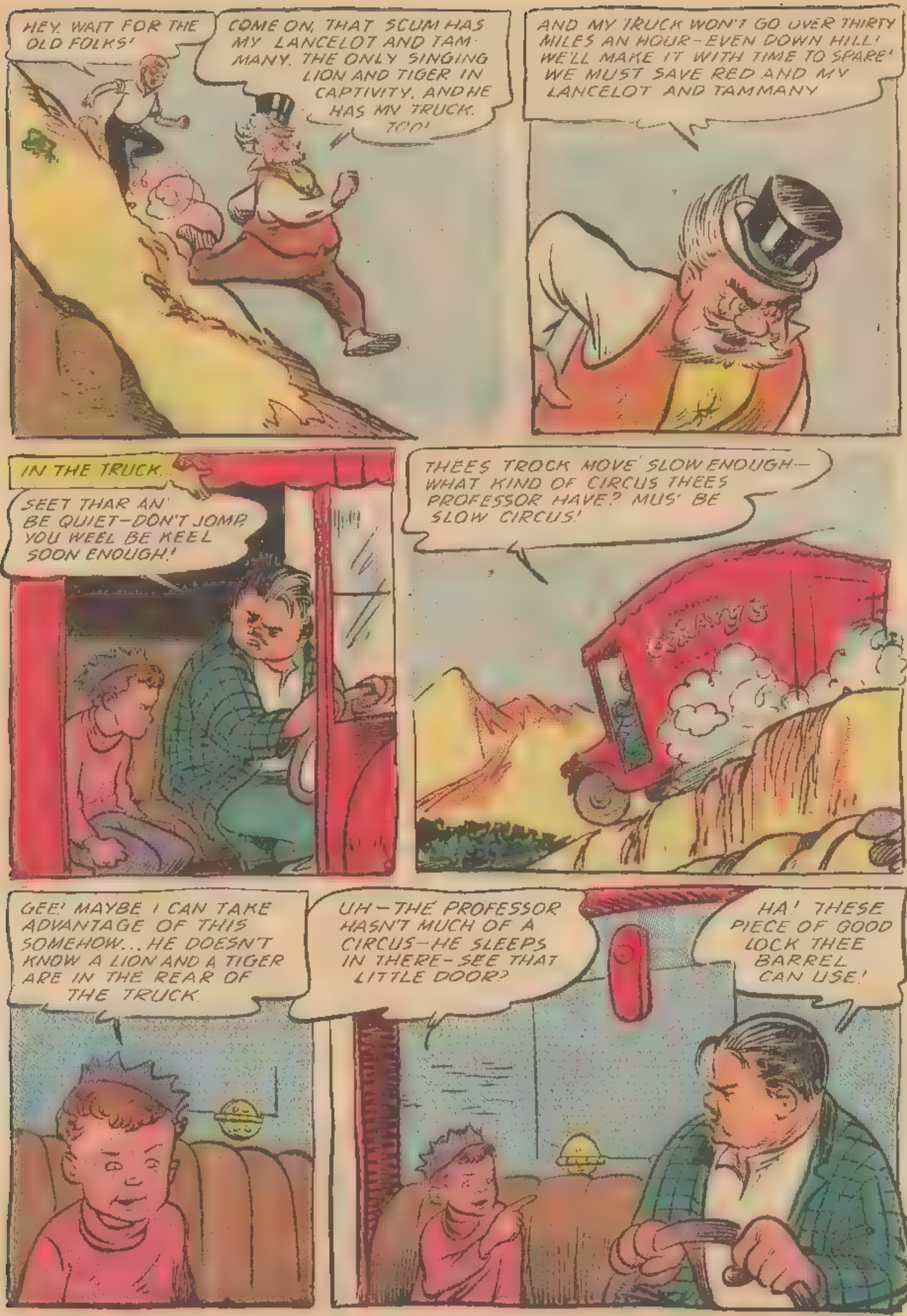

IF HE'S ALIVE AND RESTING COMFORTABLY, LEAVE HIM—WE'LL GET A DOCTOR... WE'D INJURE HIM MORE, POSSIBLY, TRYING TO MOVE HIM.
YEAH, HE'S BREATHING, AND SEEMS AS GOOD IN THERE AS OUT.

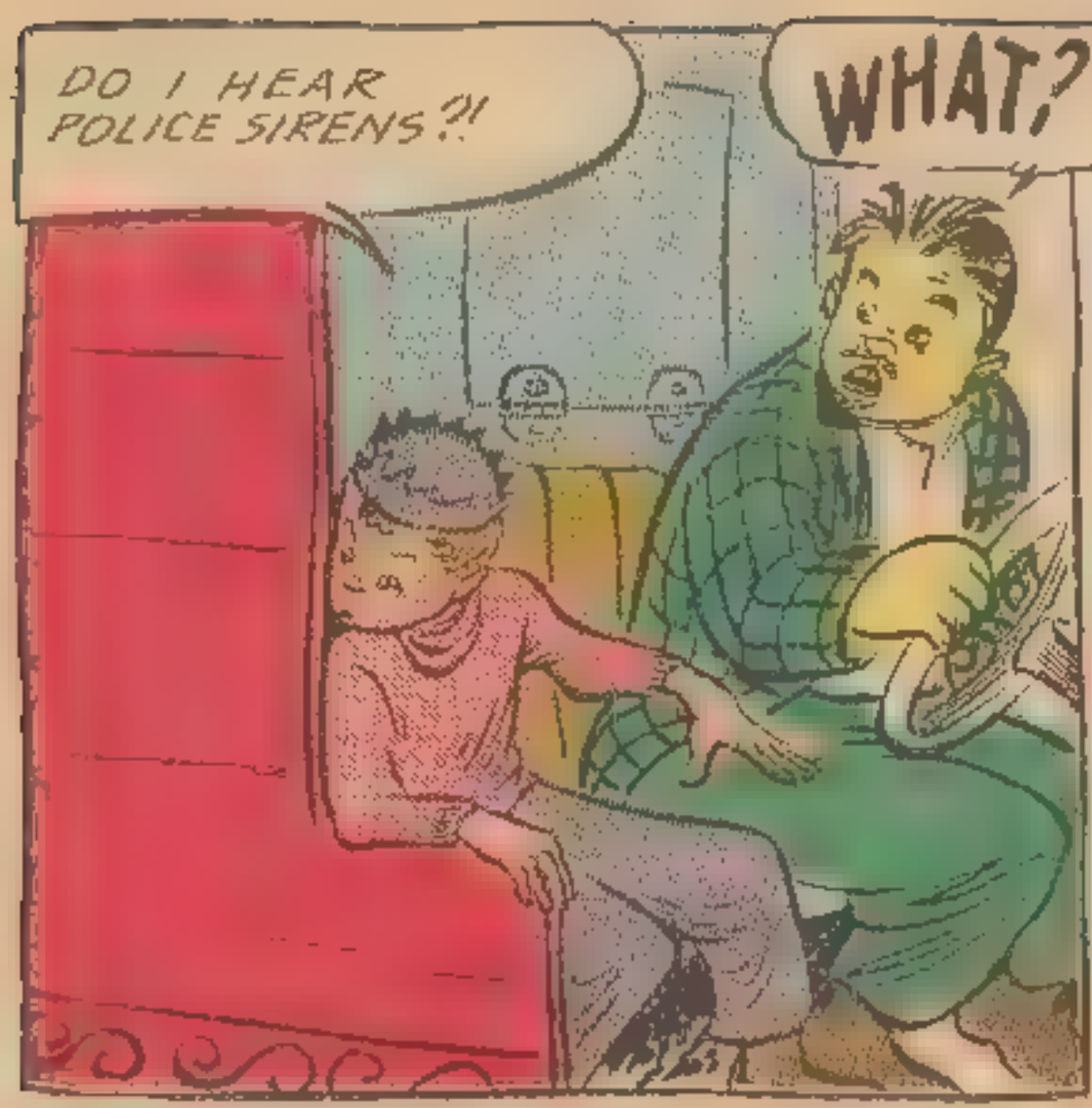

THE BARREL MUST HAVE DELIBERATELY WRECKED THIS STATE PRISON CAR... DID HE GET AWAY?
AYE, THE VILLAIN HAS FLED! COWARD THAT HE IS!
MAYBE HE GOT RED! COME ON!

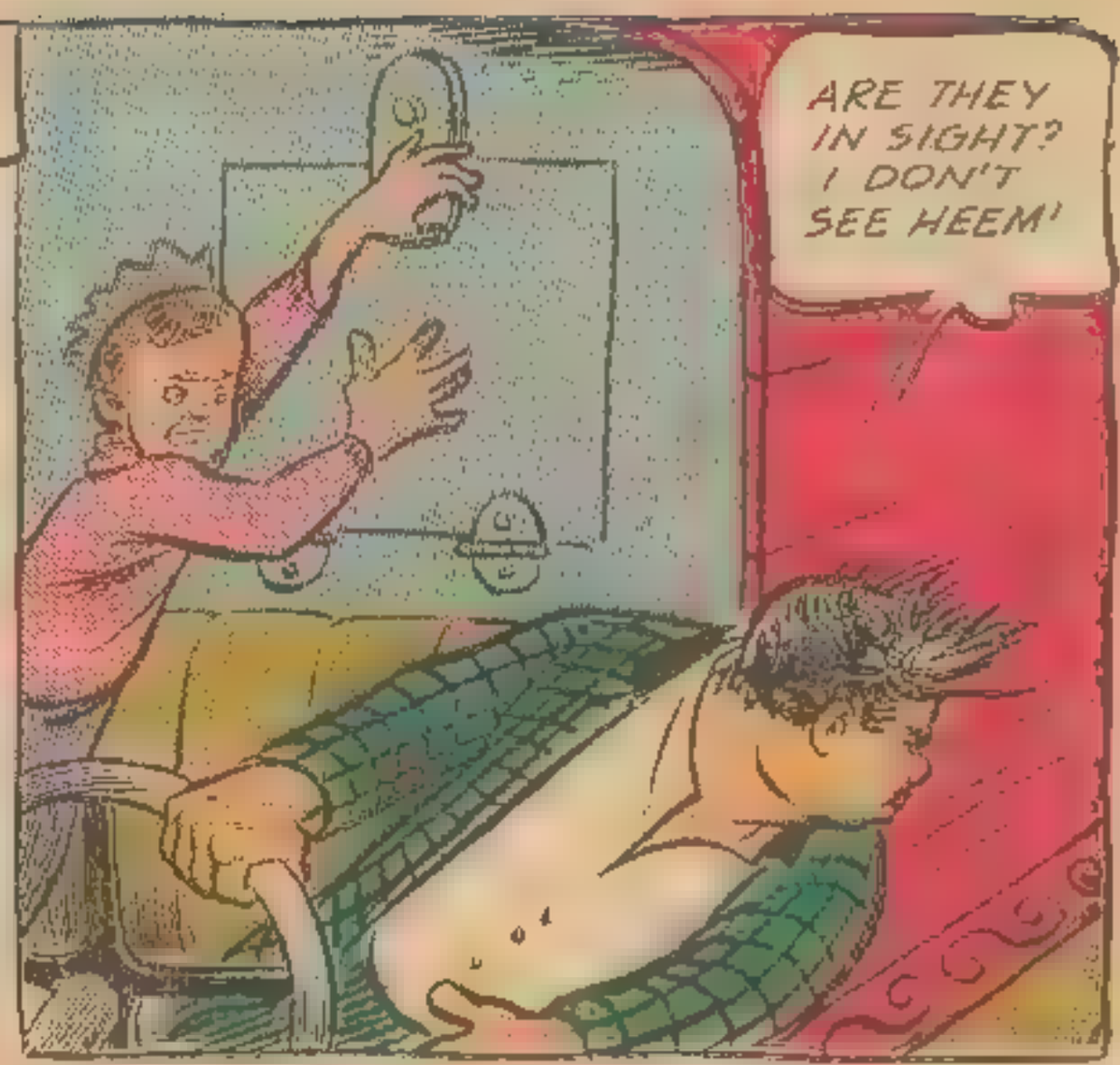
HEY! THE TRUCK IS GONE! AND HERE'S A GUN! AND RED'S GONE, TOO!
ZOUNDS!

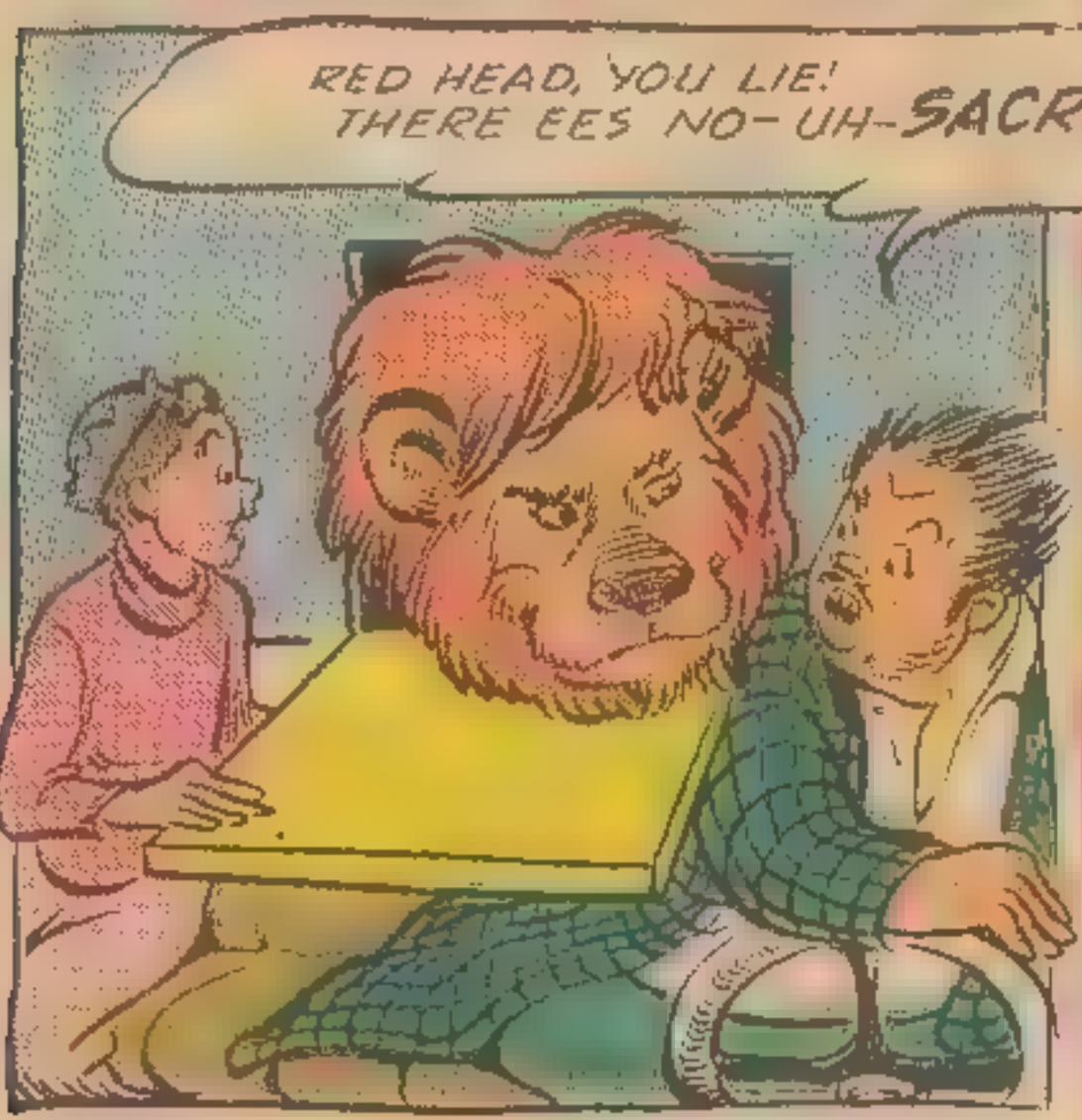

THE TRUCK WENT DOWN THE MOUNTAIN! HE'S KIDNAPPED RED!
THUNDERATION! THE VARLET HAS DEFEATED US, LADS!
NO, HE HASN'T! COME ON BACK DOWN THE MOUNTAIN

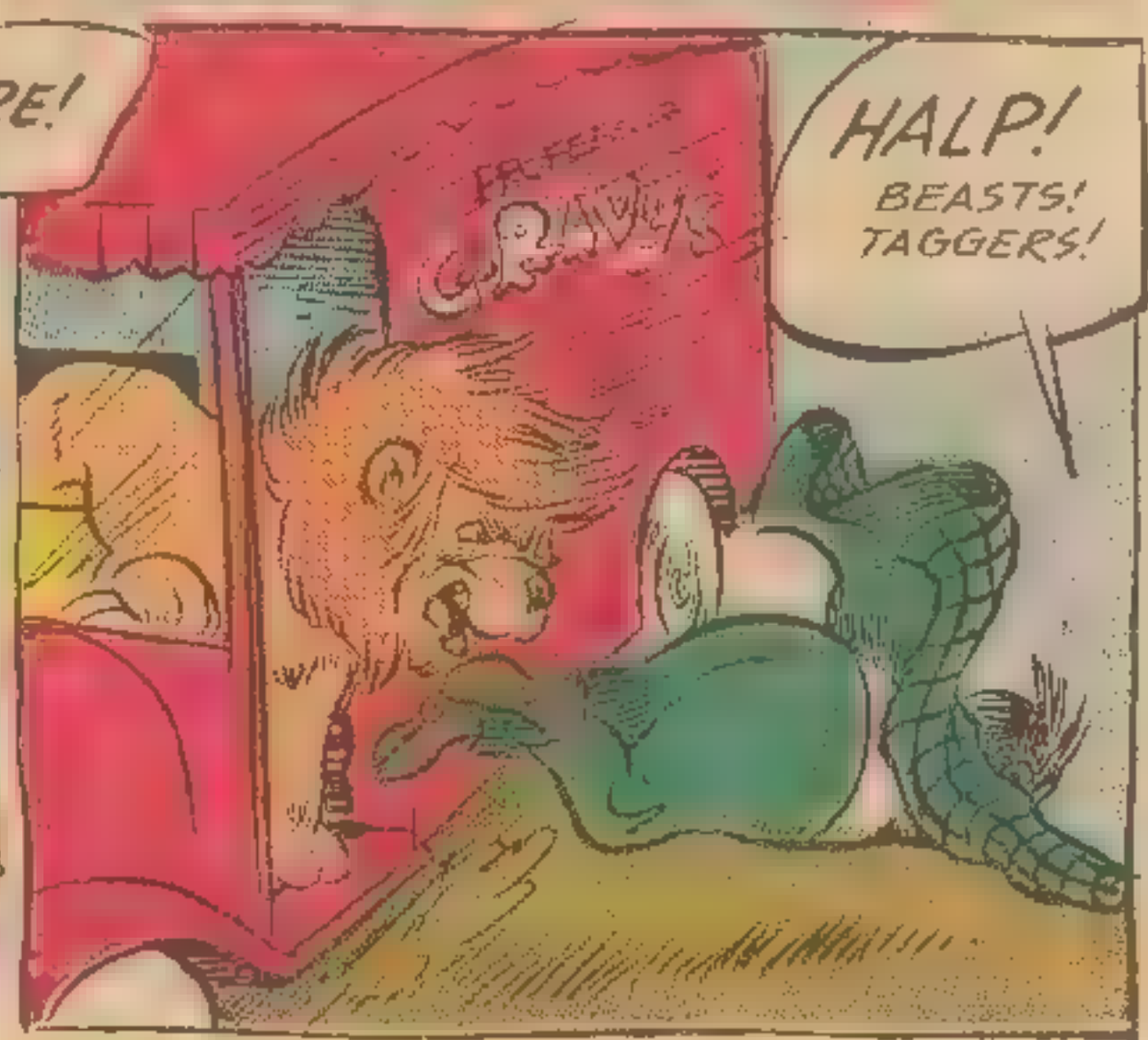

IT'S ONLY A MILE ACROSS THE ROUGH COUNTRY TO THE SPOT WHERE WE'D RUN BACK ONTO THE ROAD DOWN... THE TRUCK HAS TEN MILES OF HIGHWAY TO COVER TO REACH THE SAME SPOT!

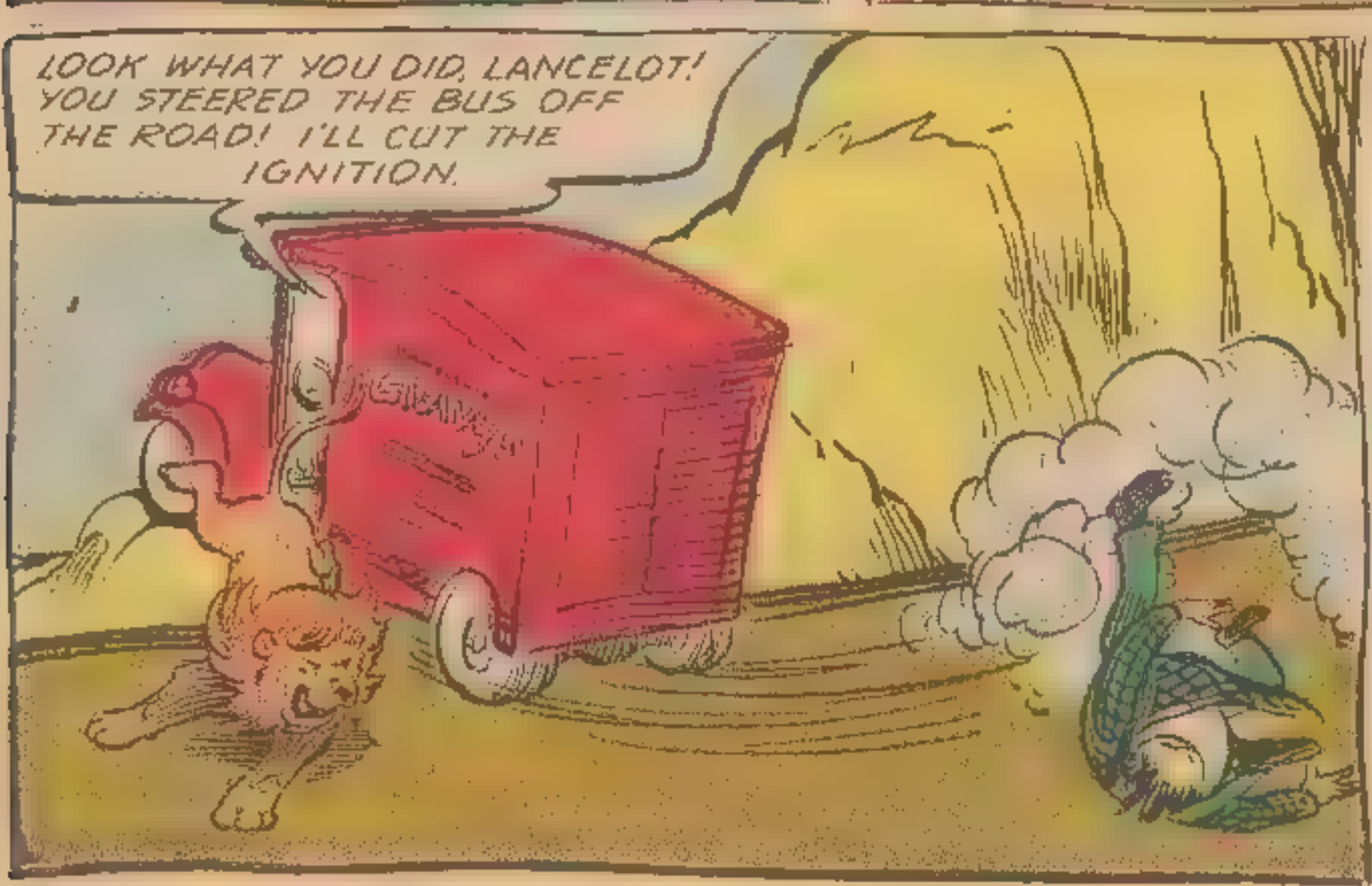

HEY. WAIT FOR THE OLD FOLKS!
COME ON, THAT SCUM HAS MY LANCELOT AND TAMMANY. THE ONLY SINGING LION AND TIGER IN CAPTIVITY, AND HE HAS MY TRUCK, TOO!
AND MY TRUCK WON'T GO OVER THIRTY MILES AN HOUR—EVEN DOWN HILL! WE'LL MAKE IT WITH TIME TO SPARE! WE MUST SAVE RED AND MY LANCELOT AND TAMMANY
IN THE TRUCK...
SEET THAR AN' BE QUIET—DON'T JOMP YOU WEEL BE KEEL SOON ENOUGH!
THEES TROCK MOVE SLOW ENOUGH— WHAT KIND OF CIRCUS THEES PROFESSOR HAVE? MUS' BE SLOW CIRCUS!
GEE! MAYBE I CAN TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THIS SOMEHOW... HE DOESN'T KNOW A LION AND A TIGER ARE IN THE REAR OF THE TRUCK.
UH—THE PROFESSOR HASN'T MUCH OF A CIRCUS—HE SLEEPS IN THERE—SEE THAT LITTLE DOOR?
HA! THESE PIECE OF GOOD LOCK THEE BARREL CAN USE!


DO I HEAR POLICE SIRENS?!
WHAT?

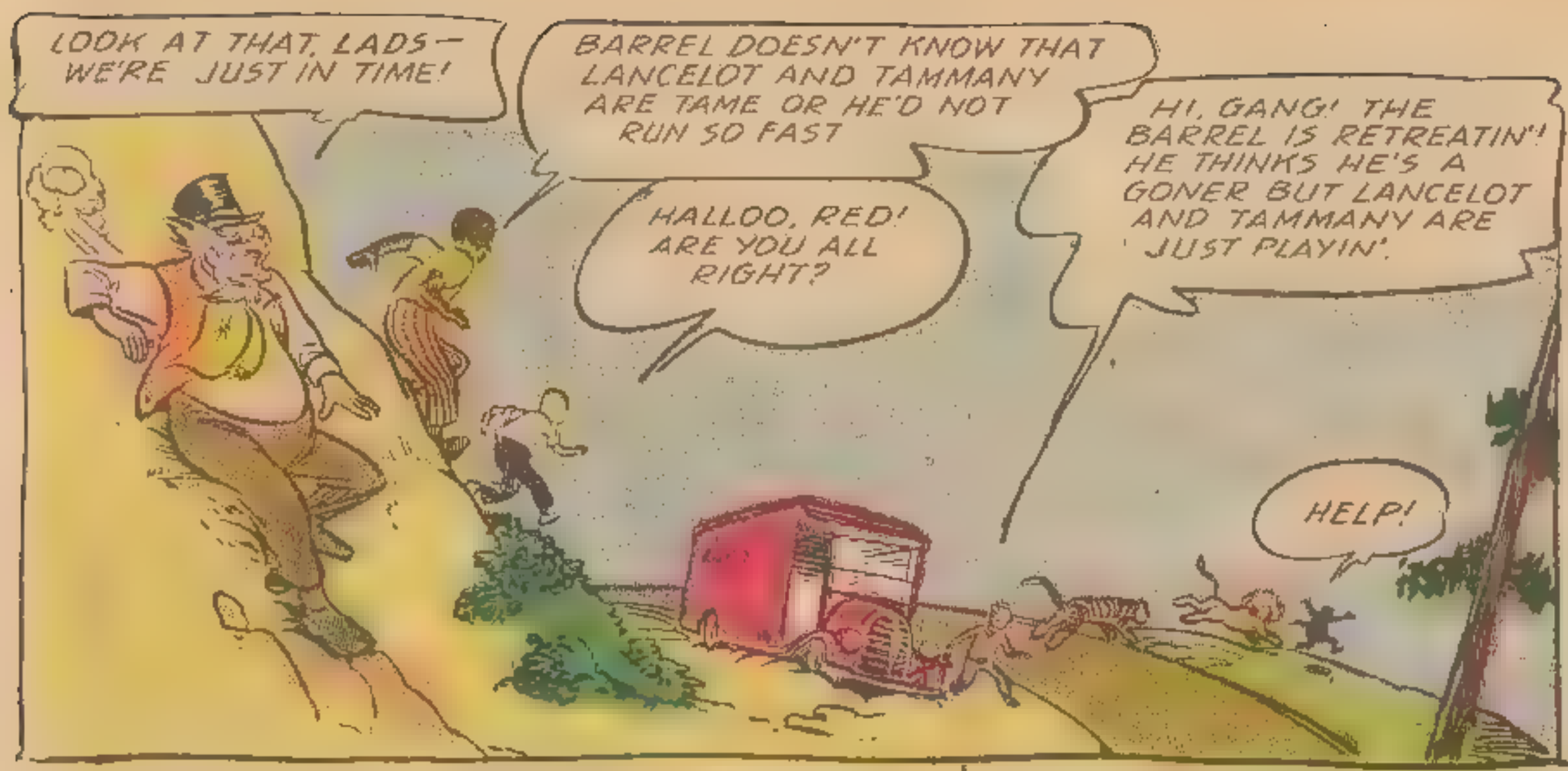

ARE THEY IN SIGHT? I DON'T SEE HEEM!

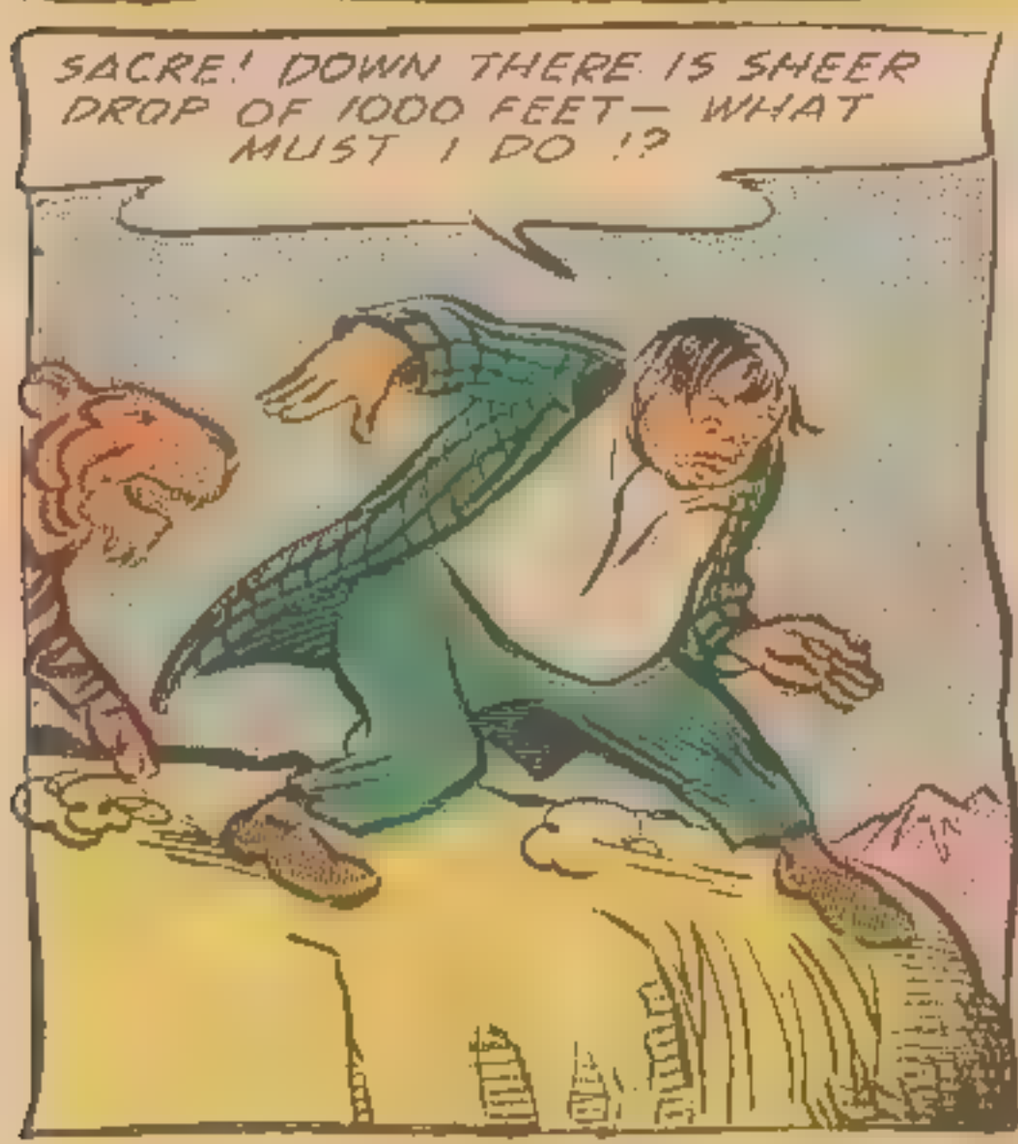

RED HEAD, YOU LIE! THERE EES NO-UH-SACRE!

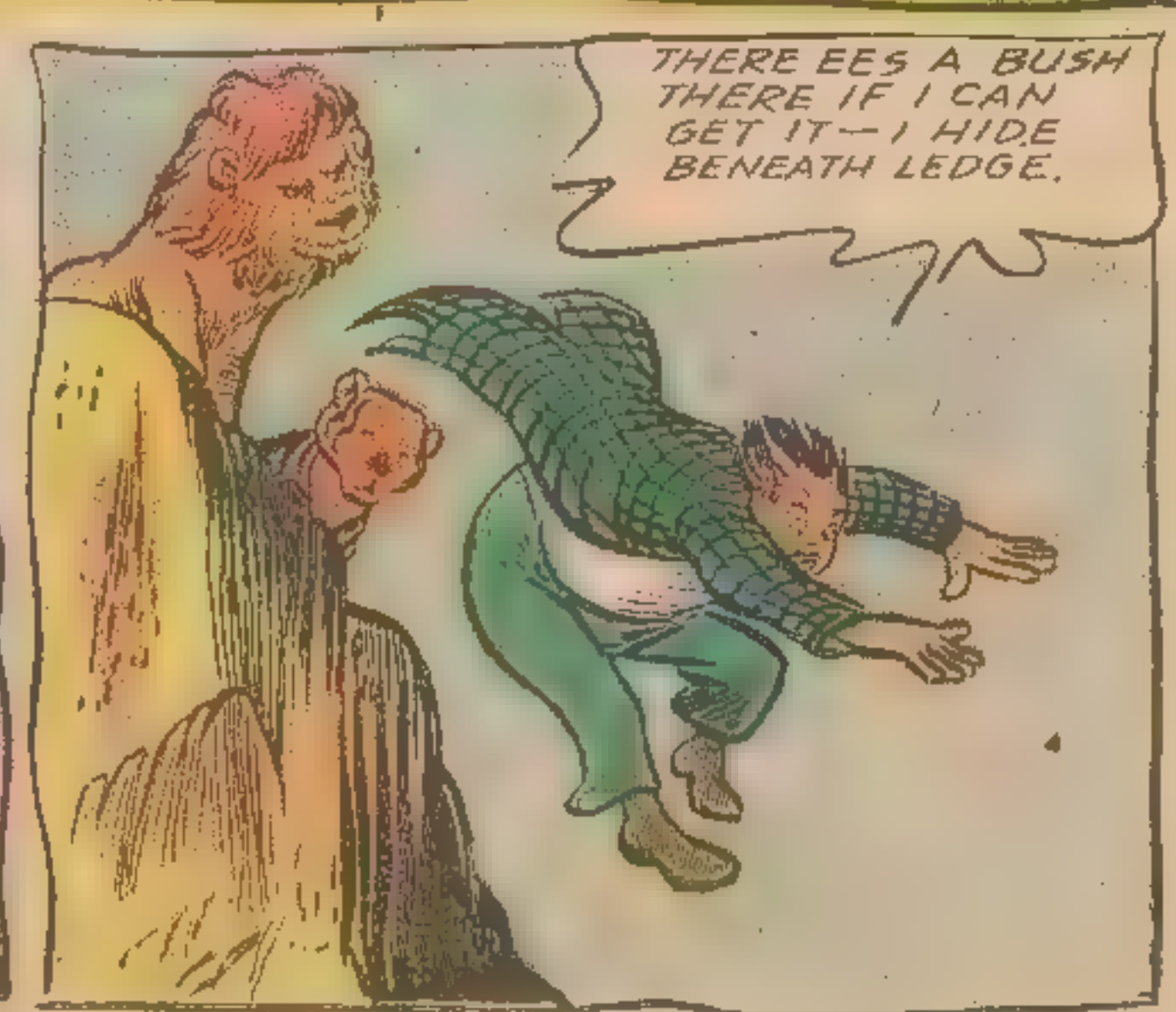

HALP! BEASTS! TAGGERS!


LOOK WHAT YOU DID, LANCELOT! YOU STEERED THE BUS OFF THE ROAD! I'LL CUT THE IGNITION.

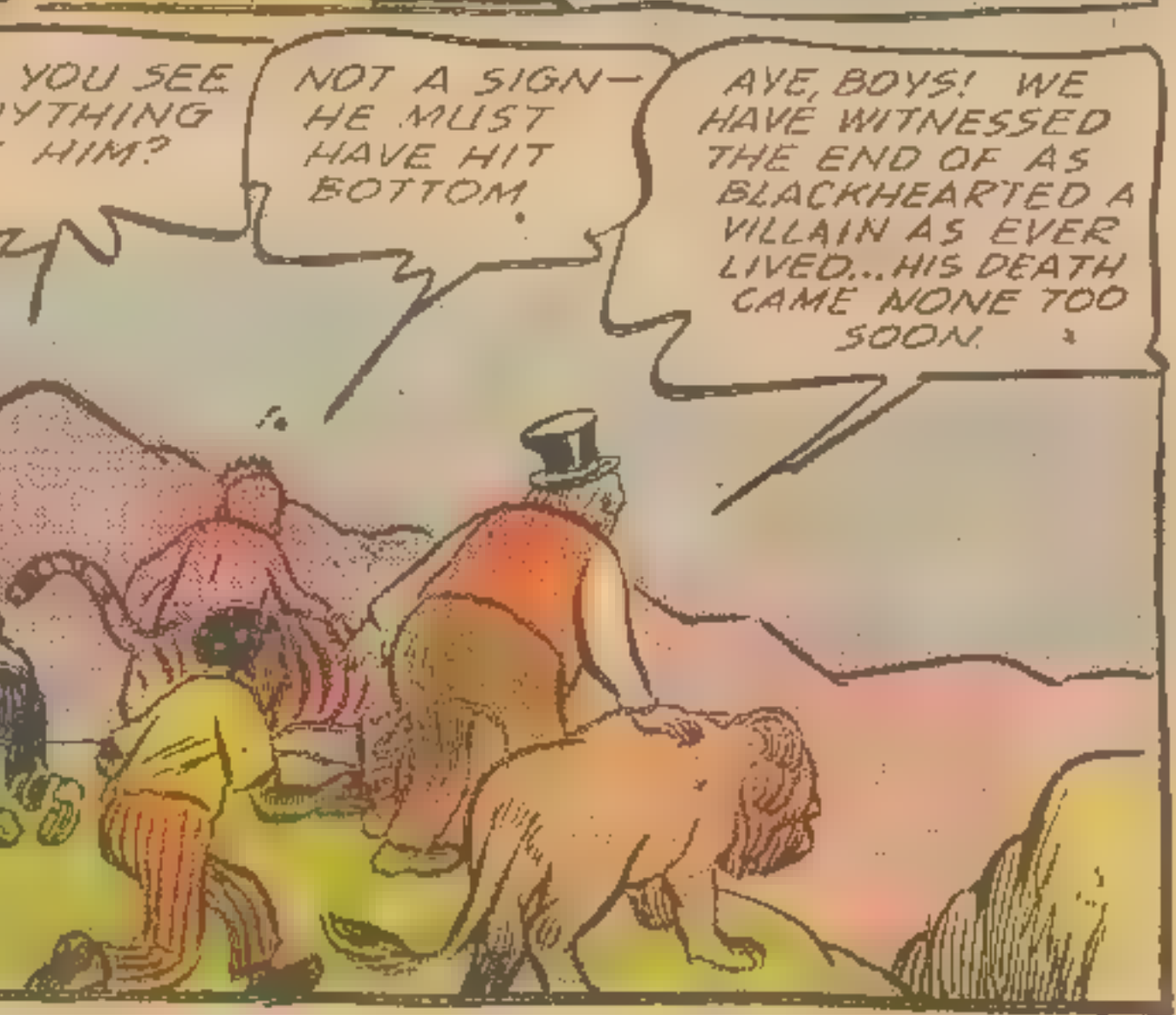
SAVE ME! THEE CARNIVORE EES GONE TO EAT OP THEE BARREL!

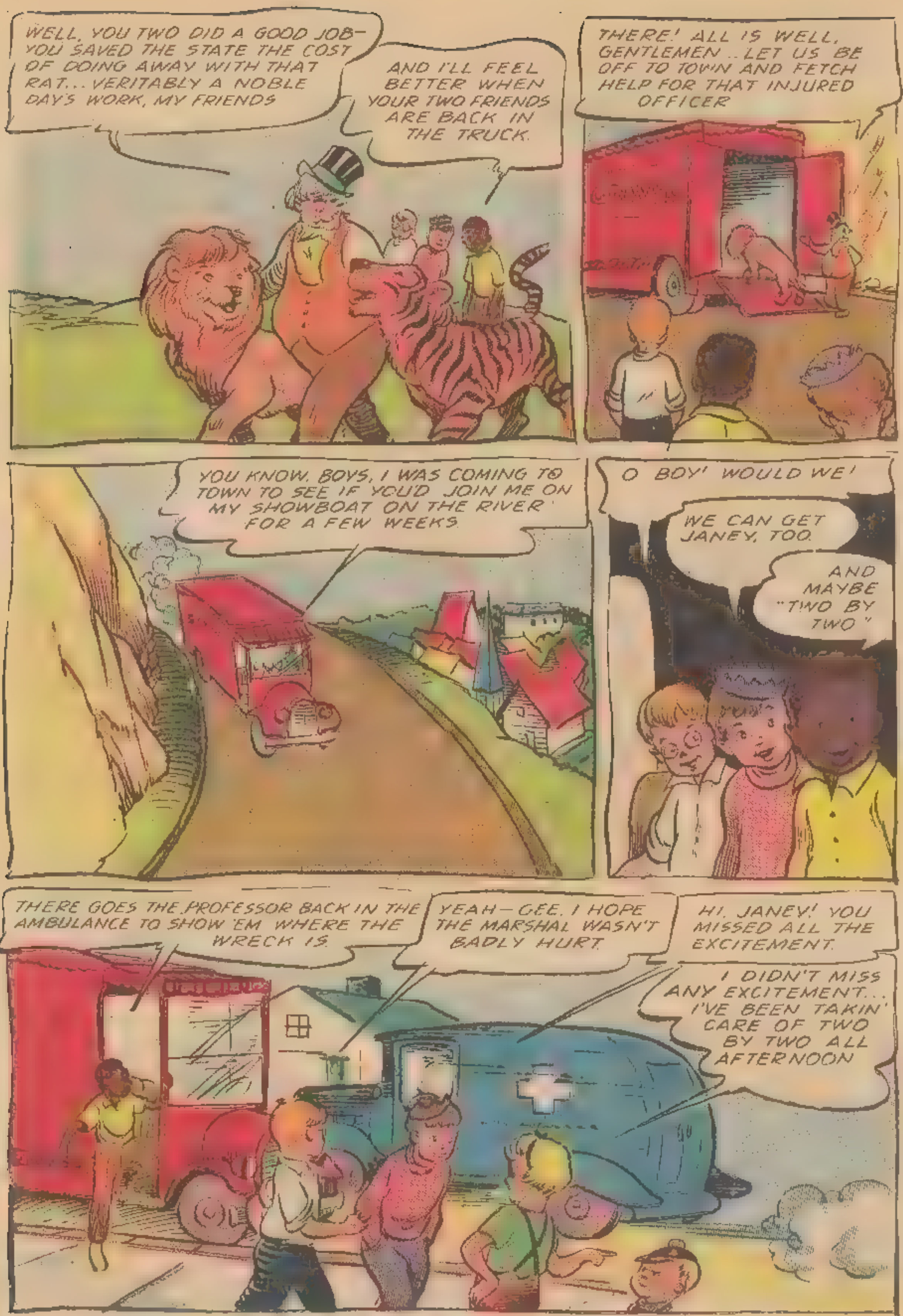

LOOK AT THAT, LADS— WE'RE JUST IN TIME!
BARREL DOESN'T KNOW THAT LANCELOT AND TAMMANY ARE TAME OR HE'D NOT RUN SO FAST
HALLOO, RED! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
HI, GANG! THE BARREL IS RETREATIN'! HE THINKS HE'S A GONER BUT LANCELOT AND TAMMANY ARE JUST PLAYIN'.
HELP!


SACRE! DOWN THERE IS SHEER DROP OF 1000 FEET— WHAT MUST I DO !?

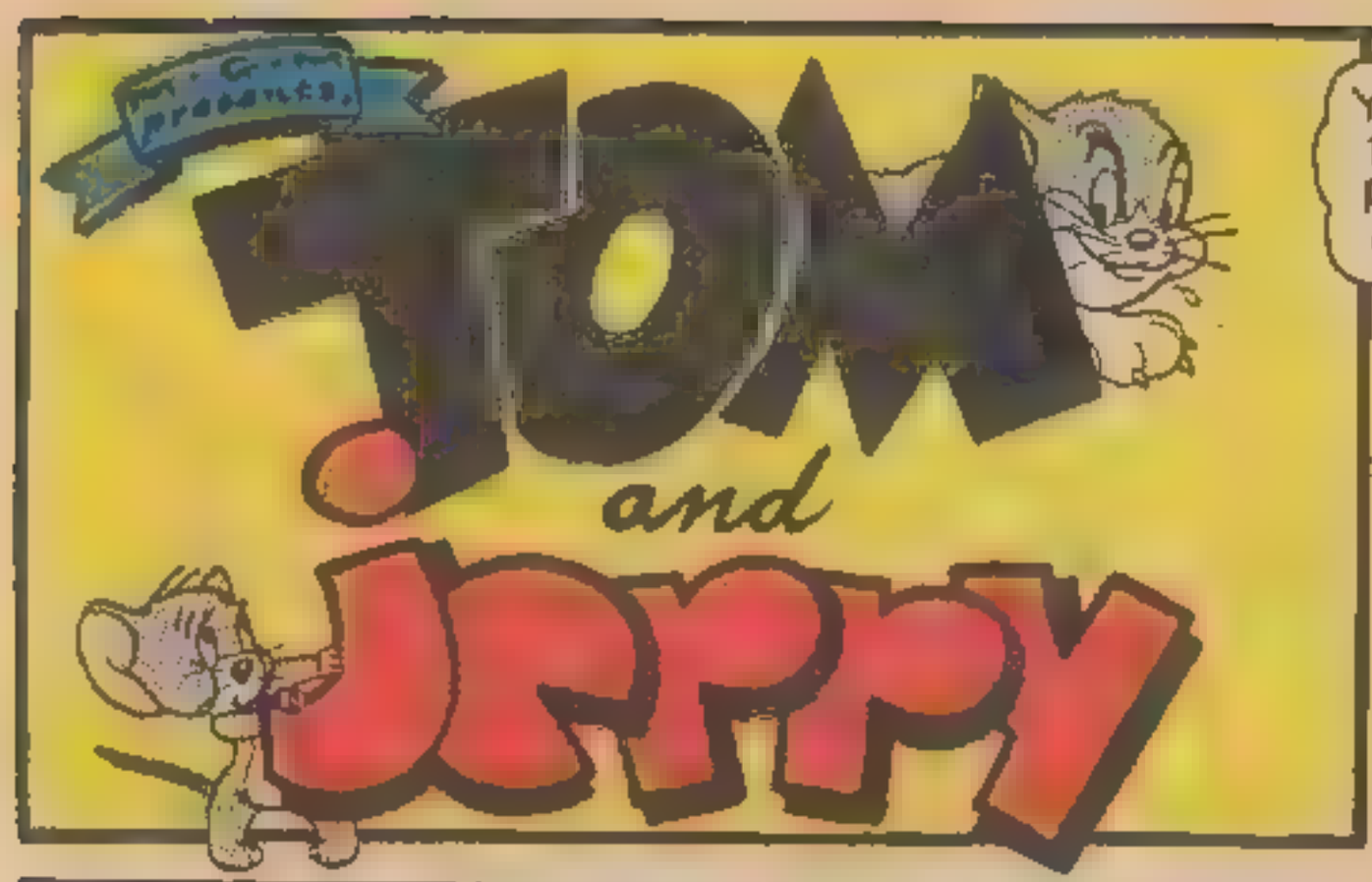

THERE EES A BUSH THERE IF I CAN GET IT—I HIDE BENEATH LEDGE.

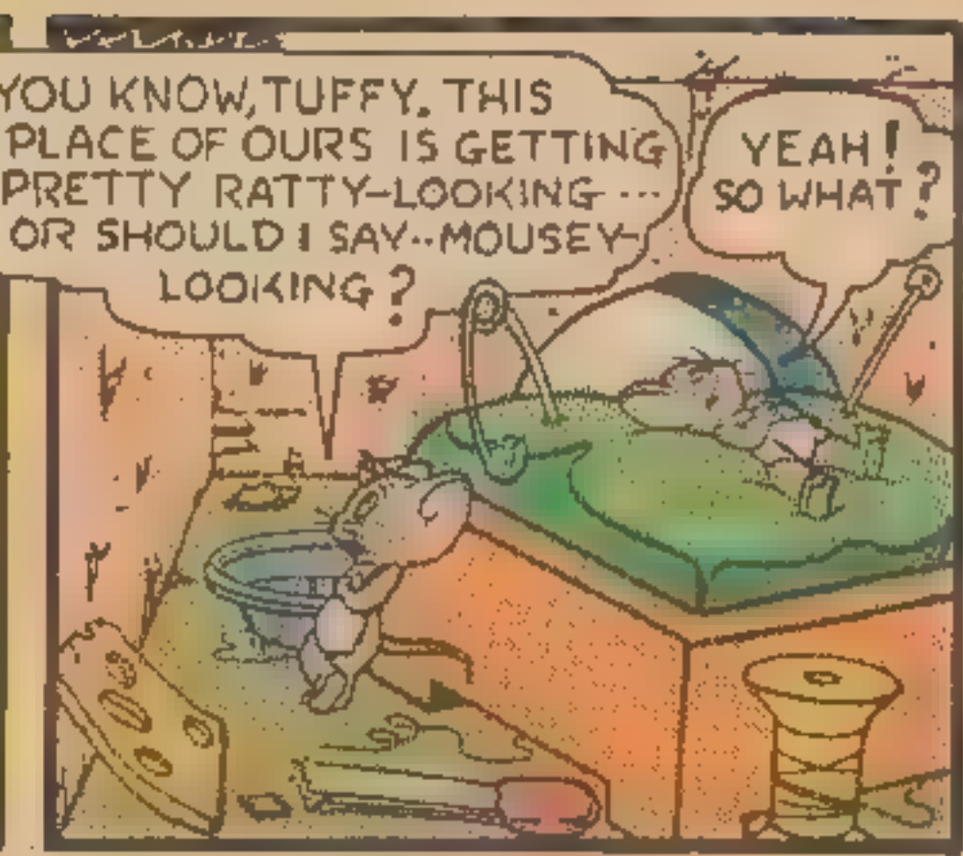
NOW TO SWING ONTO LEDGE AND INTO THE CAVE!

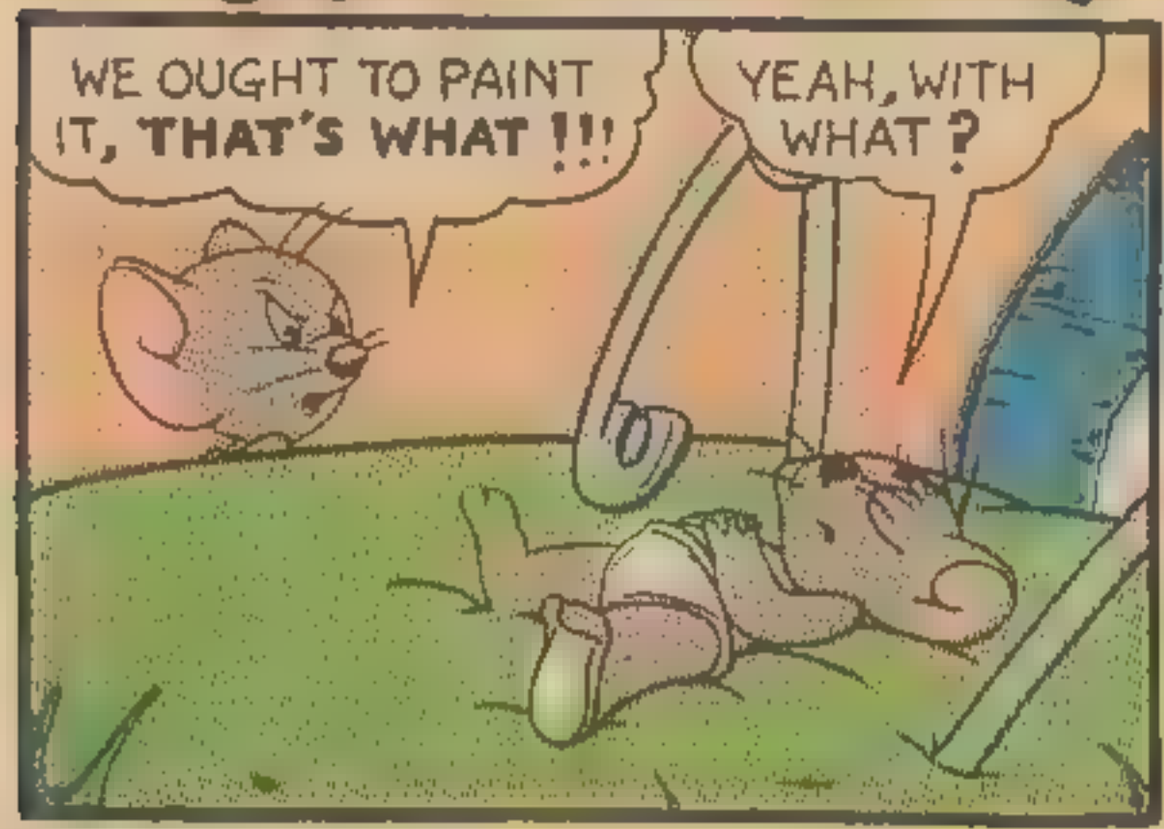

DO YOU SEE ANYTHING OF HIM?
NOT A SIGN— HE MUST HAVE HIT BOTTOM.
AYE, BOYS! WE HAVE WITNESSED THE END OF AS BLACKHEARTED A VILLAIN AS EVER LIVED...HIS DEATH CAME NONE TOO SOON.

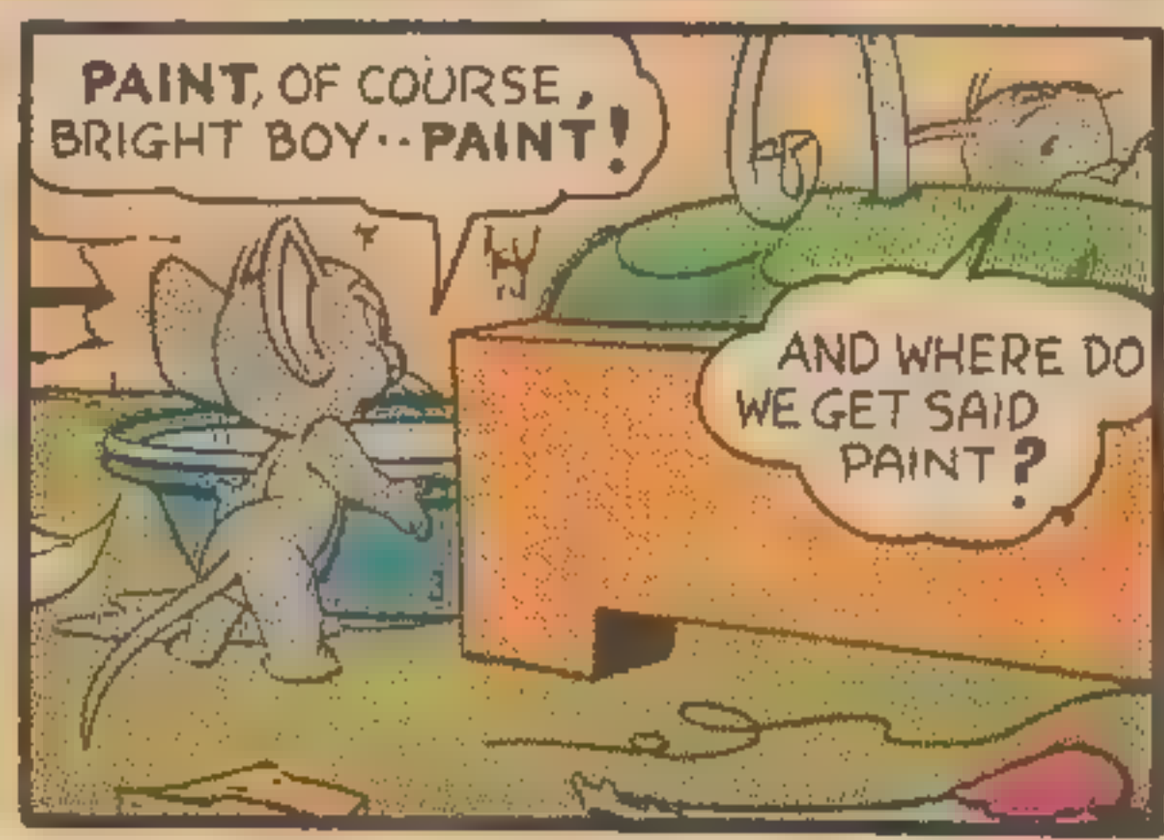


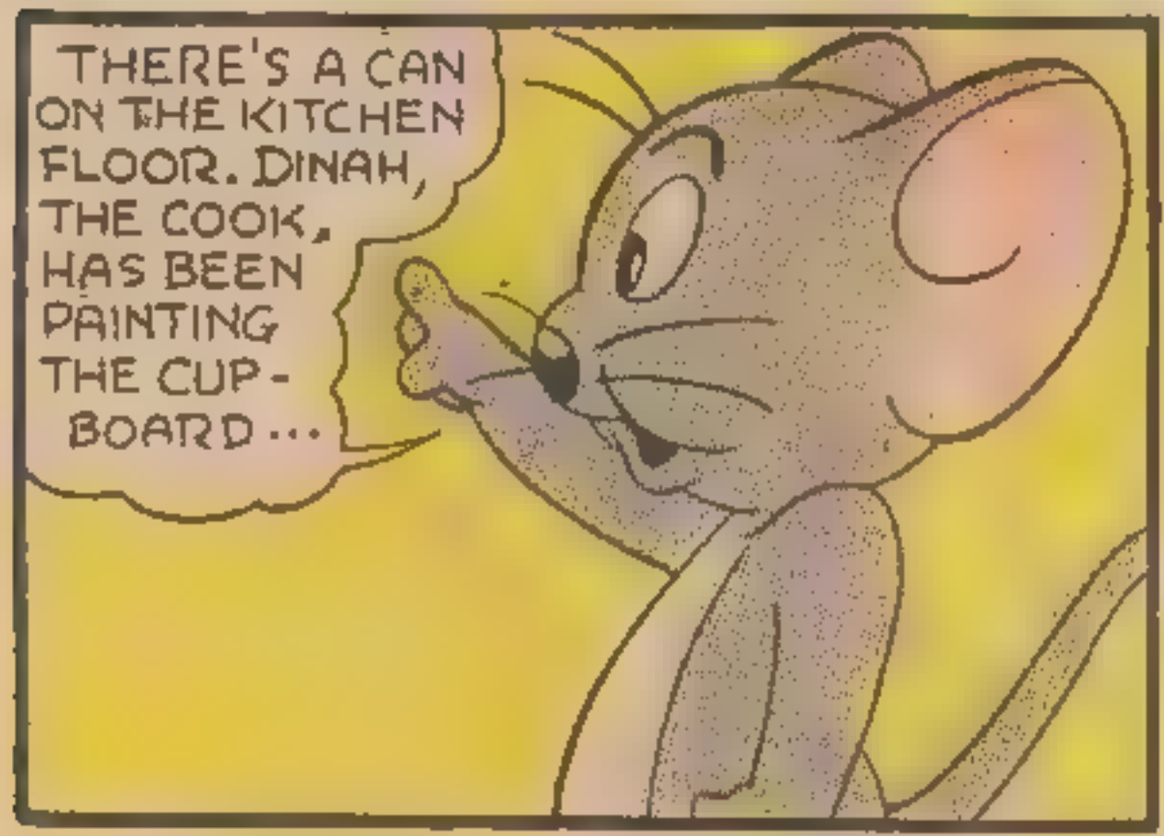
OUR GANG appearing in M-G-M pictures

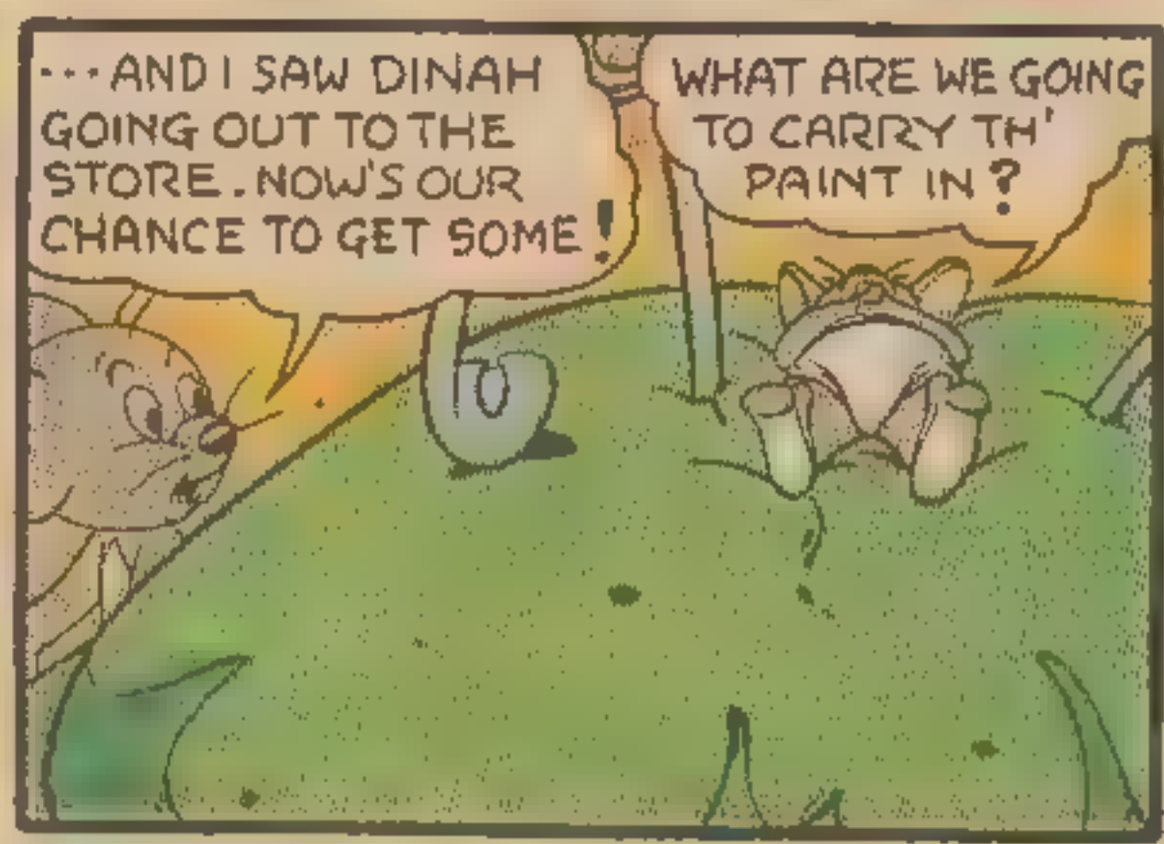

M-G-M presents
TOM and JERRY

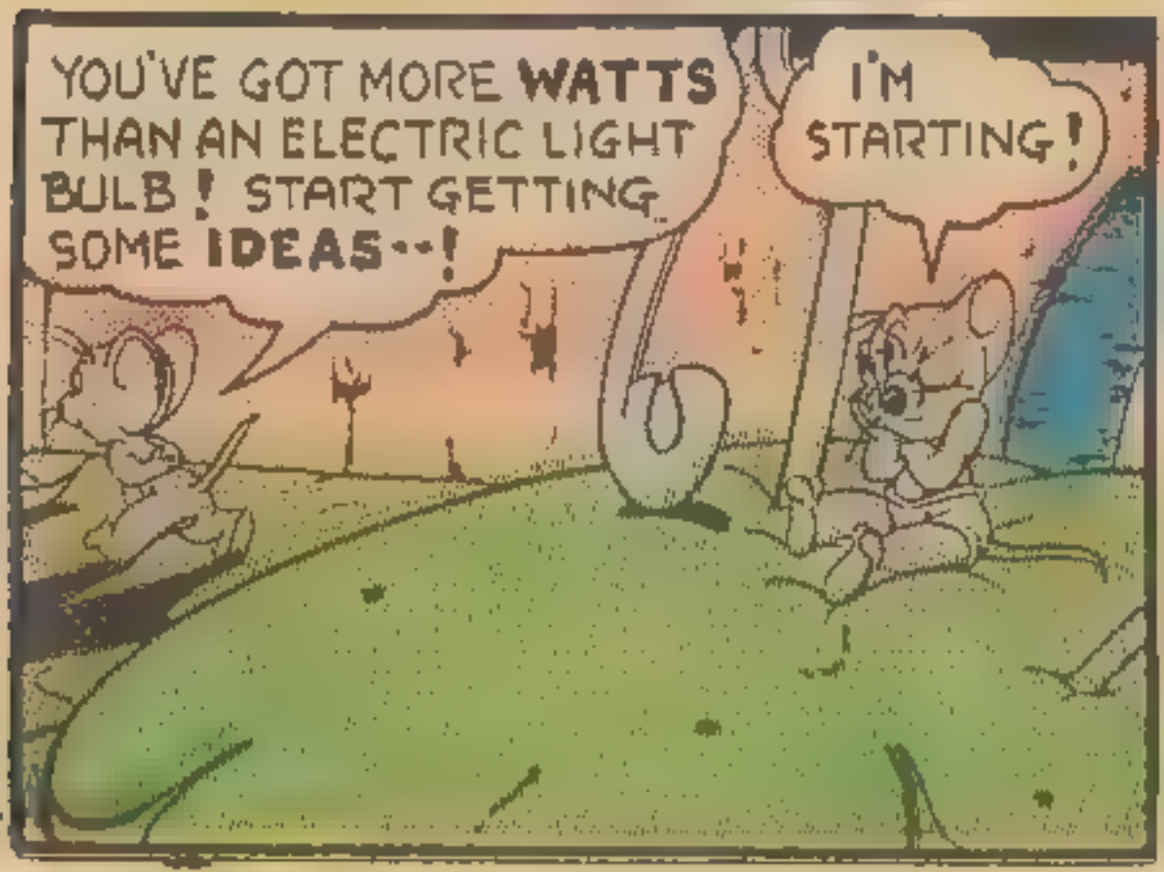

YOU KNOW, TUFFY. THIS PLACE OF OURS IS GETTING PRETTY RATTY-LOOKING ... OR SHOULD I SAY--MOUSEY-LOOKING?
YEAH! SO WHAT?

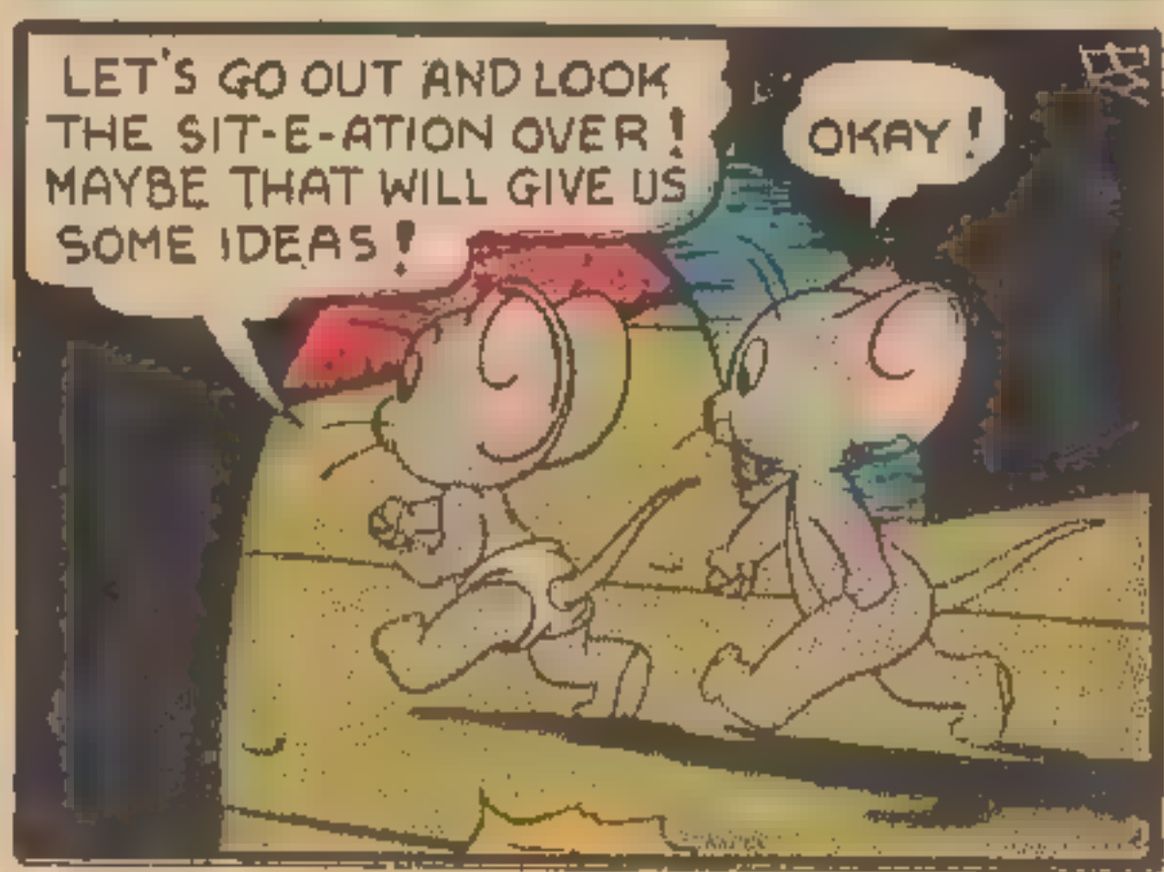

WE OUGHT TO PAINT IT, THAT'S WHAT!!!
YEAH, WITH WHAT?

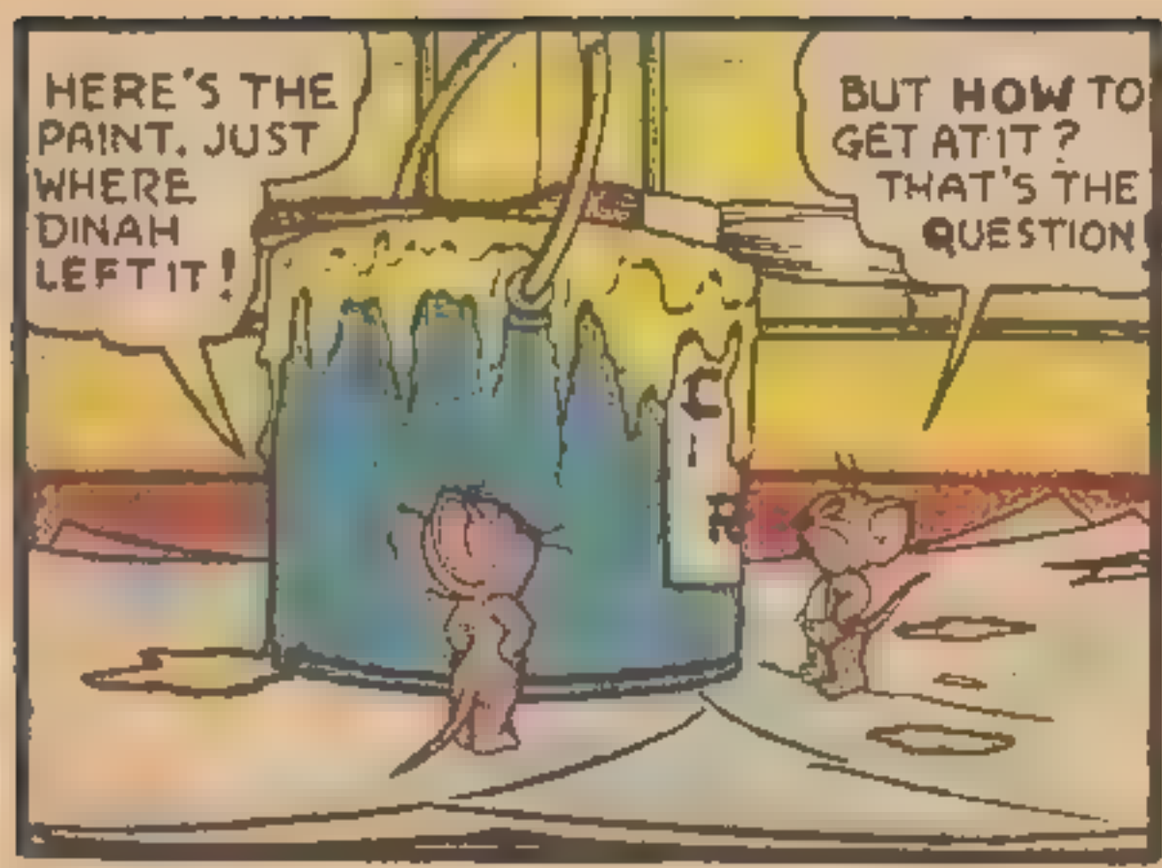

PAINT, OF COURSE, BRIGHT BOY--PAINT!
AND WHERE DO WE GET SAID PAINT?

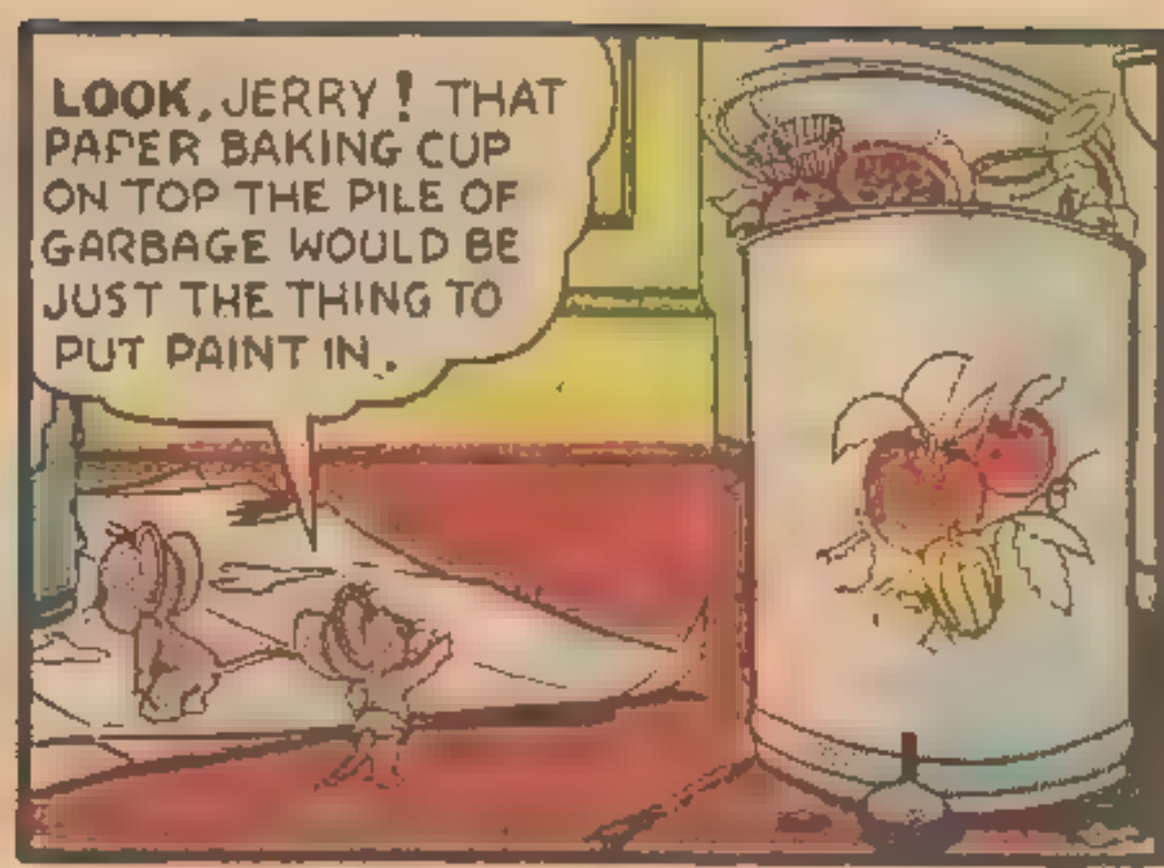

THERE'S A CAN ON THE KITCHEN FLOOR. DINAH, THE COOK, HAS BEEN PAINTING THE CUP-BOARD...

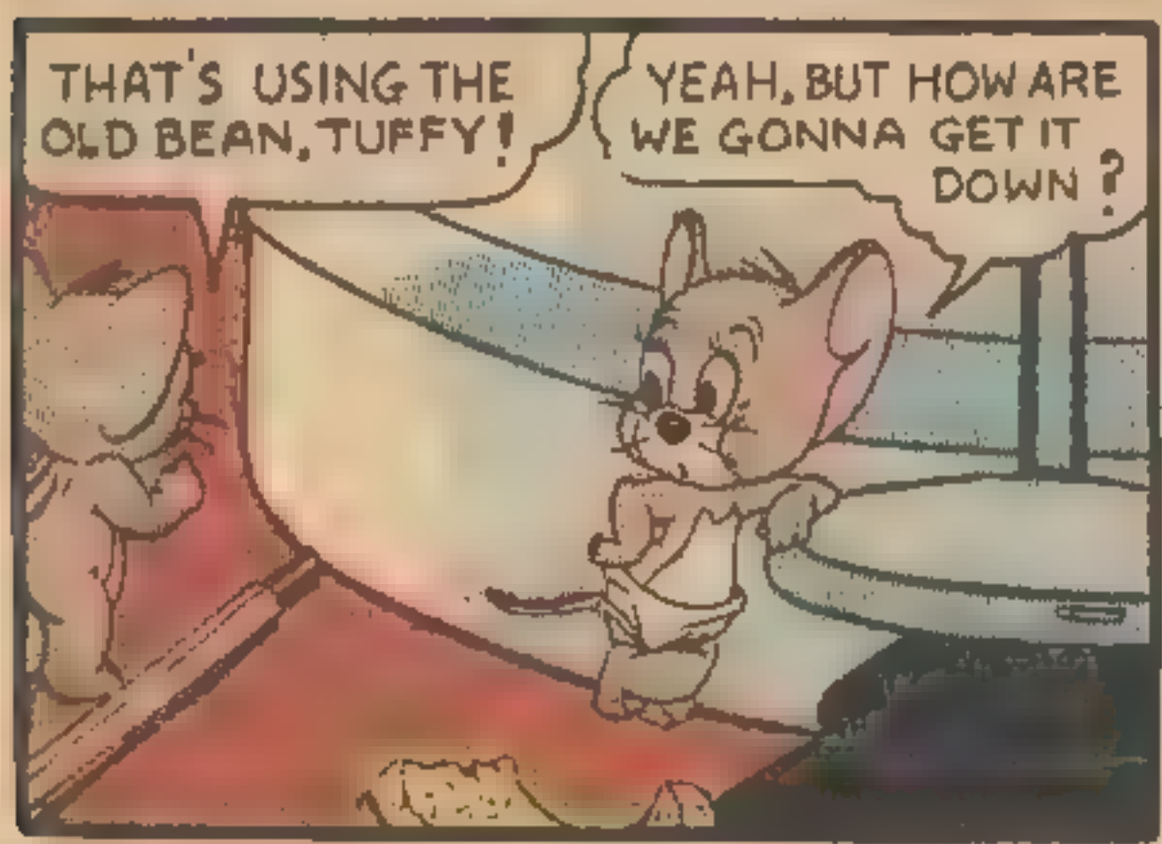

...AND I SAW DINAH GOING OUT TO THE STORE. NOW'S OUR CHANCE TO GET SOME!
WHAT ARE WE GOING TO CARRY TH' PAINT IN?

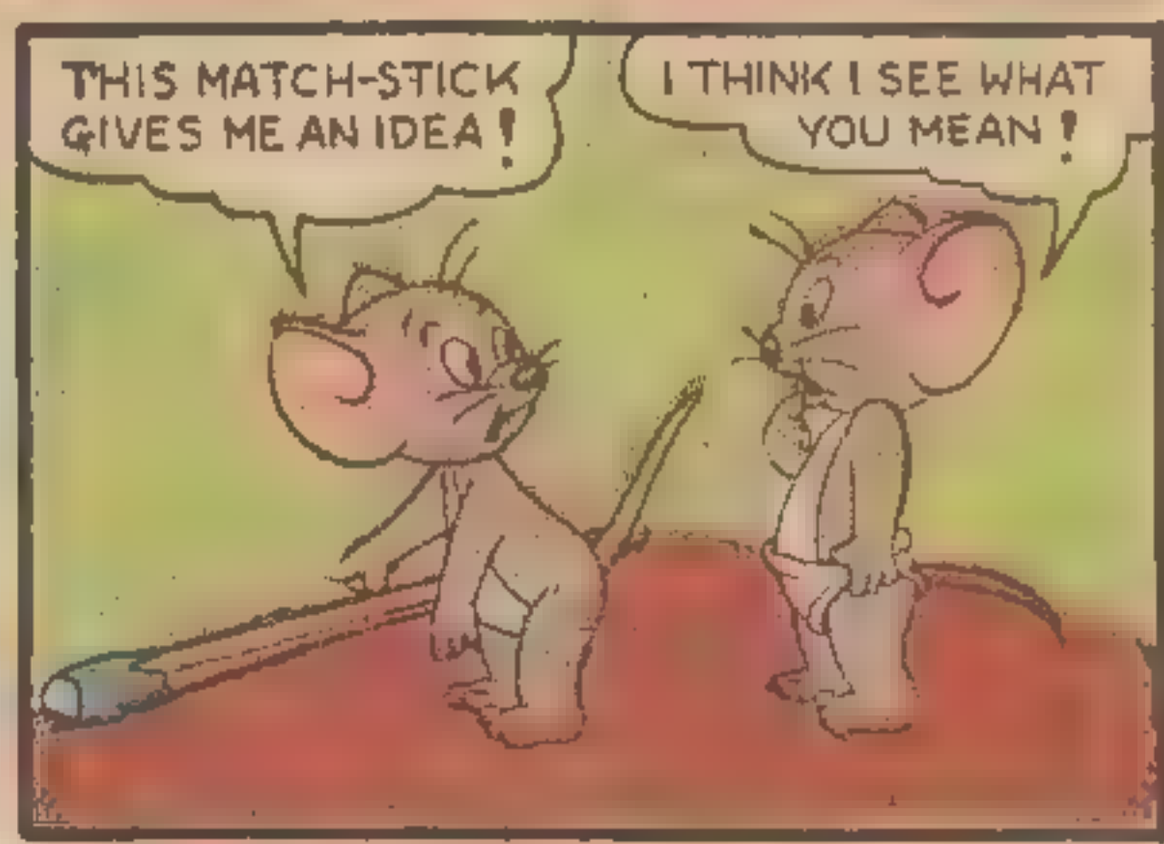

YOU'VE GOT MORE WATTS THAN AN ELECTRIC LIGHT BULB! START GETTING SOME IDEAS--!
I'M STARTING!

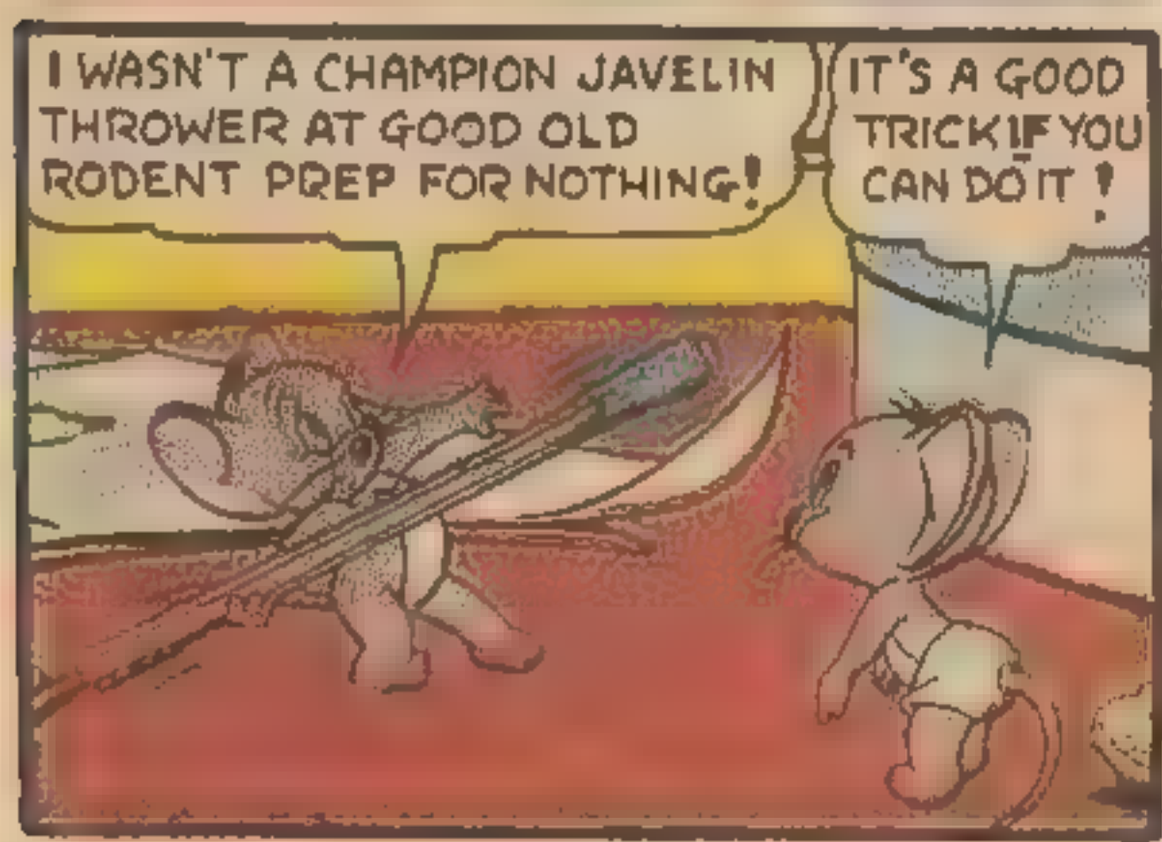

LET'S GO OUT AND LOOK THE SIT-E-ATION OVER! MAYBE THAT WILL GIVE US SOME IDEAS!
OKAY!

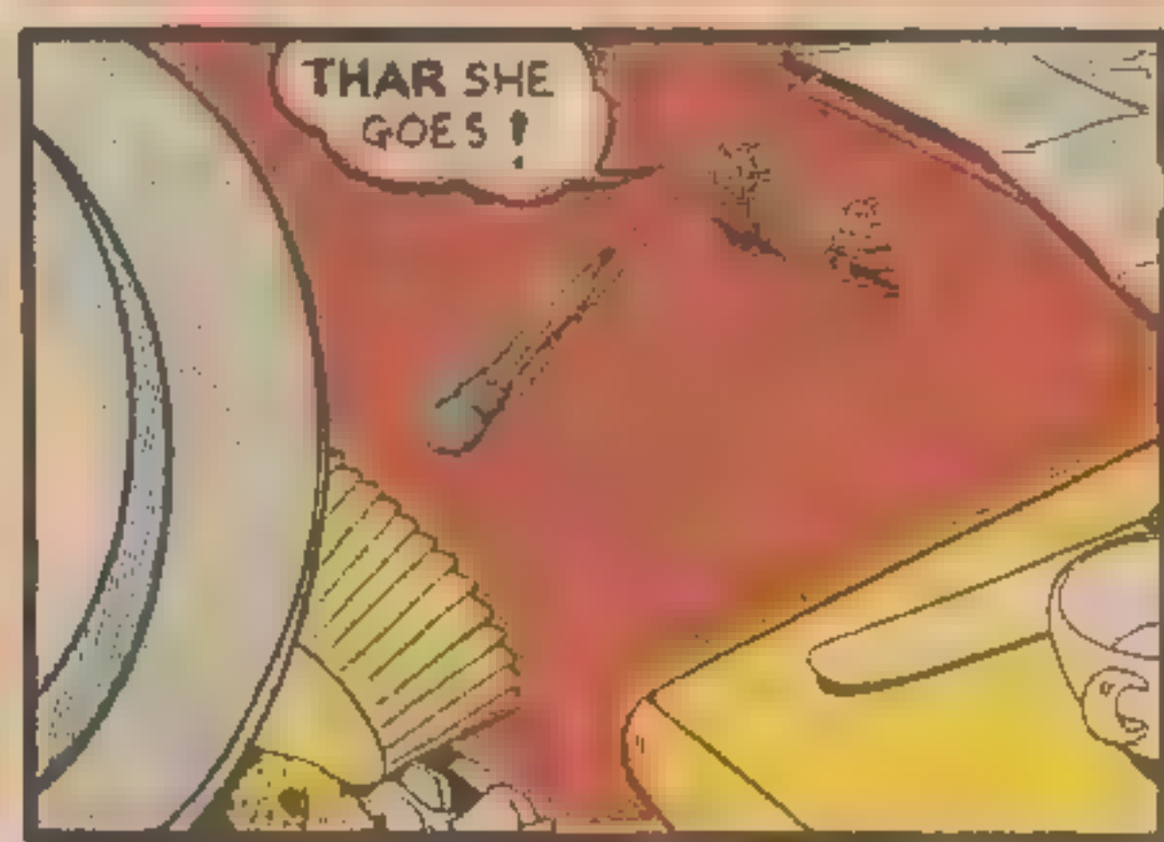

HERE'S THE PAINT, JUST WHERE DINAH LEFT IT!
BUT HOW TO GET AT IT? THAT'S THE QUESTION!

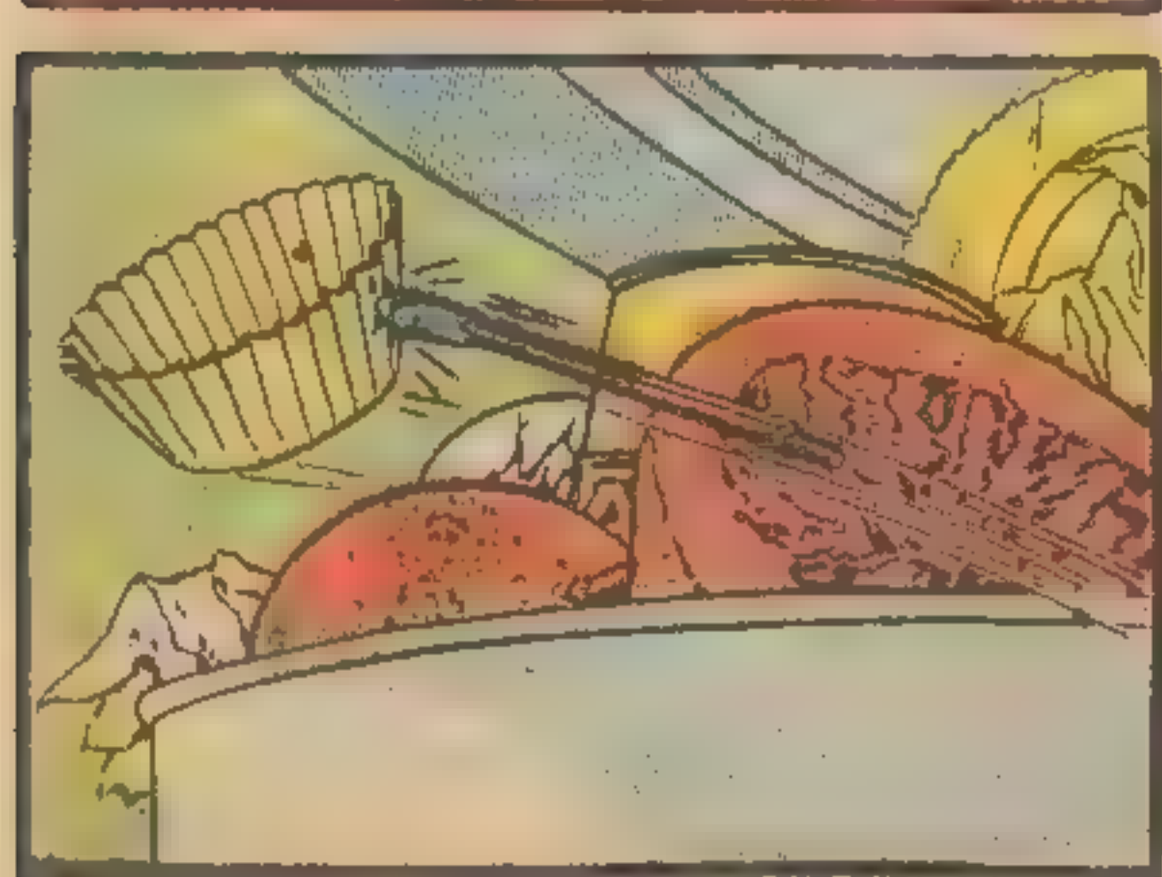

LOOK, JERRY! THAT PAPER BAKING CUP ON TOP THE PILE OF GARBAGE WOULD BE JUST THE THING TO PUT PAINT IN.

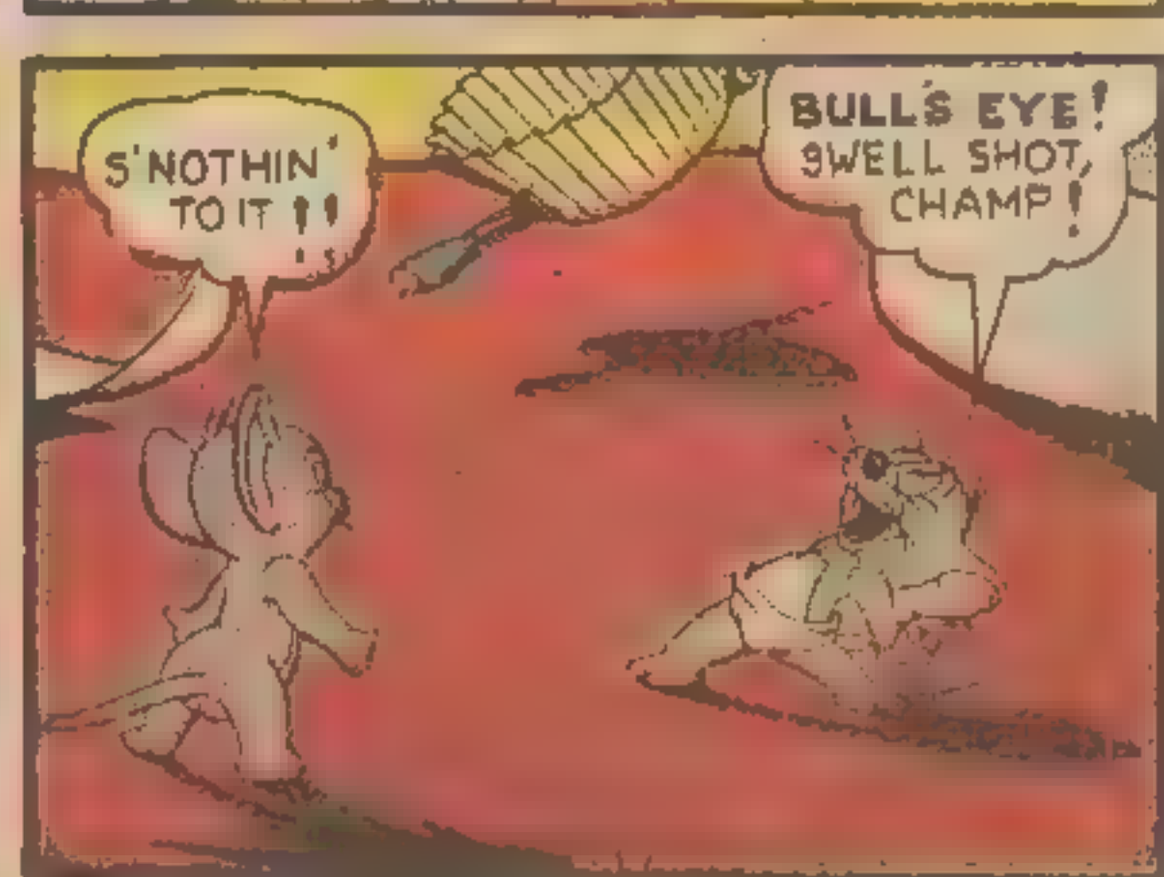

THAT'S USING THE OLD BEAN, TUFFY!
YEAH, BUT HOW ARE WE GONNA GET IT DOWN?

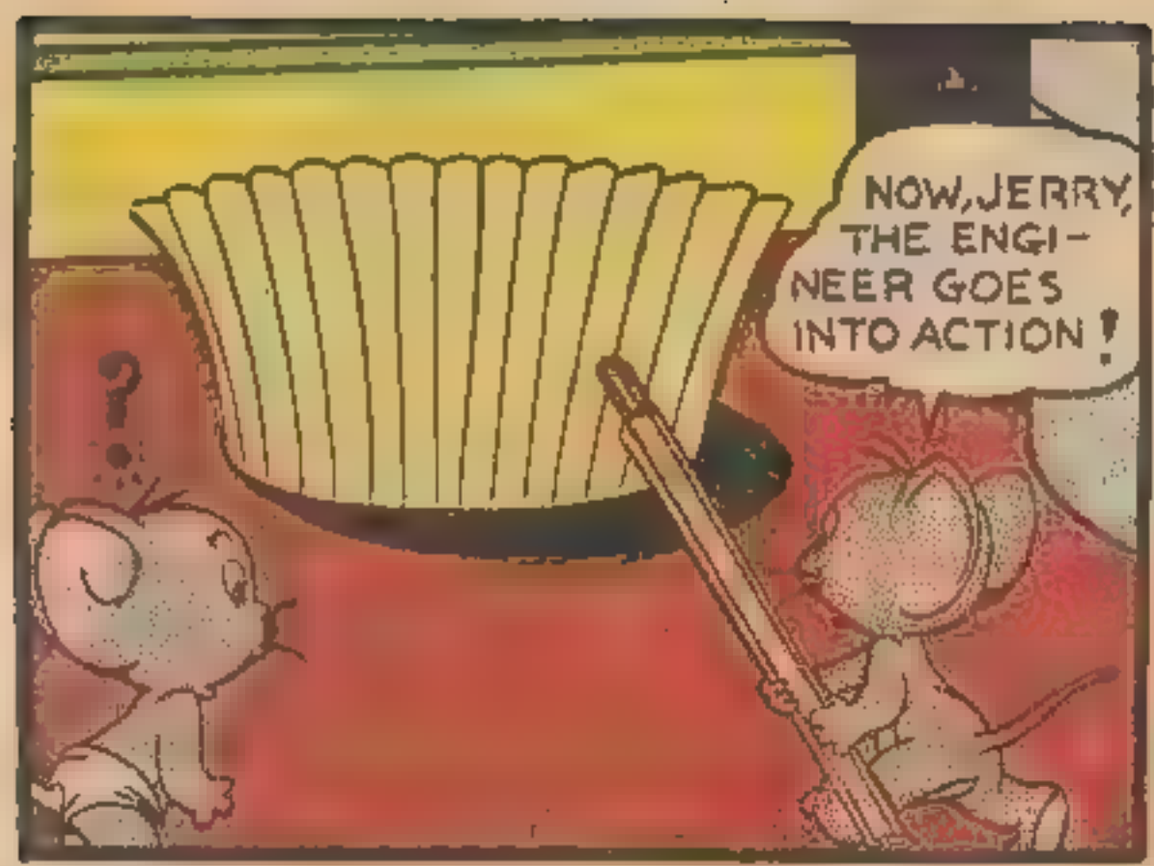

THIS MATCH-STICK GIVES ME AN IDEA!
I THINK I SEE WHAT YOU MEAN!

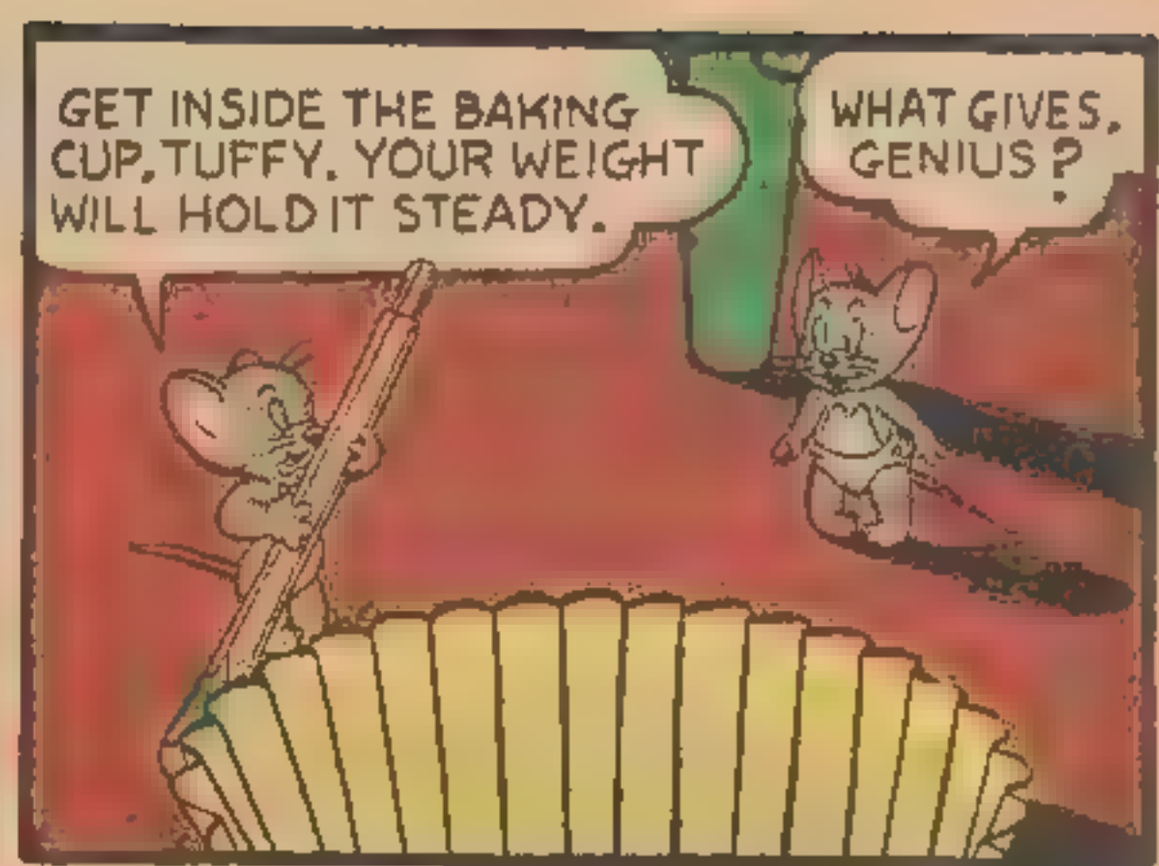

I WASN'T A CHAMPION JAVELIN THROWER AT GOOD OLD RODENT PREP FOR NOTHING!
IT'S A GOOD TRICK IF YOU CAN DO IT!

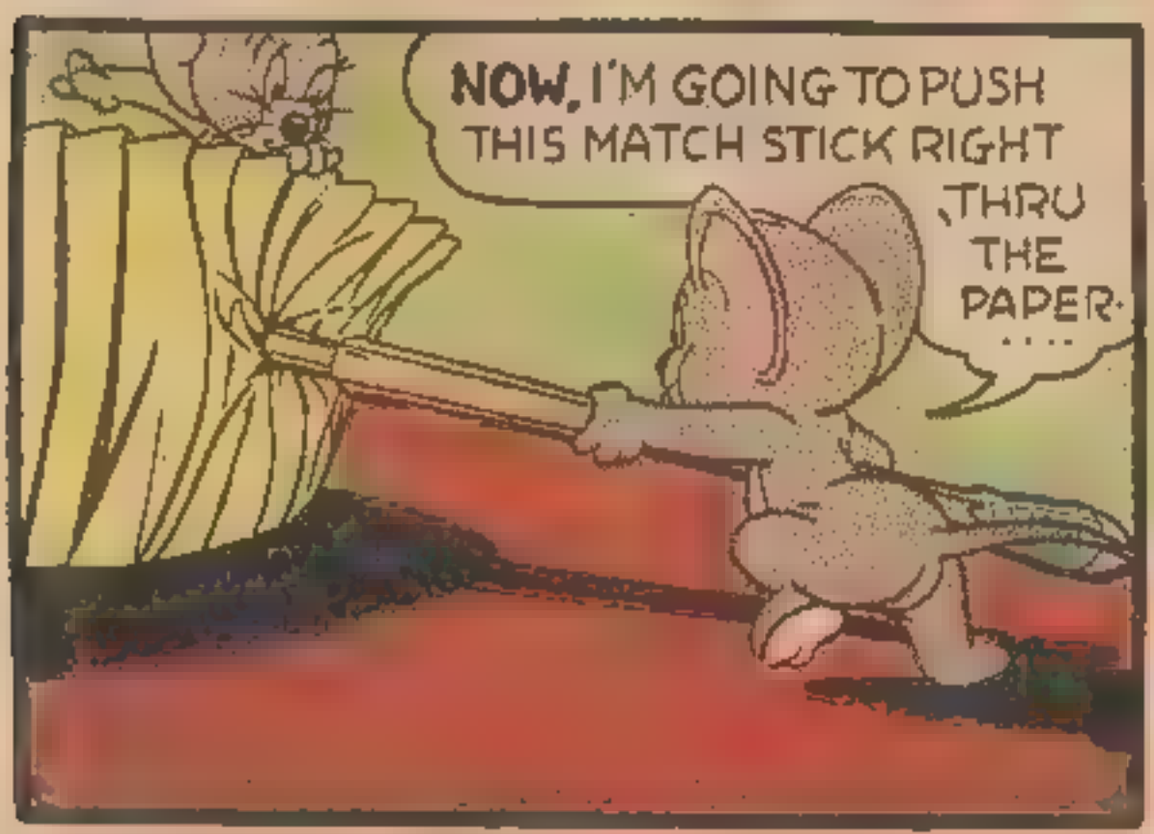

THAR SHE GOES!

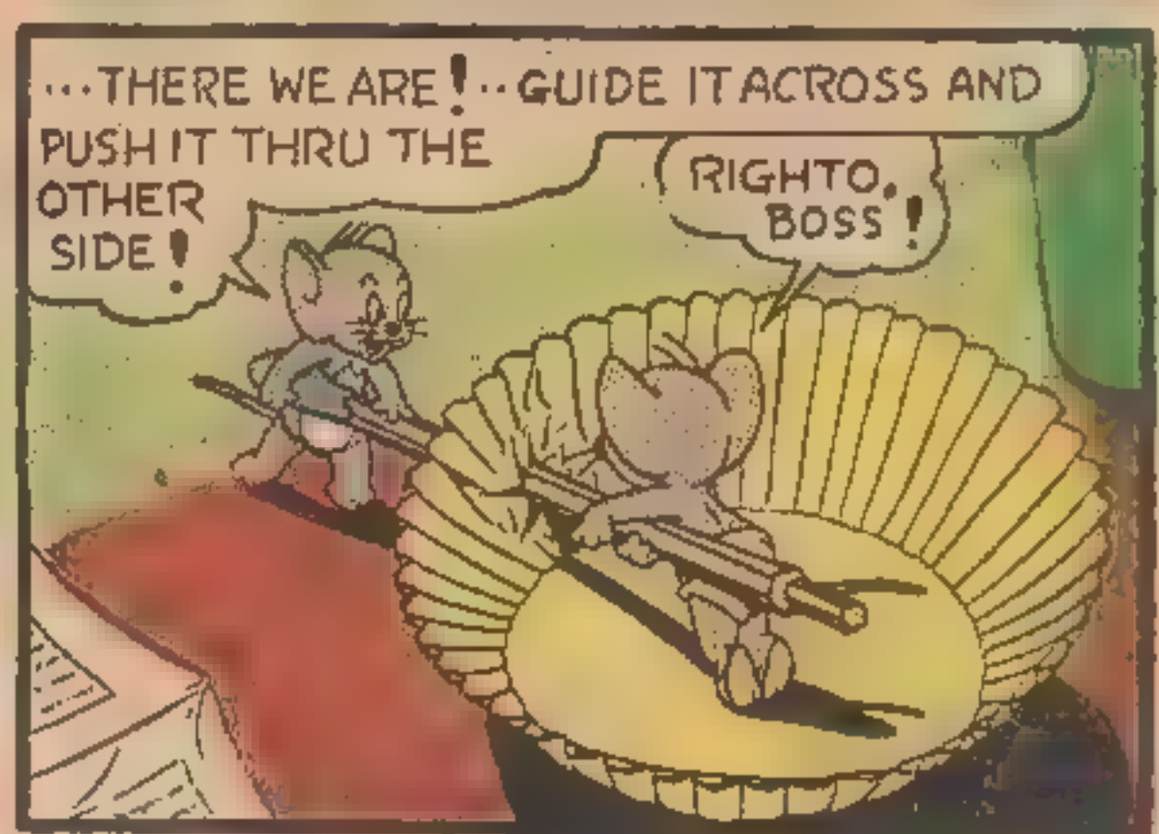


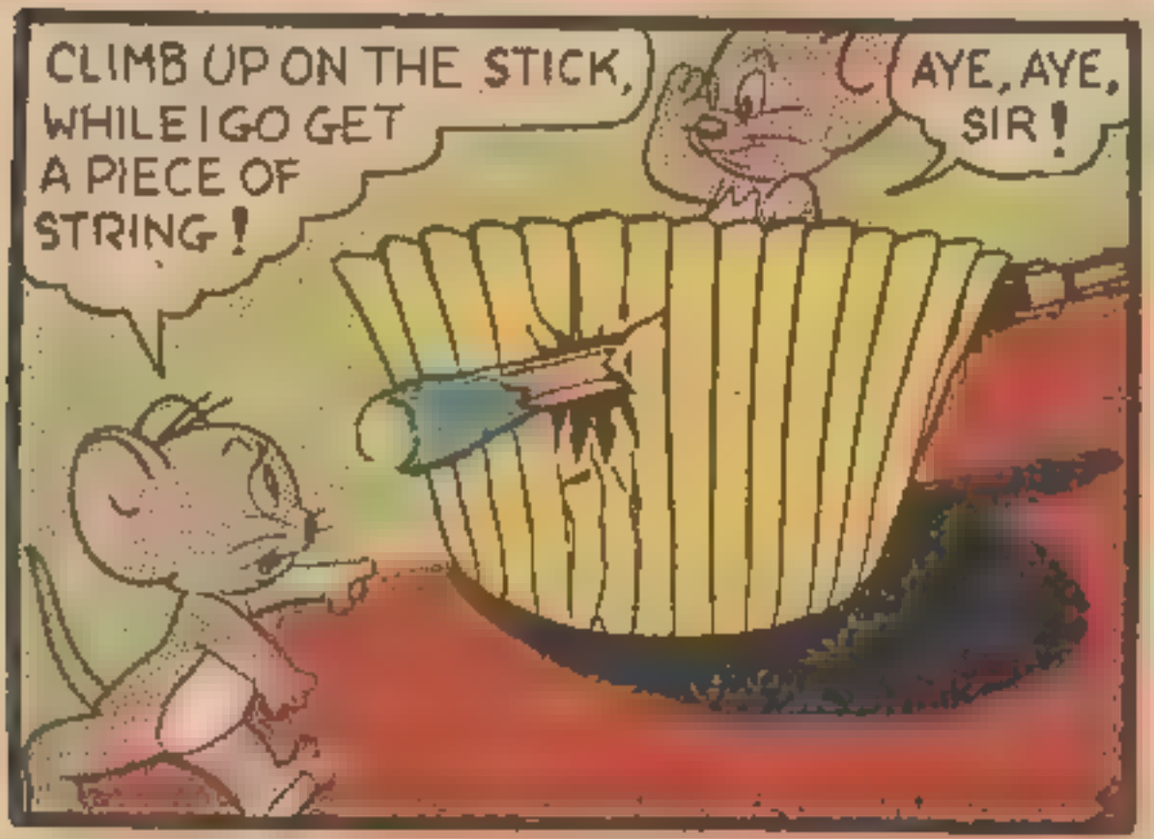

S'NOTHIN' TO IT!!
BULL'S EYE! WELL SHOT, CHAMP!

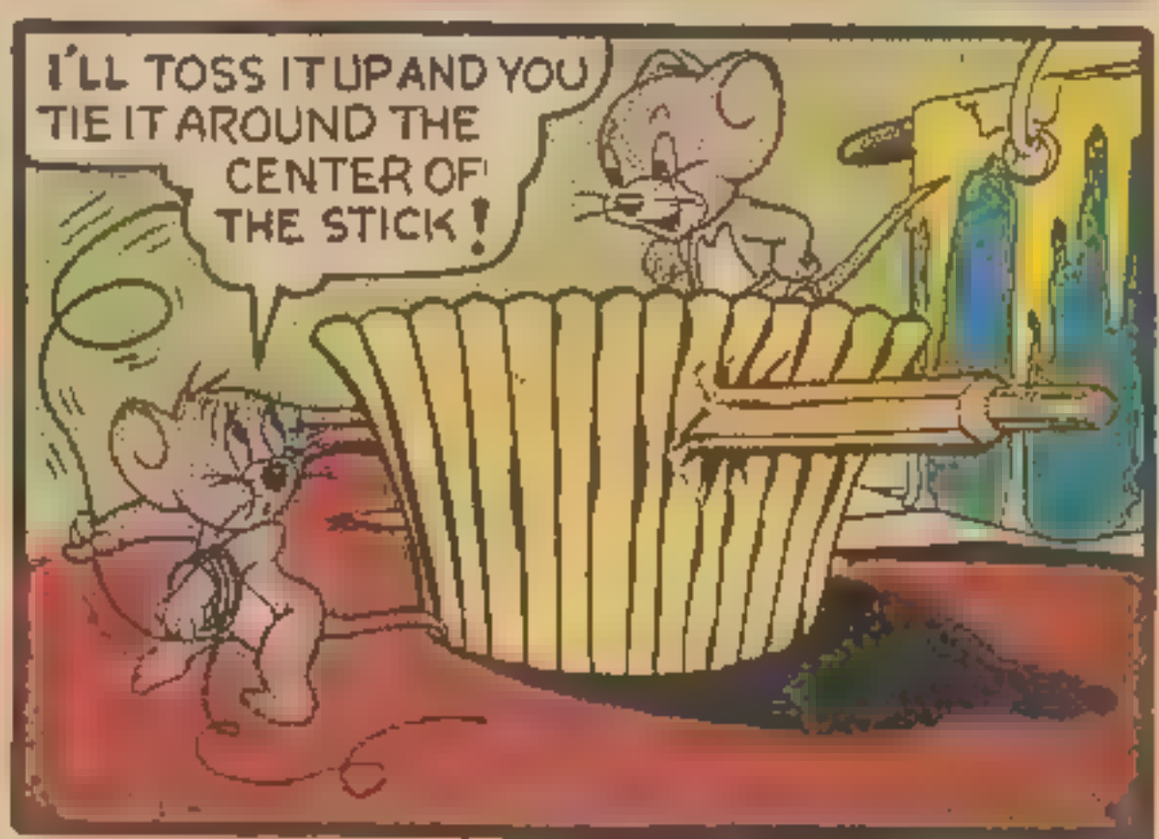

NOW, JERRY, THE ENGI-NEER GOES INTO ACTION!
?

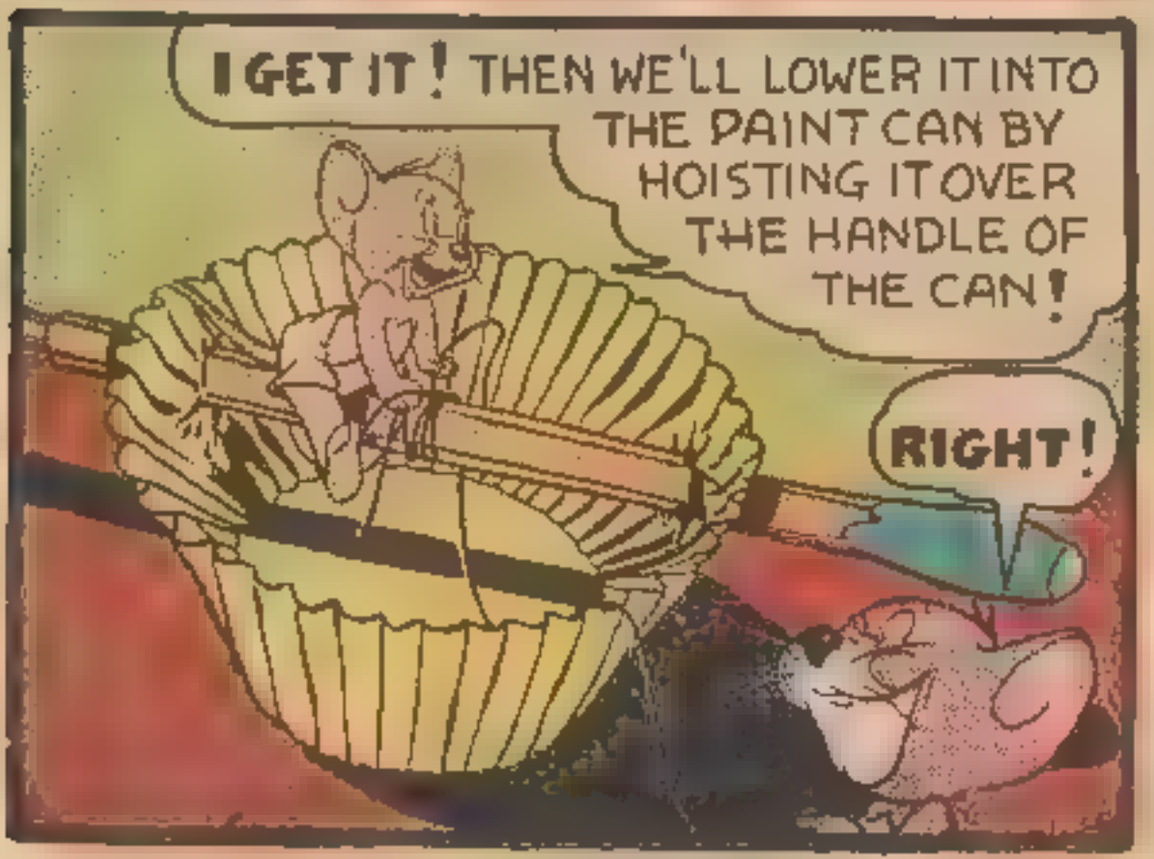

GET INSIDE THE BAKING CUP, TUFFY. YOUR WEIGHT WILL HOLD IT STEADY.
WHAT GIVES, GENIUS?

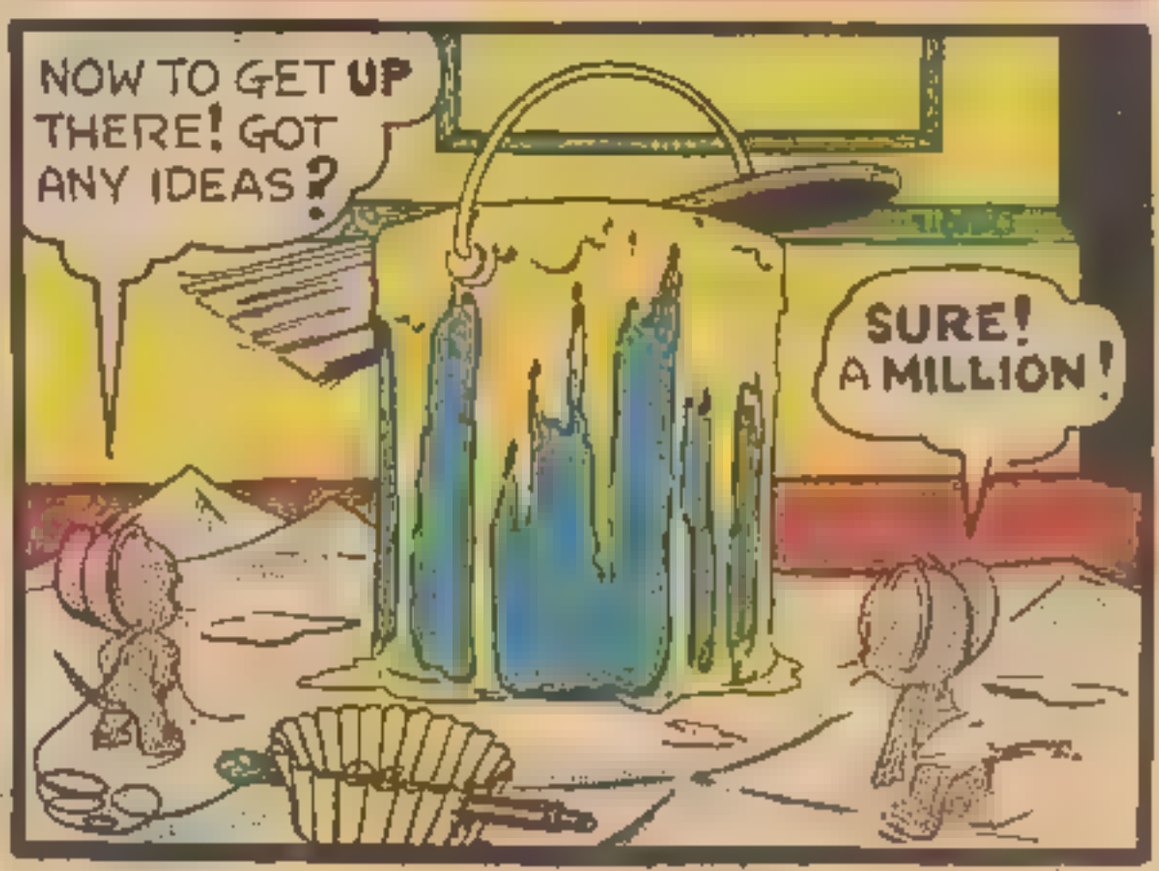

NOW, I'M GOING TO PUSH THIS MATCH STICK RIGHT THRU THE PAPER....

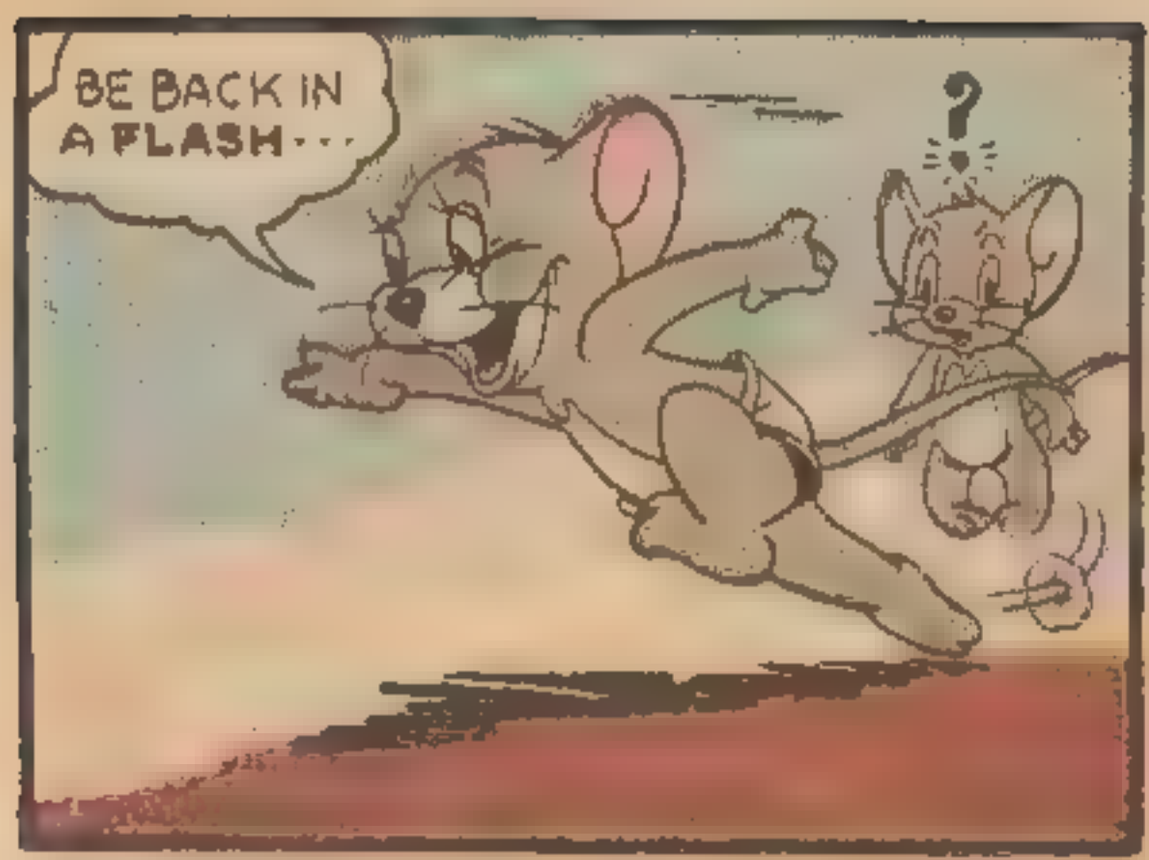

...THERE WE ARE!..GUIDE IT ACROSS AND PUSH IT THRU THE OTHER SIDE!
RIGHTO, BOSS!

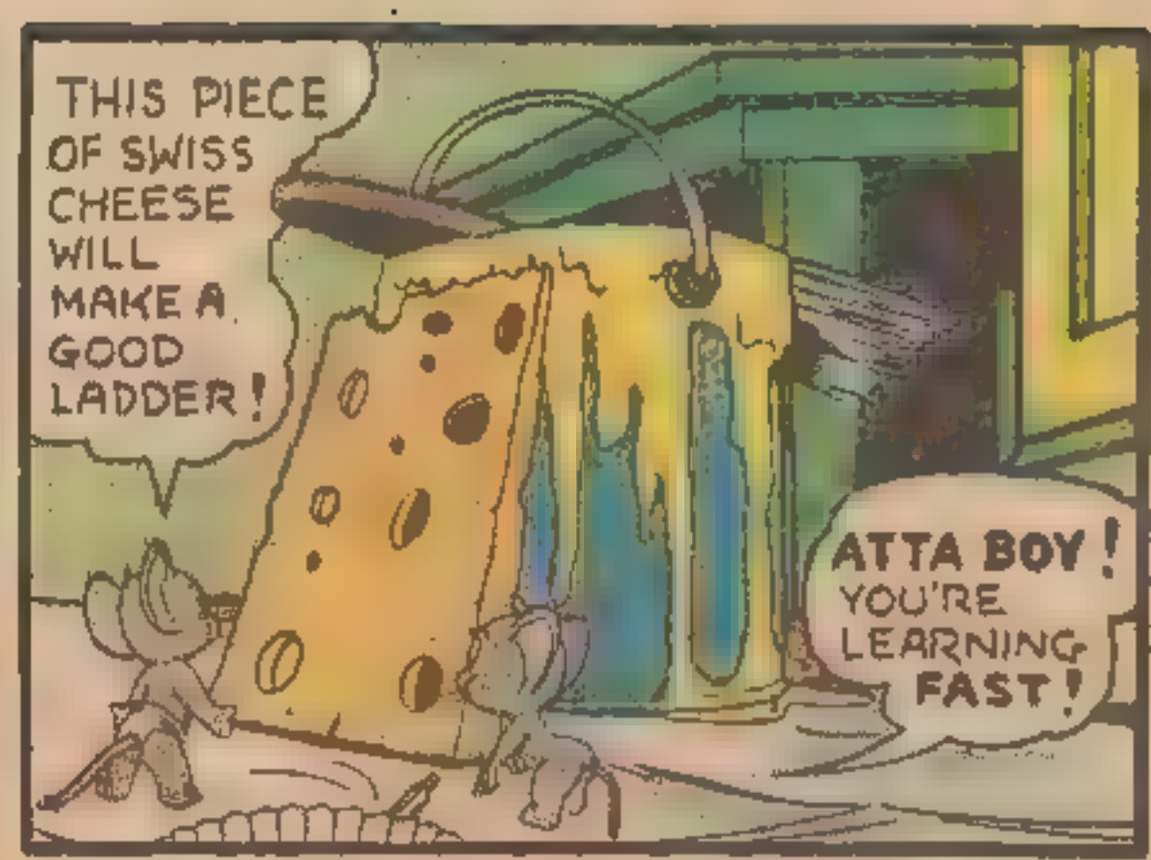

CLIMB UP ON THE STICK, WHILE I GO GET A PIECE OF STRING!
AYE, AYE, SIR!

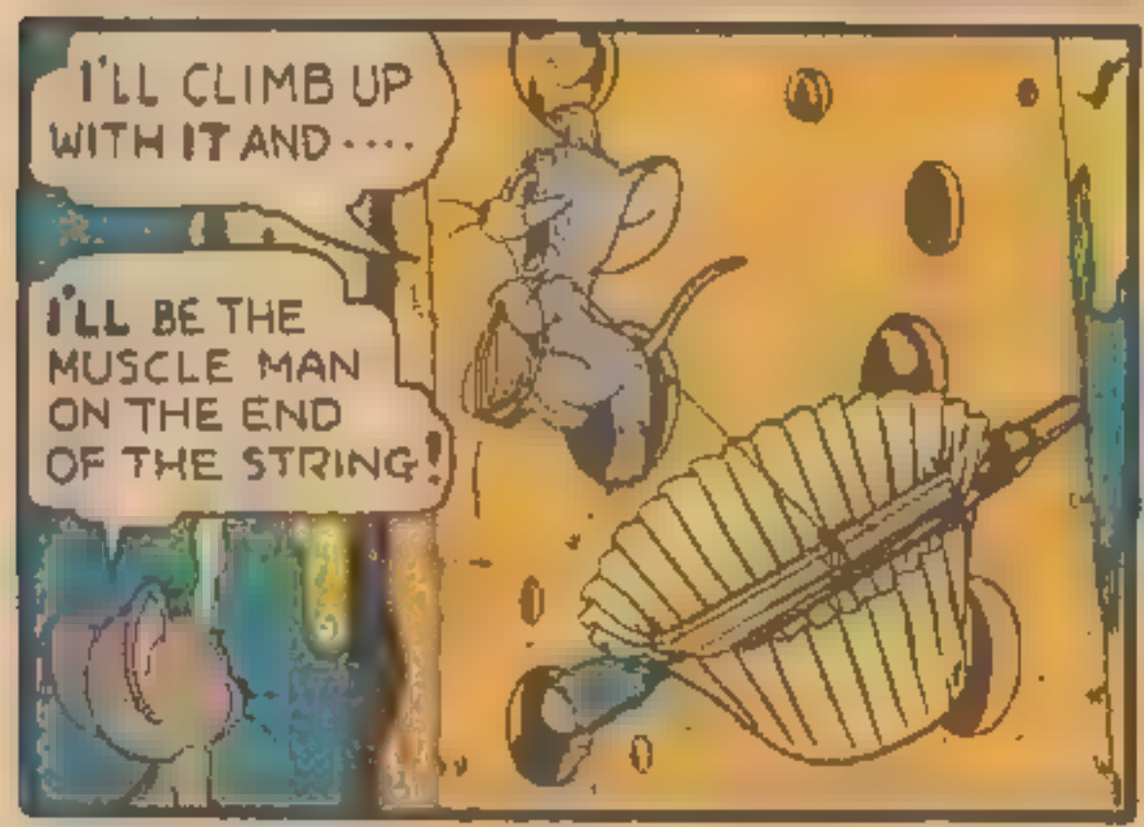

I'LL TOSS IT UP AND YOU TIE IT AROUND THE CENTER OF THE STICK!

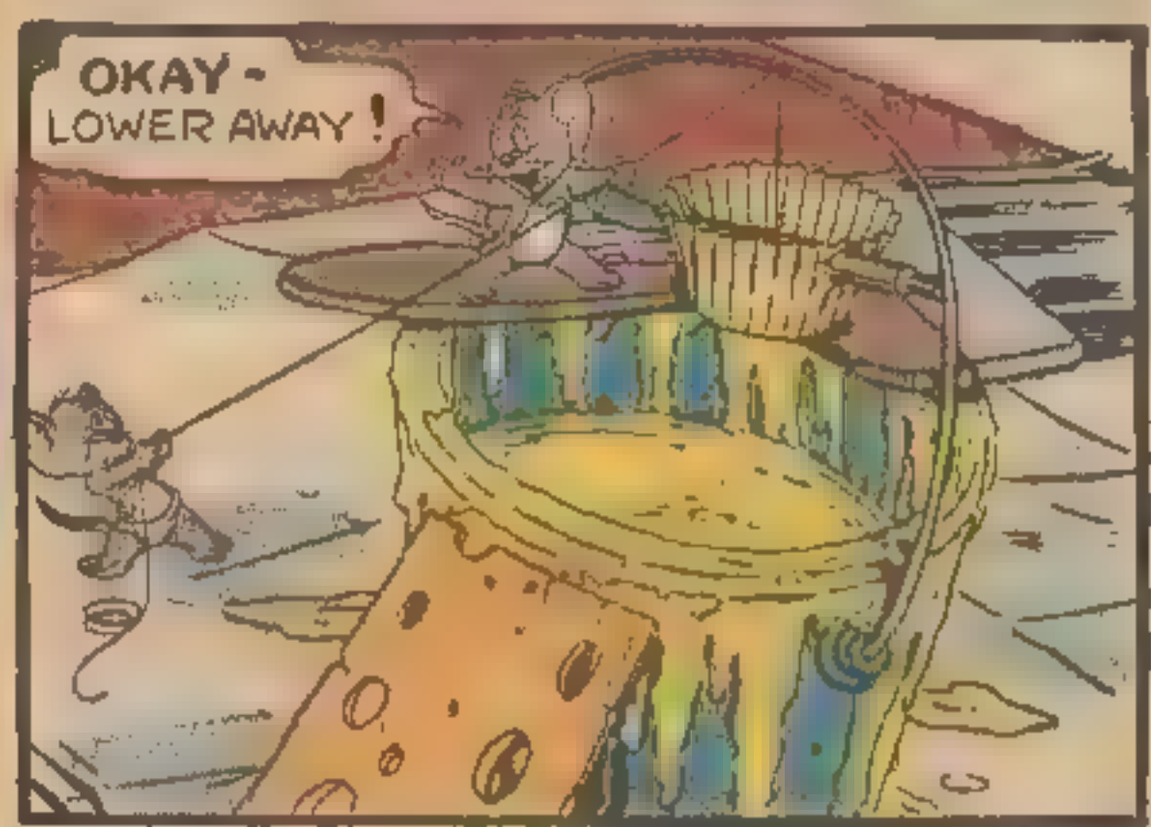

I GET IT! THEN WE'LL LOWER IT INTO THE PAINT CAN BY HOISTING IT OVER THE HANDLE OF THE CAN!
RIGHT!

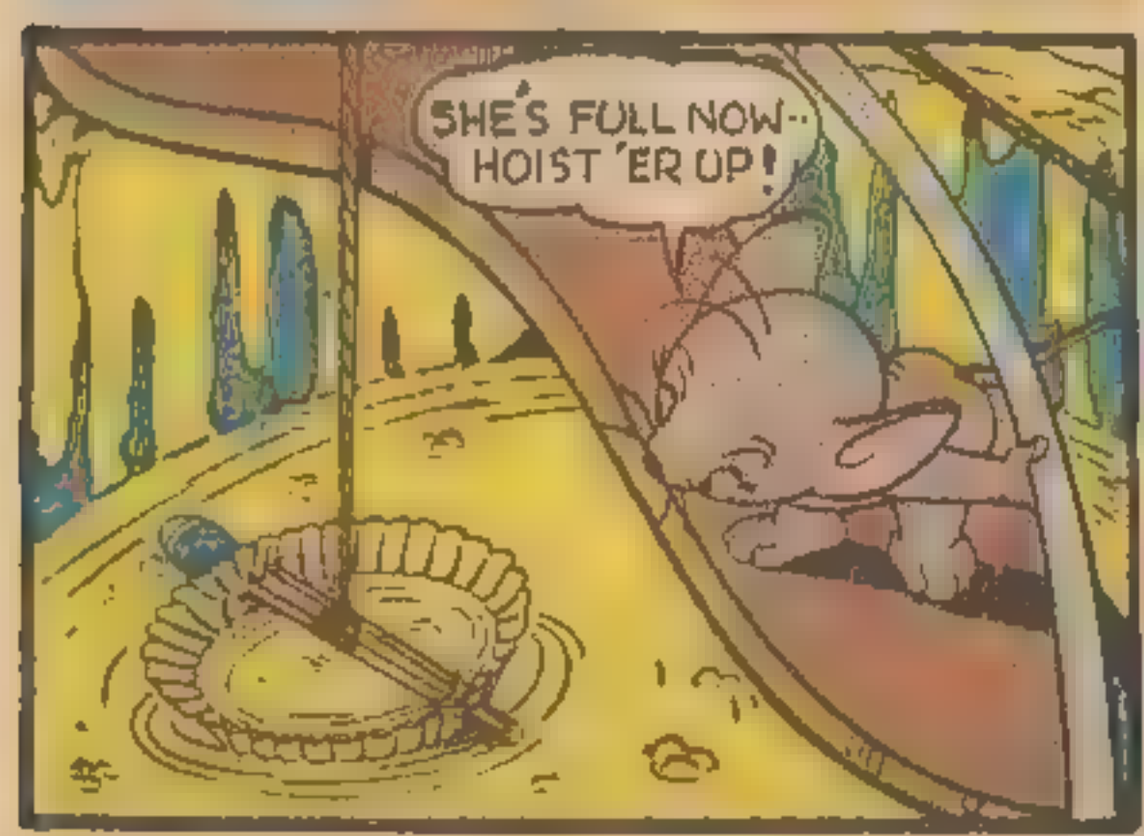

NOW TO GET UP THERE! GOT ANY IDEAS?
SURE! A MILLION!

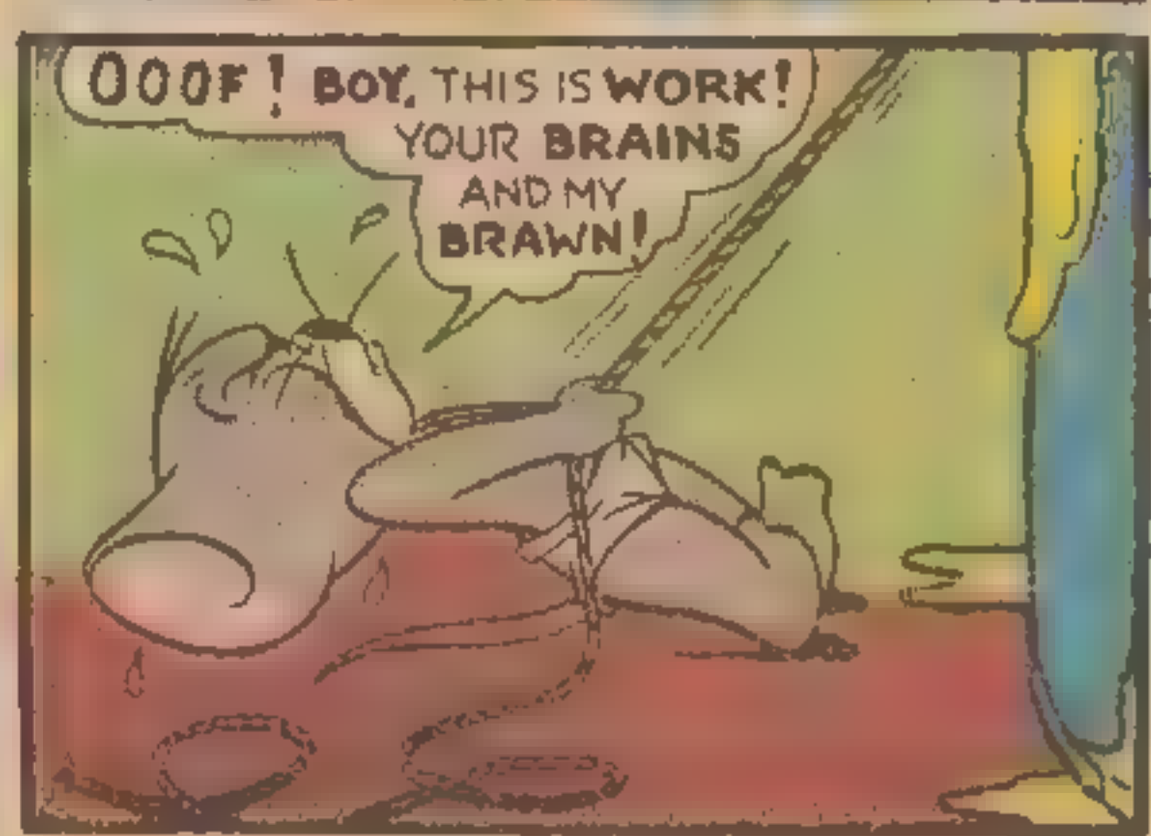

BE BACK IN A FLASH...
?

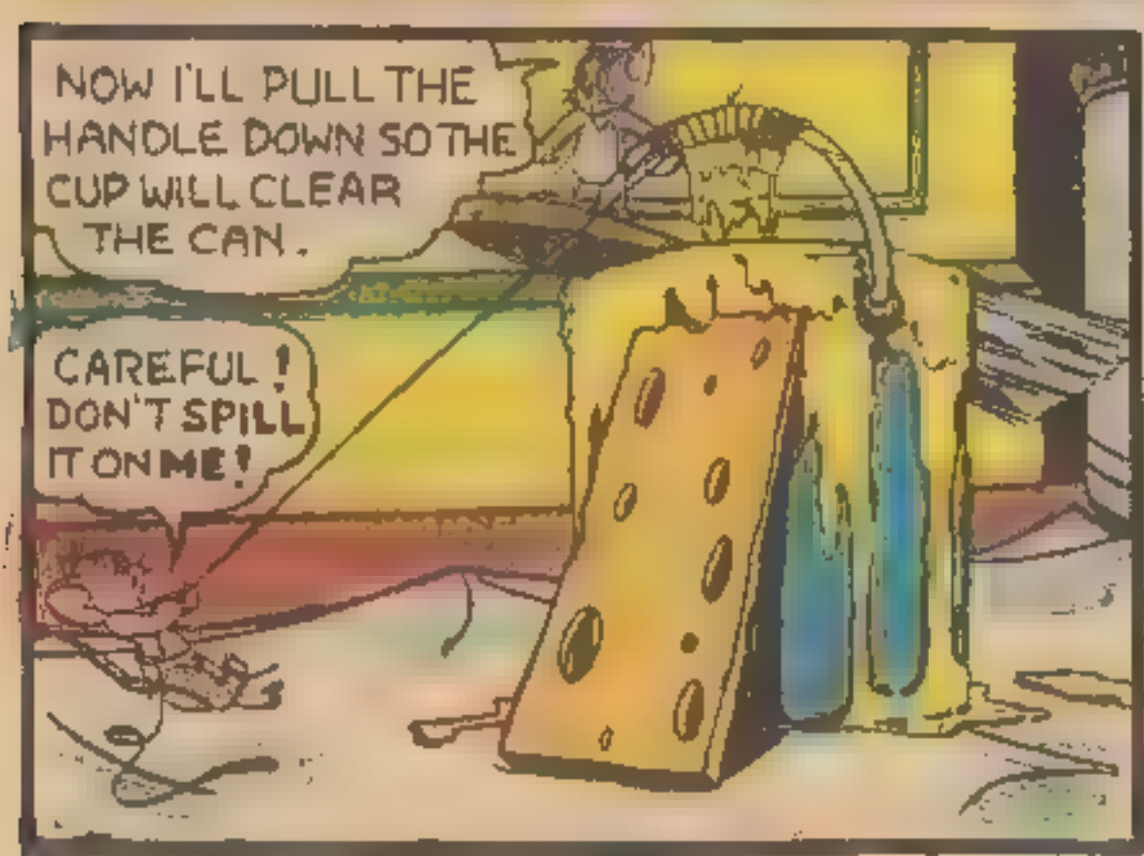

THIS PIECE OF SWISS CHEESE WILL MAKE A GOOD LADDER!
ATTA BOY! YOU'RE LEARNING FAST!

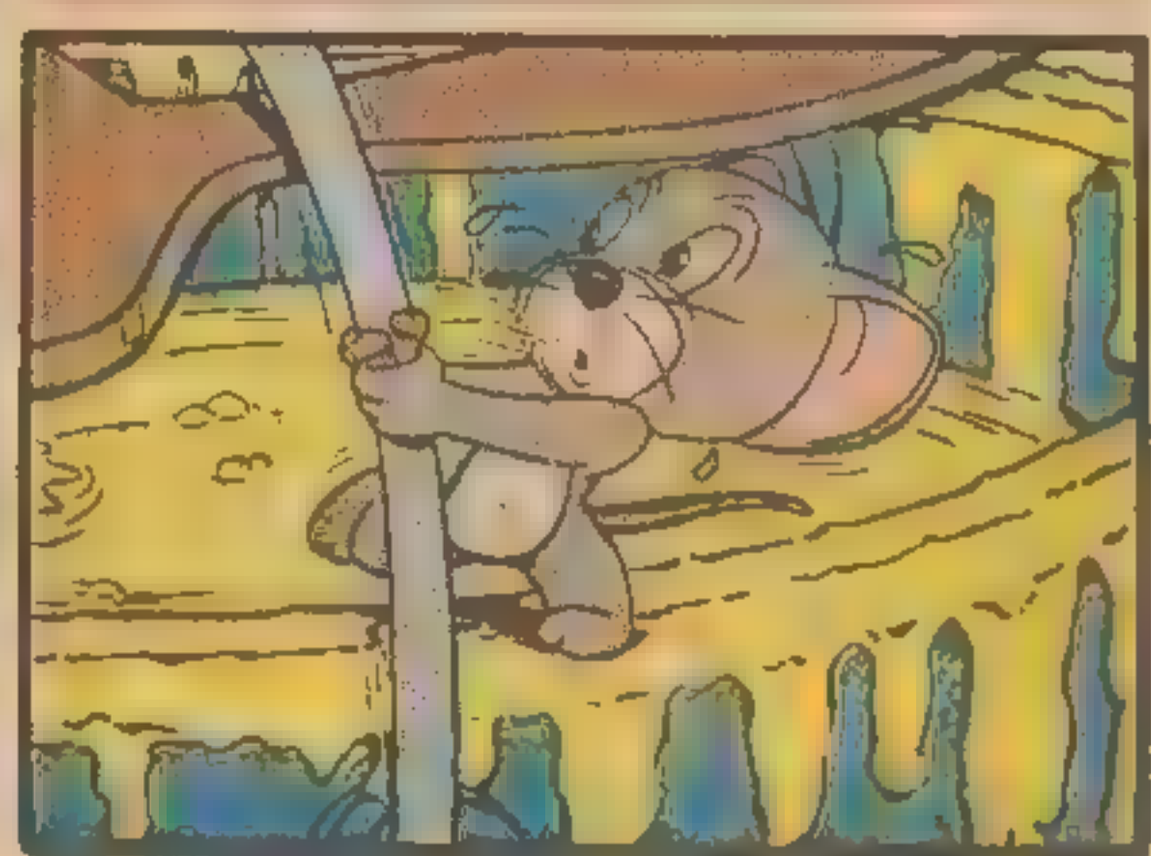

I'LL CLIMB UP WITH IT AND....
I'LL BE THE MUSCLE MAN ON THE END OF THE STRING!

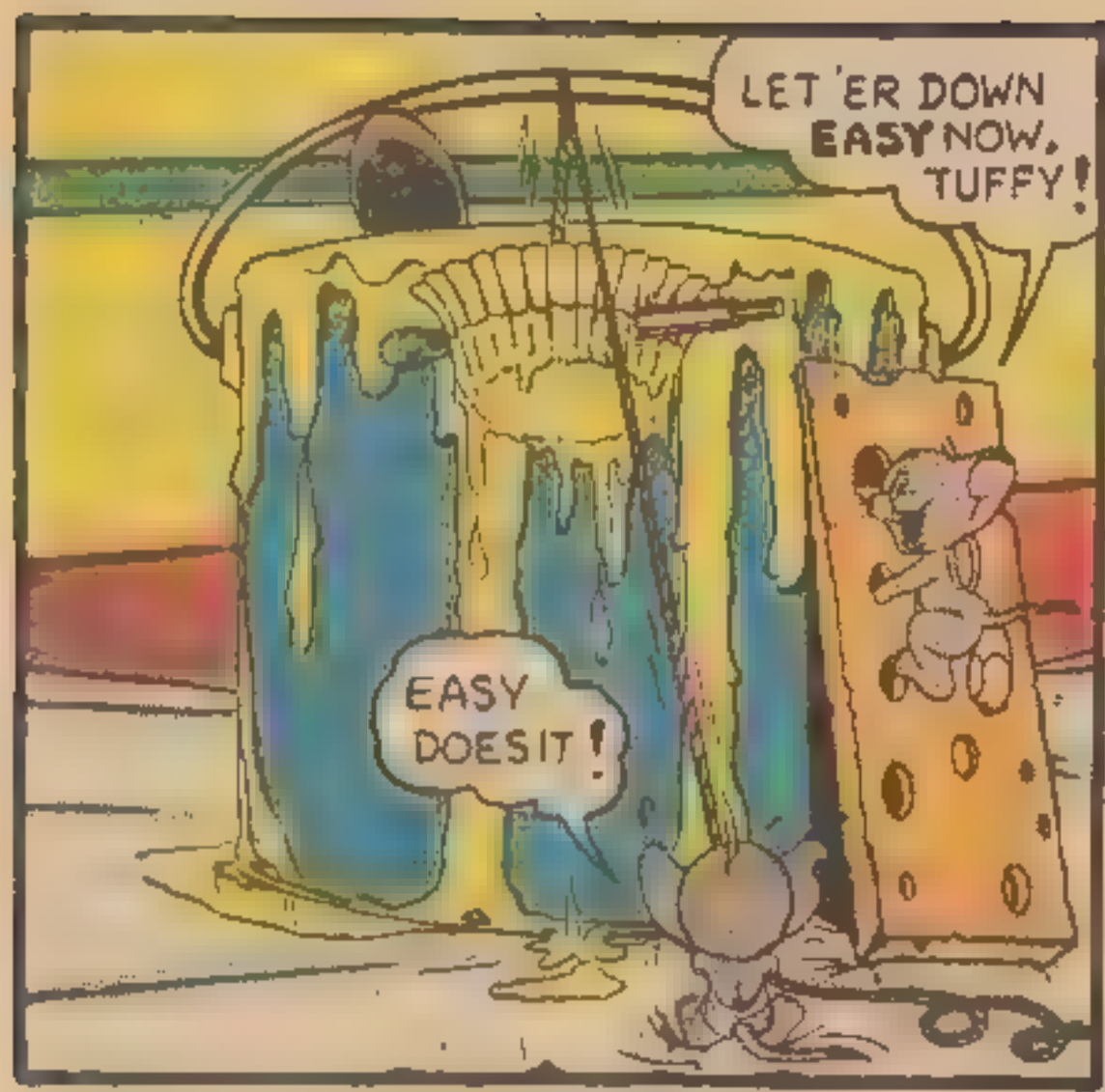

OKAY - LOWER AWAY!

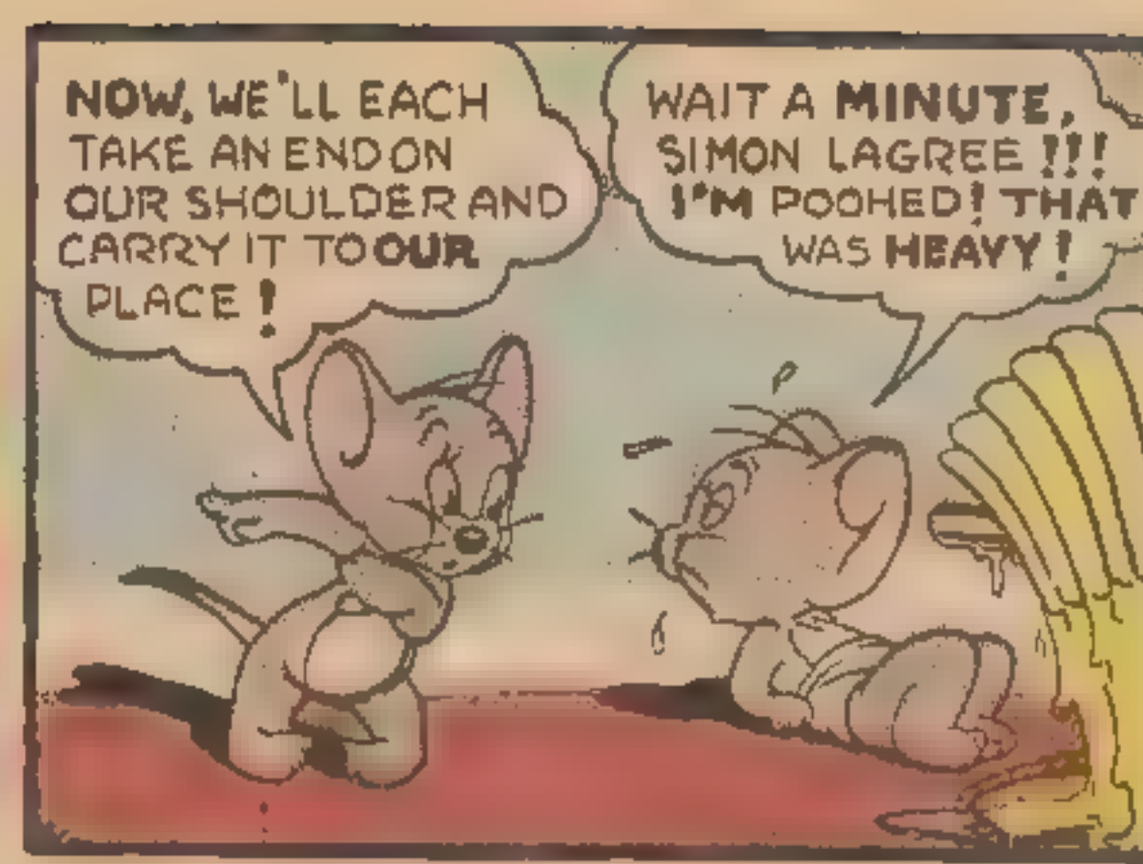

SHE'S FULL NOW-- HOIST 'ER UP!

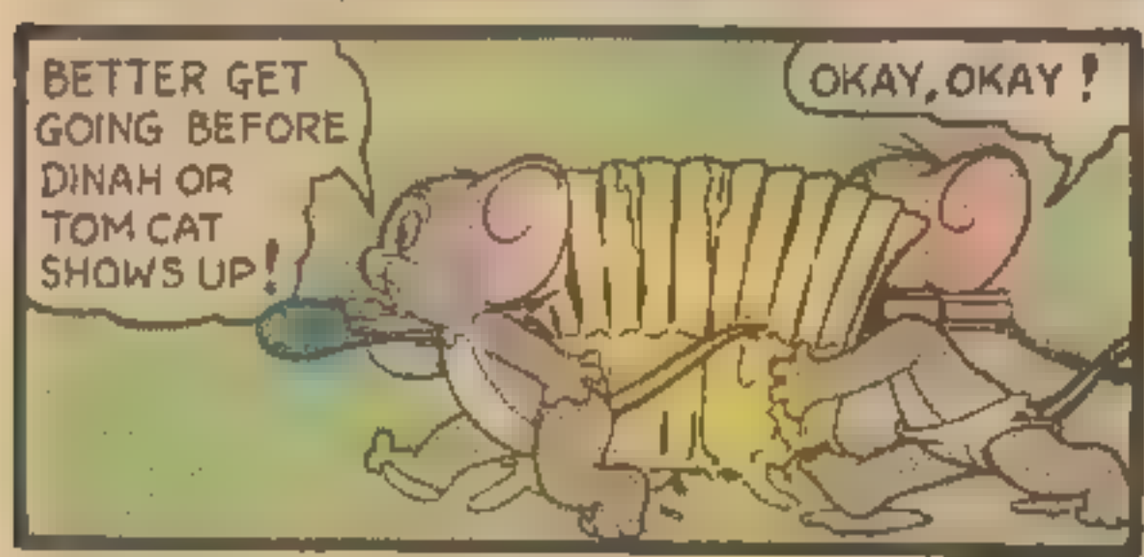

OOOF! BOY, THIS IS WORK! YOUR BRAINS AND MY BRAWN!

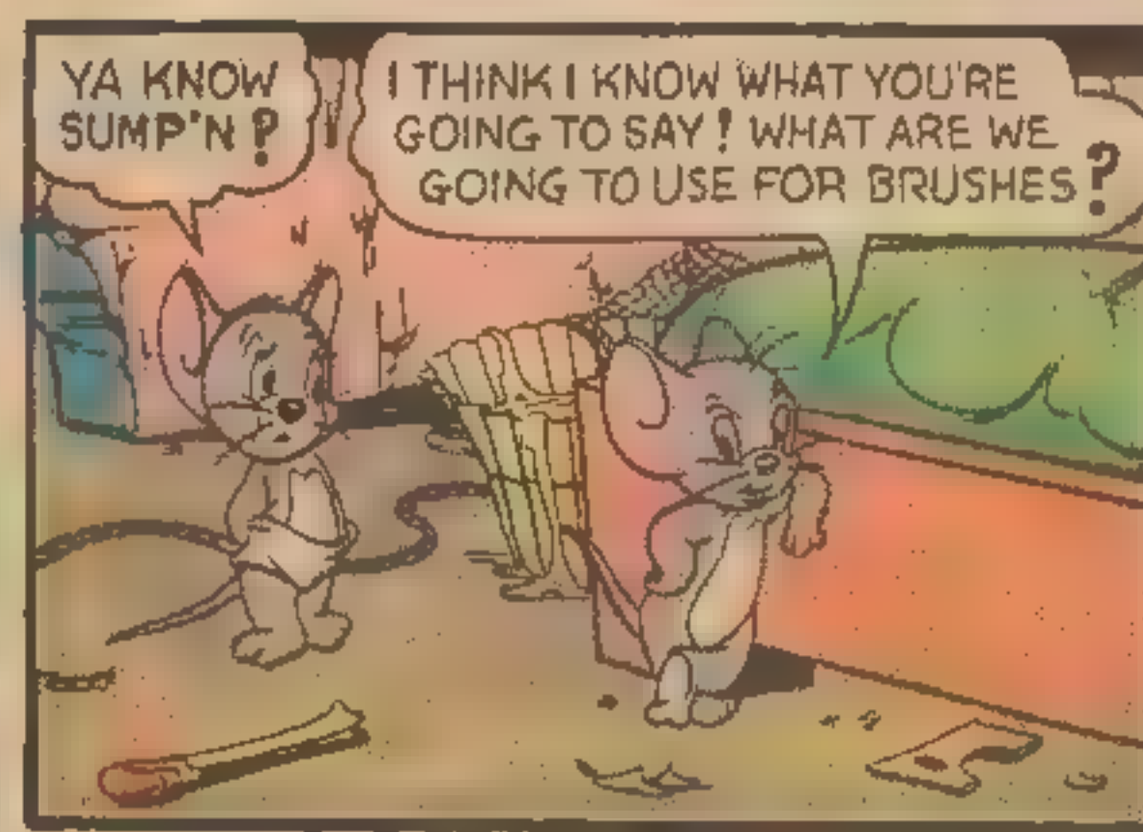

NOW I'LL PULL THE HANDLE DOWN SO THE CUP WILL CLEAR THE CAN.
CAREFUL! DON'T SPILL IT ON ME!

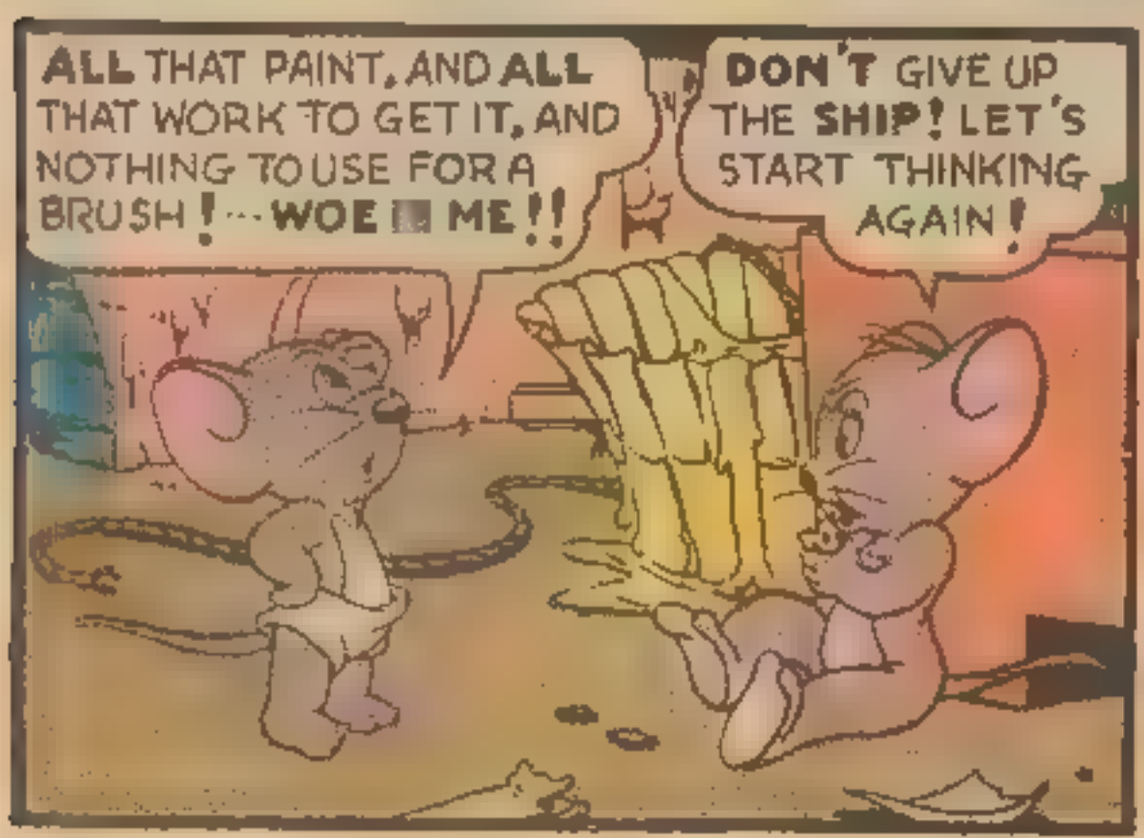


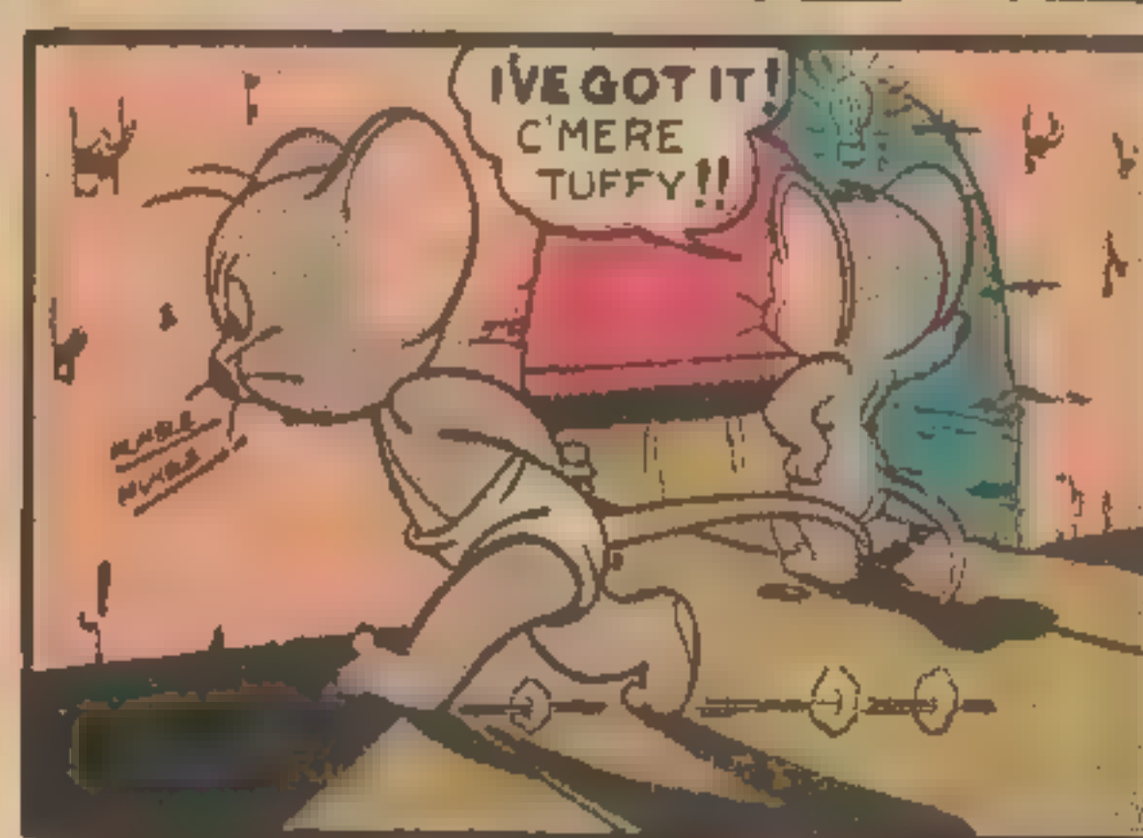

LET 'ER DOWN EASY NOW, TUFFY!
EASY DOES IT!

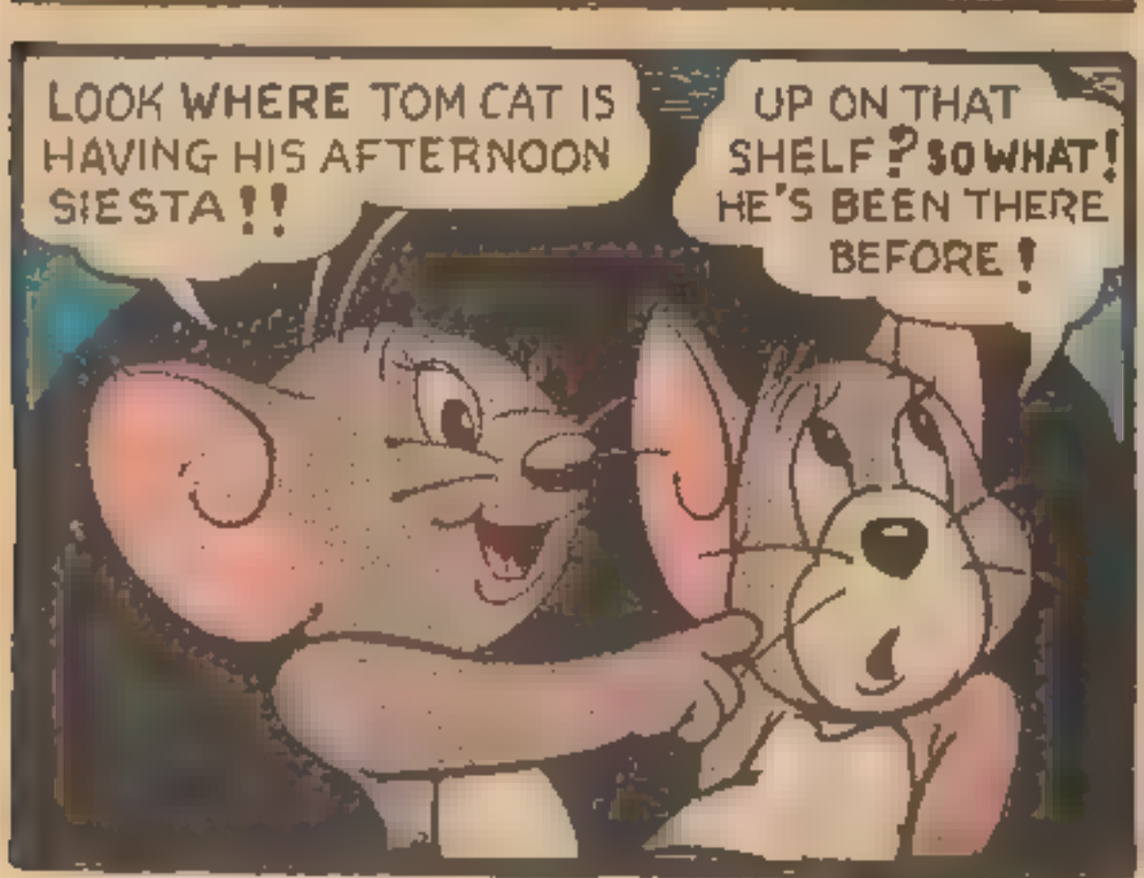

NOW, WE'LL EACH TAKE AN END ON OUR SHOULDER AND CARRY IT TO OUR PLACE!
WAIT A MINUTE, SIMON LAGREE!!! I'M POOHED! THAT WAS HEAVY!

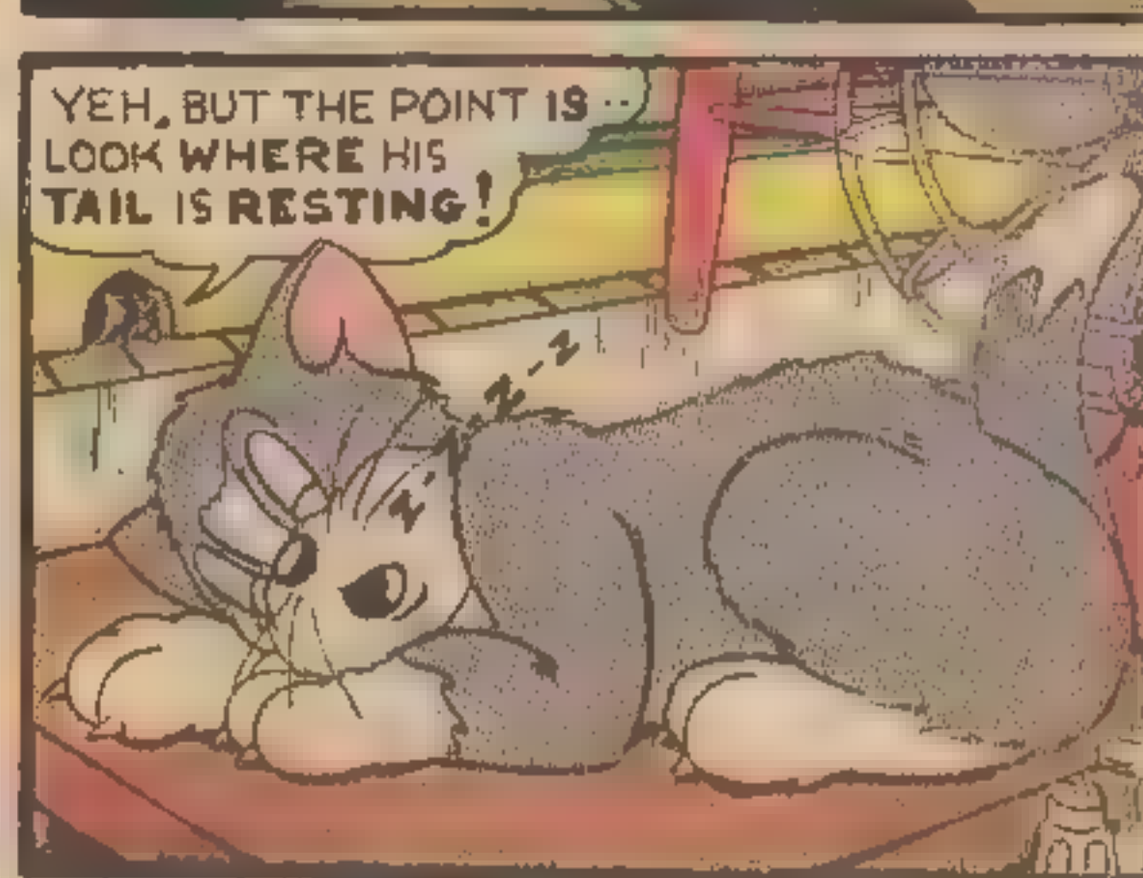

BETTER GET GOING BEFORE DINAH OR TOM CAT SHOWS UP!
OKAY, OKAY!

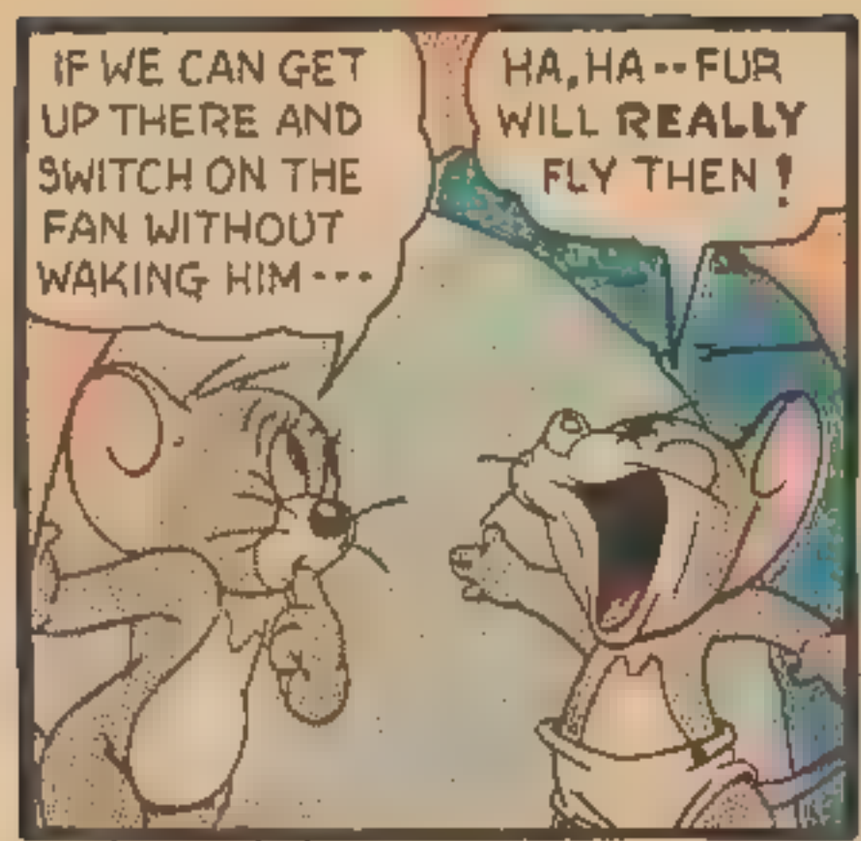

YA KNOW SUMP'N?
I THINK I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE GOING TO SAY! WHAT ARE WE GOING TO USE FOR BRUSHES?


ALL THAT PAINT, AND ALL THAT WORK TO GET IT, AND NOTHING TO USE FOR A BRUSH!... WOE ME!!
DON'T GIVE UP THE SHIP! LET'S START THINKING AGAIN!

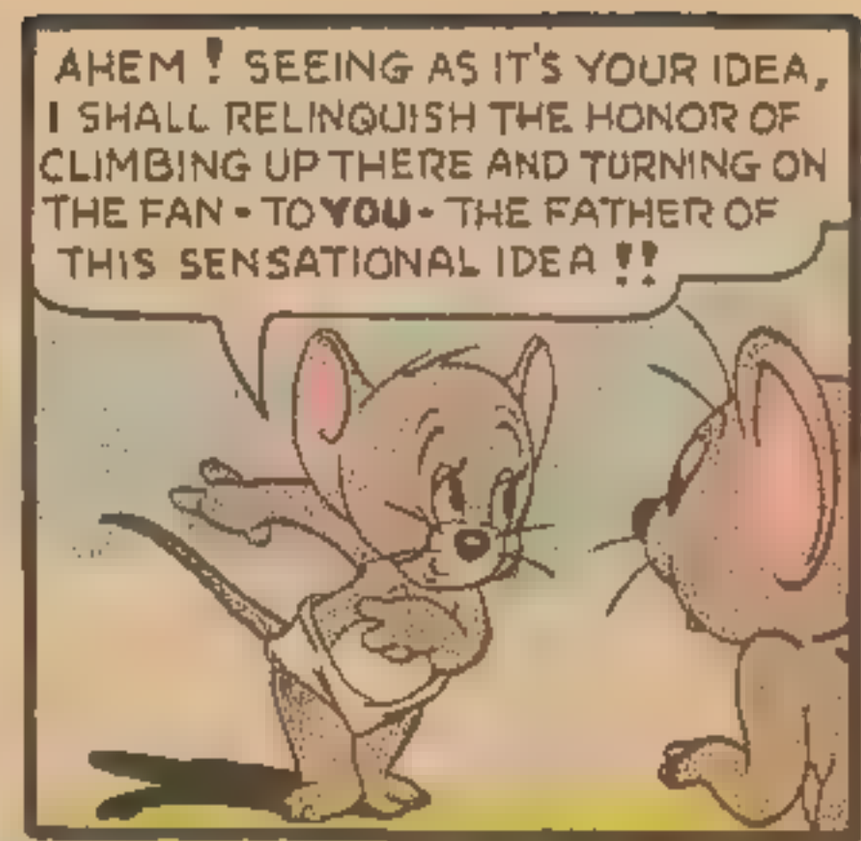

I'VE GOT IT! C'MERE TUFFY!!

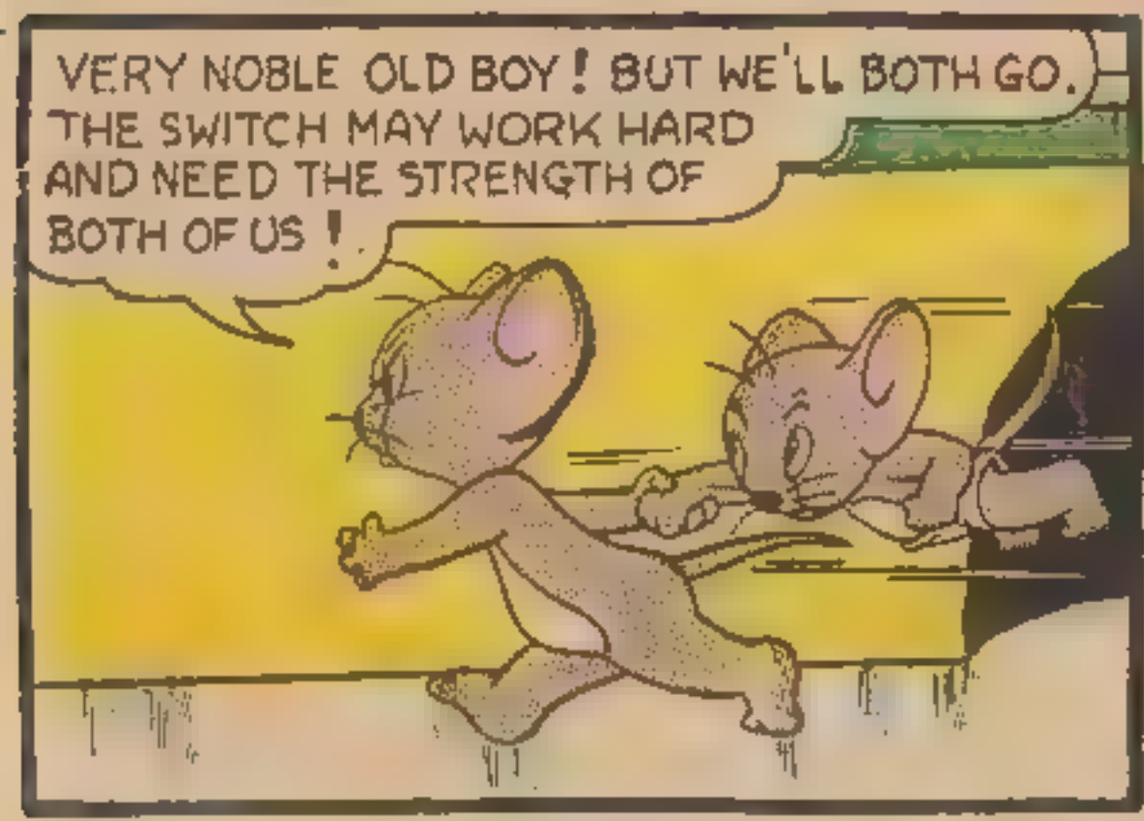

LOOK WHERE TOM CAT IS HAVING HIS AFTERNOON SIESTA!!
UP ON THAT SHELF? SO WHAT! HE'S BEEN THERE BEFORE!


YEH, BUT THE POINT IS... LOOK WHERE HIS TAIL IS RESTING!

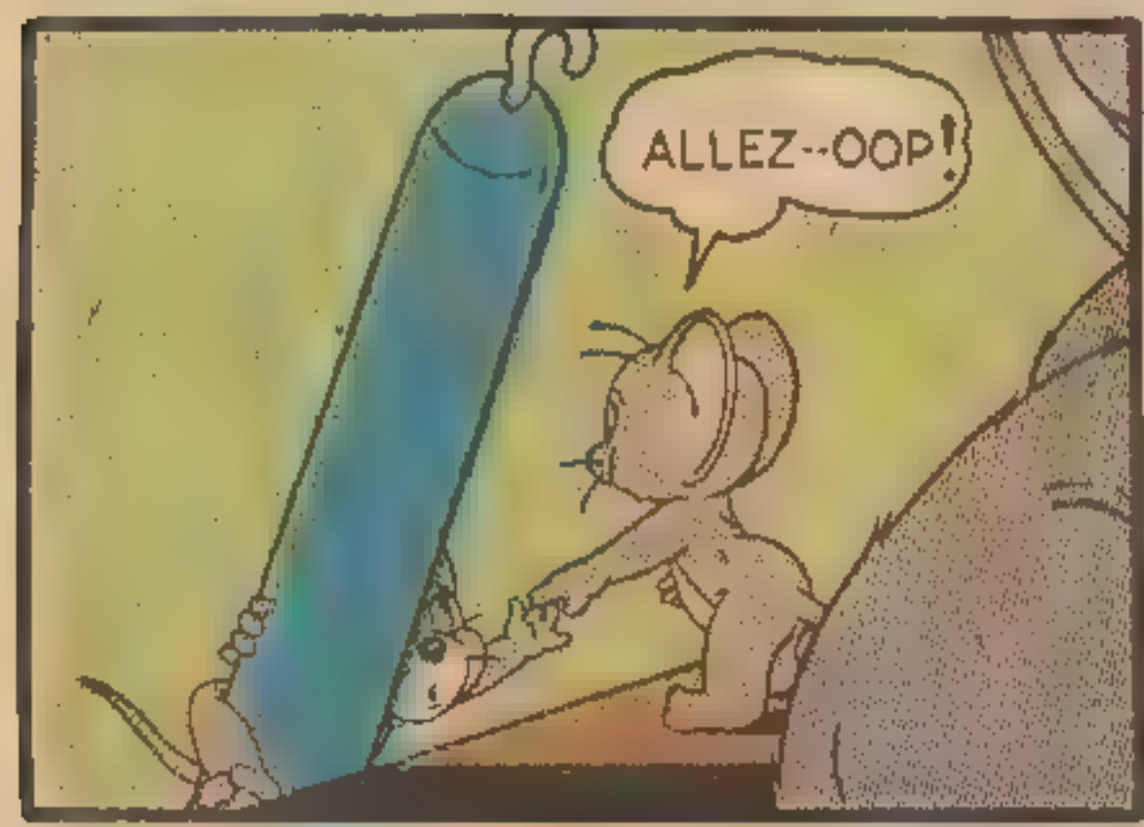

IF WE CAN GET UP THERE AND SWITCH ON THE FAN WITHOUT WAKING HIM ...
HA, HA -- FUR WILL REALLY FLY THEN !

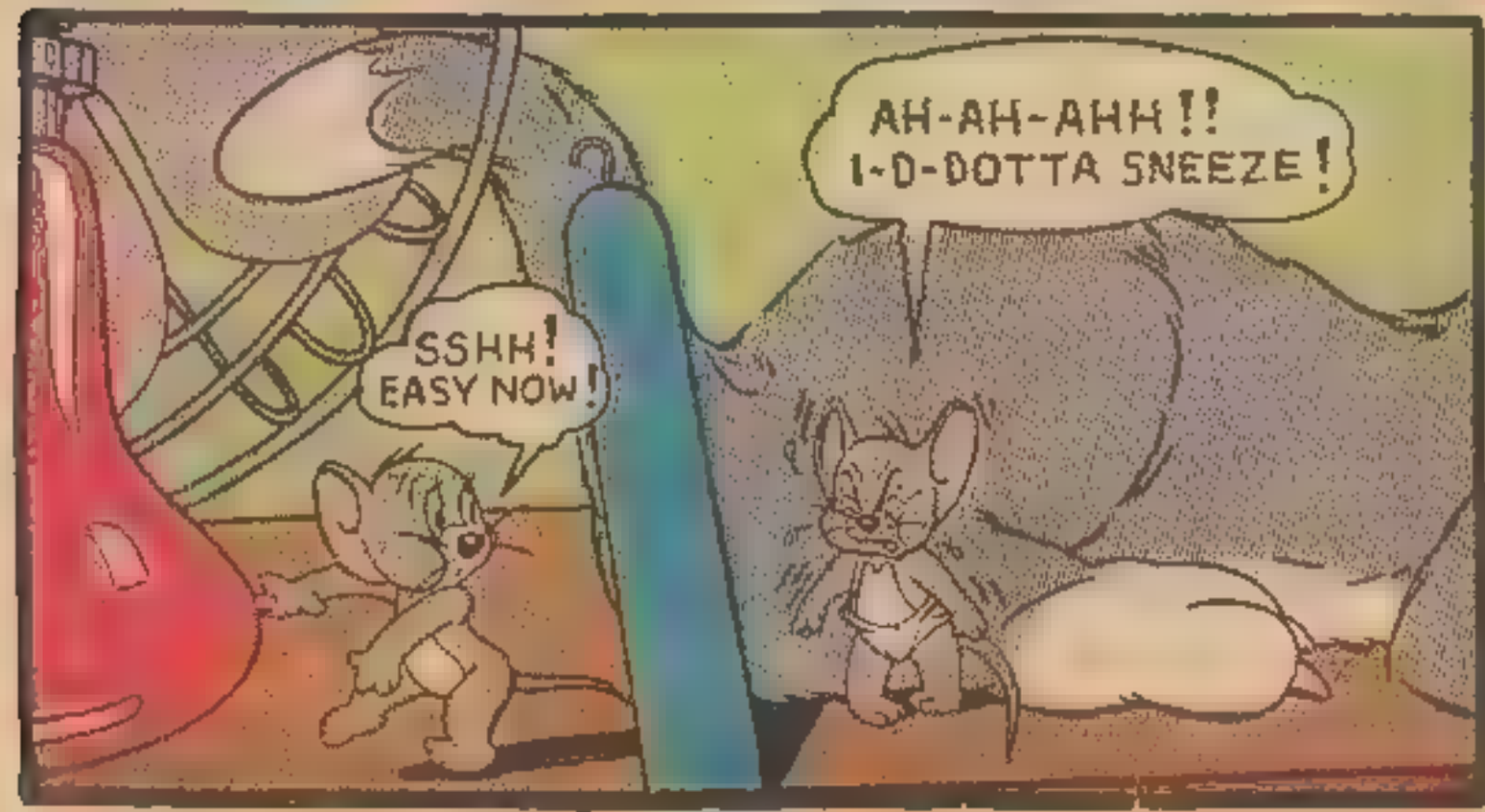
SURE ! THEN WE'LL GATHER UP THE LOOSE HAIRS AND MAKE BRUSHES WITH THEM !


AHEM ! SEEING AS IT'S YOUR IDEA, I SHALL RELINQUISH THE HONOR OF CLIMBING UP THERE AND TURNING ON THE FAN - TO YOU - THE FATHER OF THIS SENSATIONAL IDEA !!

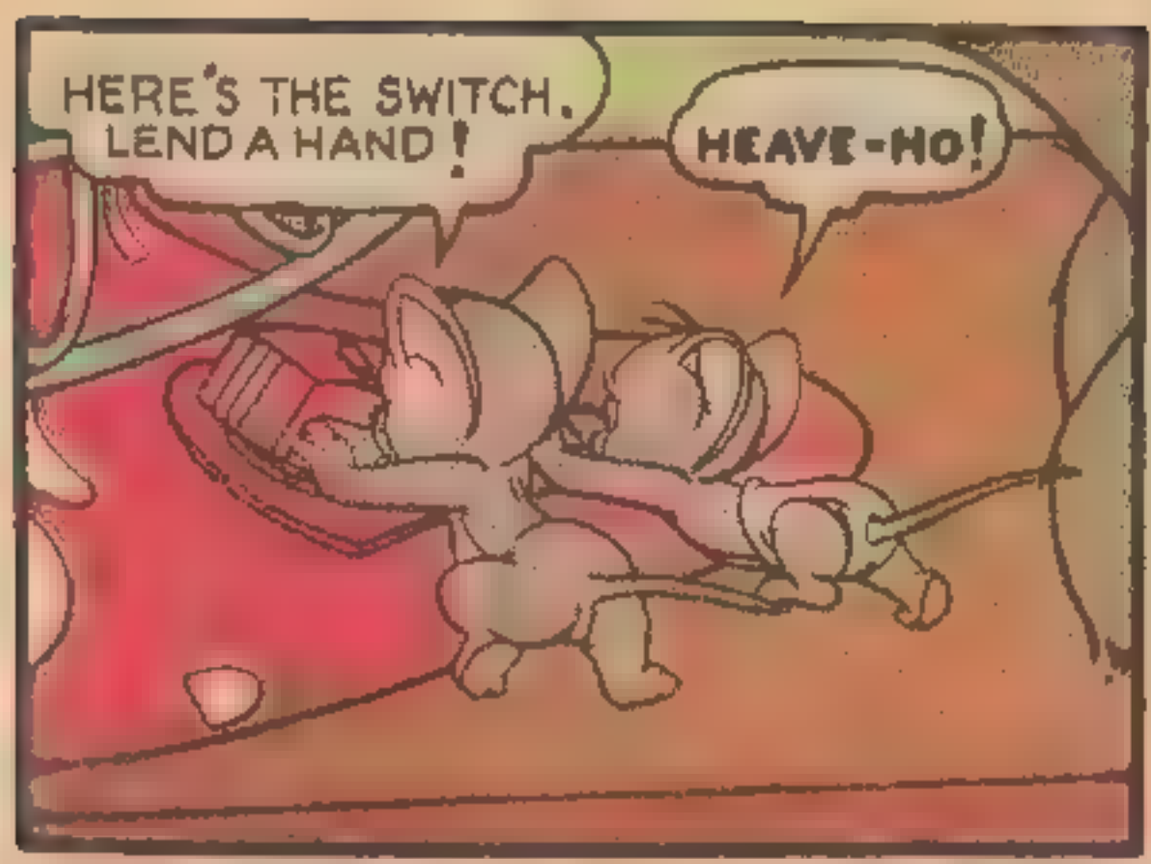

VERY NOBLE OLD BOY ! BUT WE'LL BOTH GO. THE SWITCH MAY WORK HARD AND NEED THE STRENGTH OF BOTH OF US !

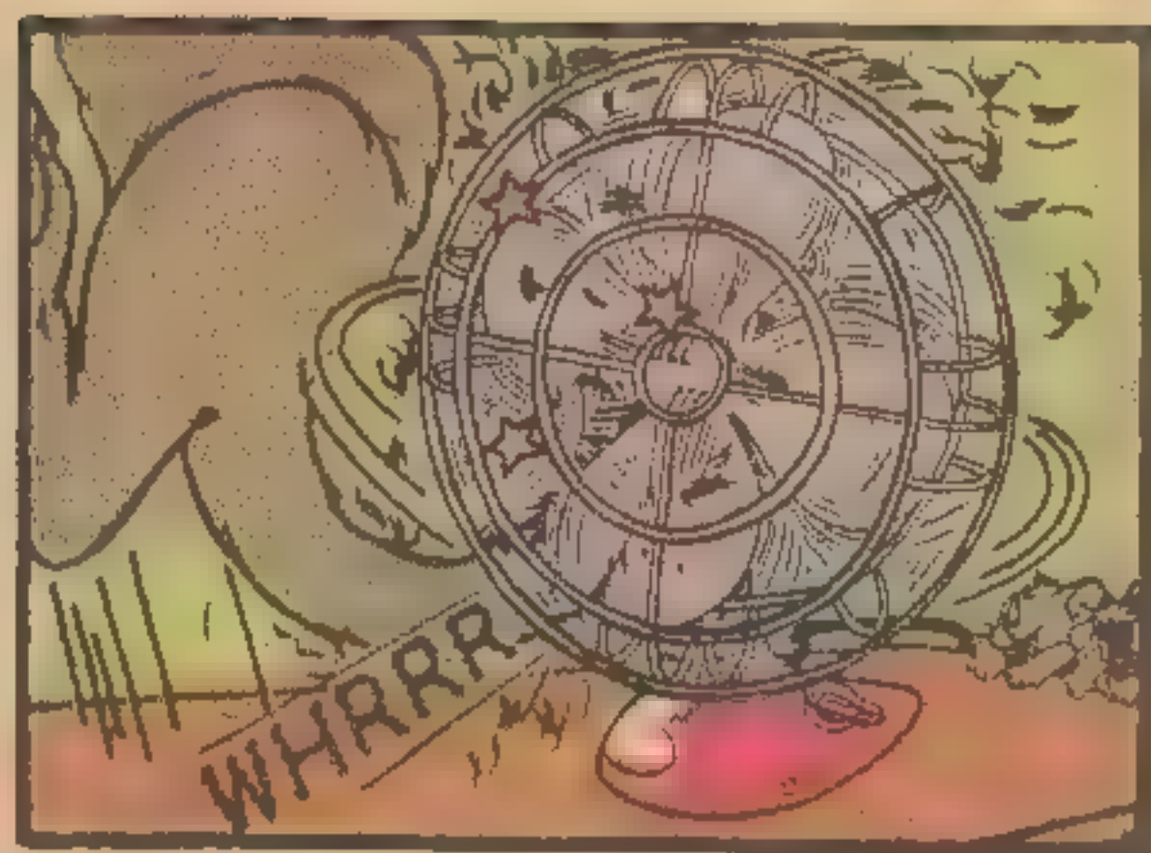
Z-Z-Z

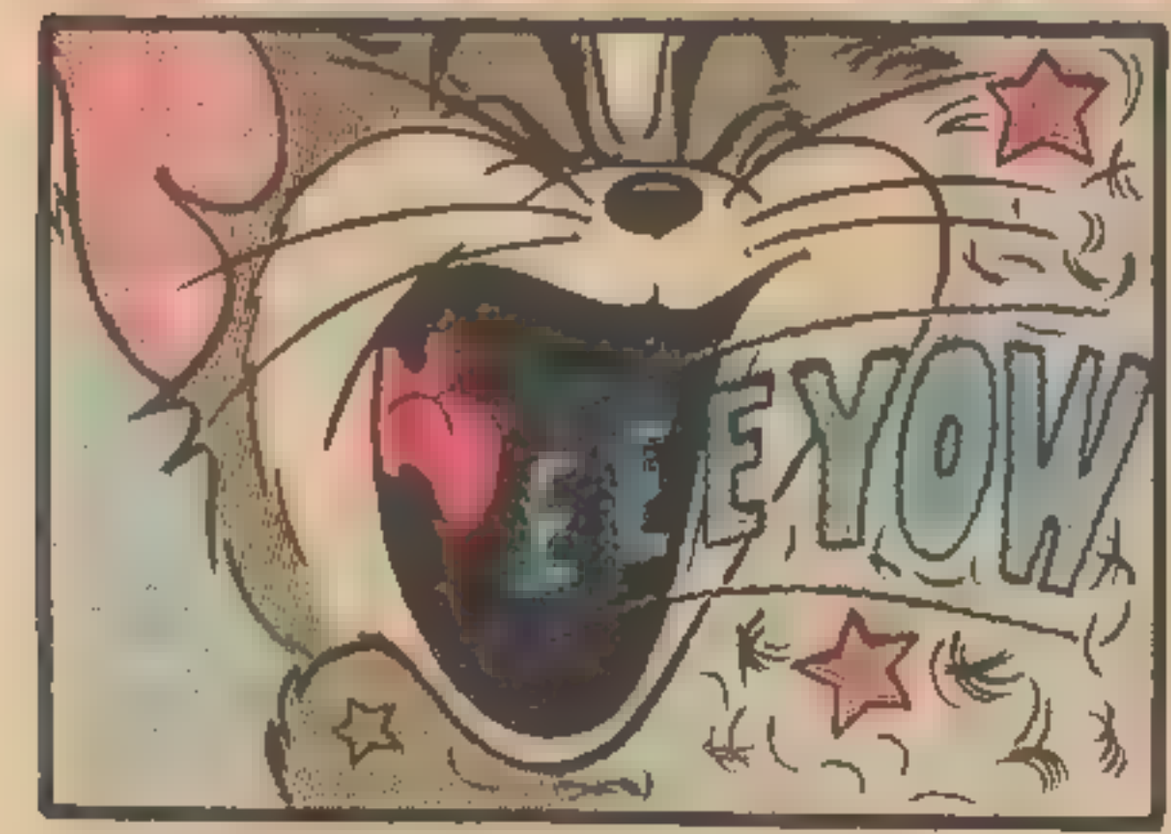

ALLEZ--OOP!

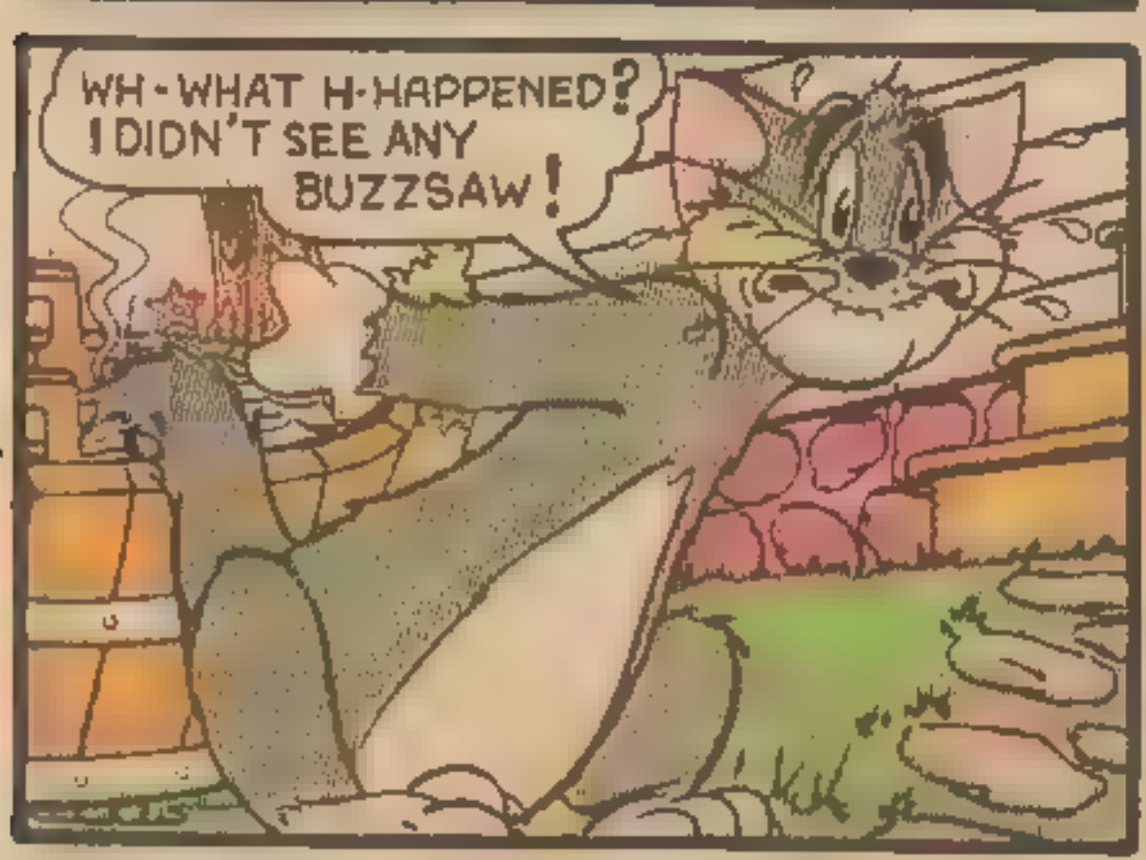

AH-AH-AHH !! I-D-DOTTA SNEEZE !
SSHH ! EASY NOW !

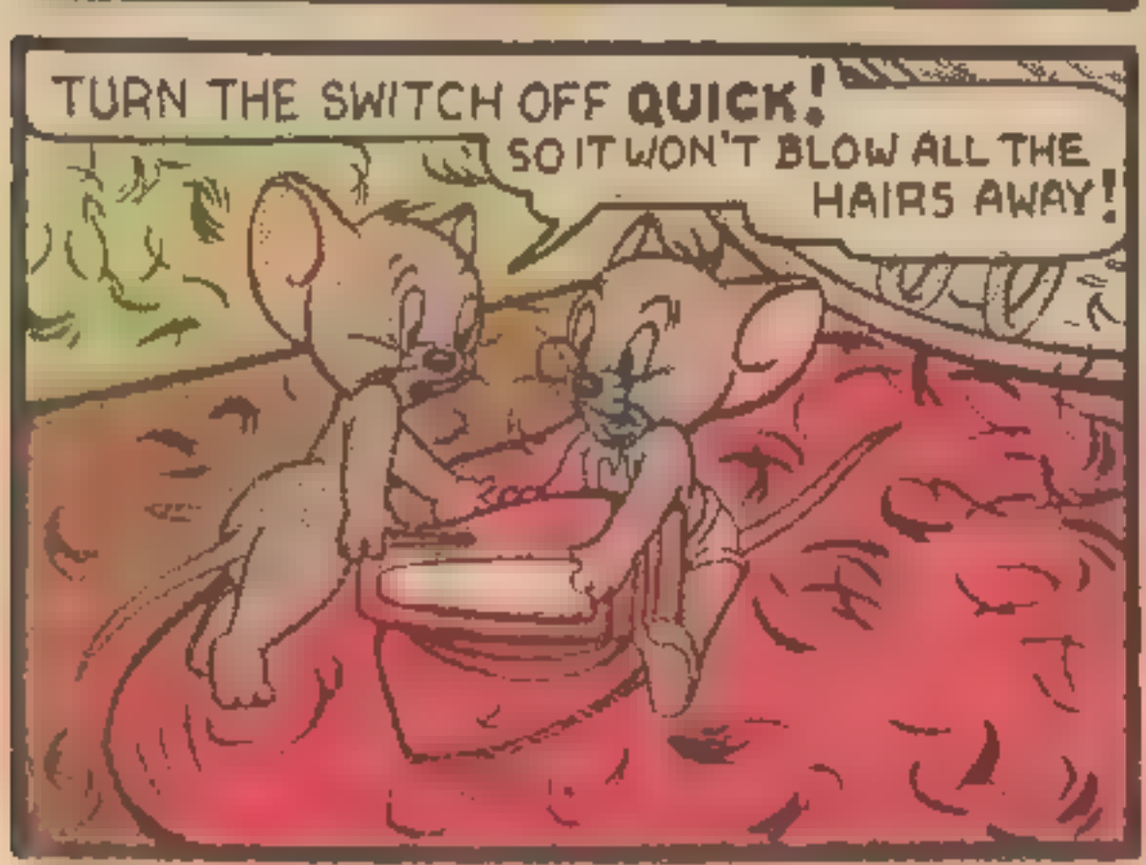
OH, LADY LUCK ! SMILE ON US THIS MOMENT !
SSSSTT

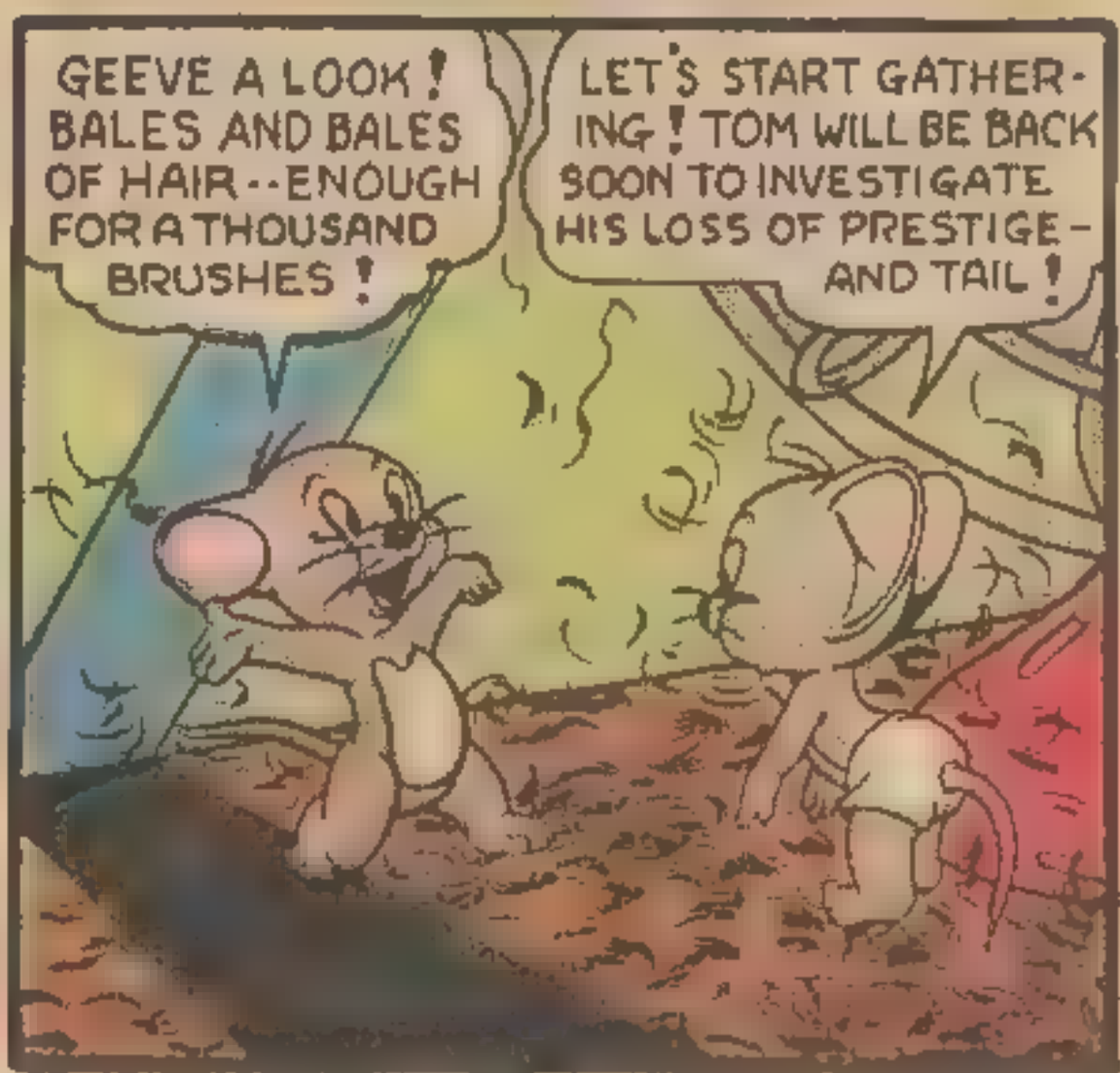

HERE'S THE SWITCH, LEND A HAND!
HEAVE-HO!

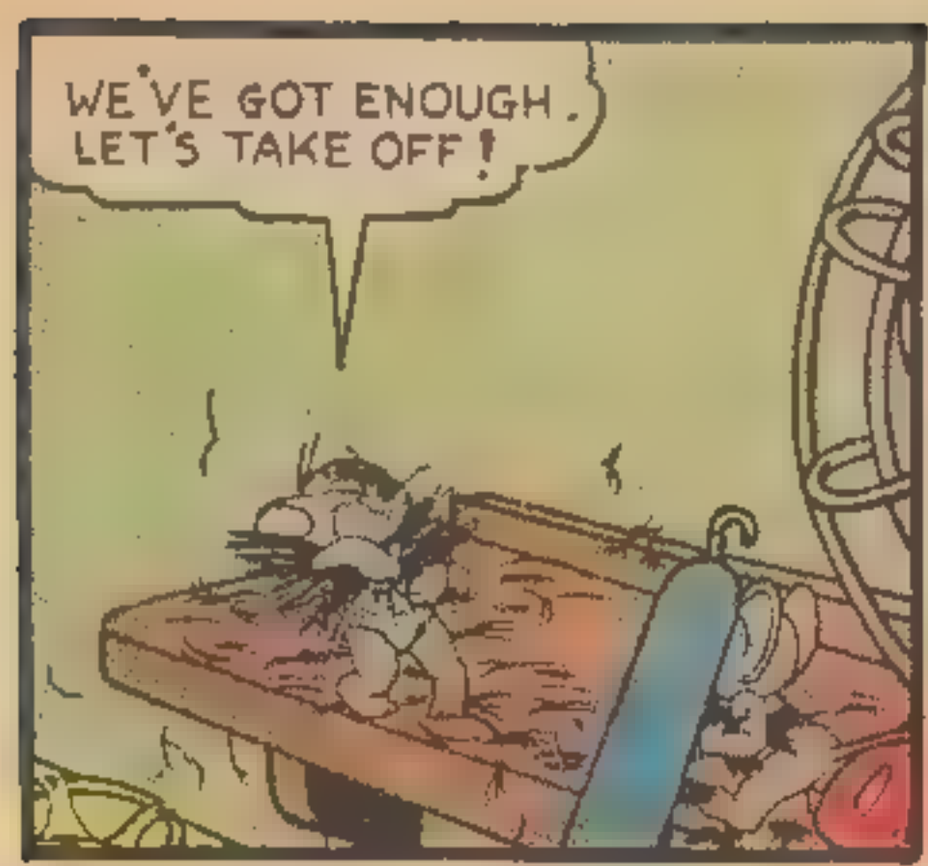

WHRRR

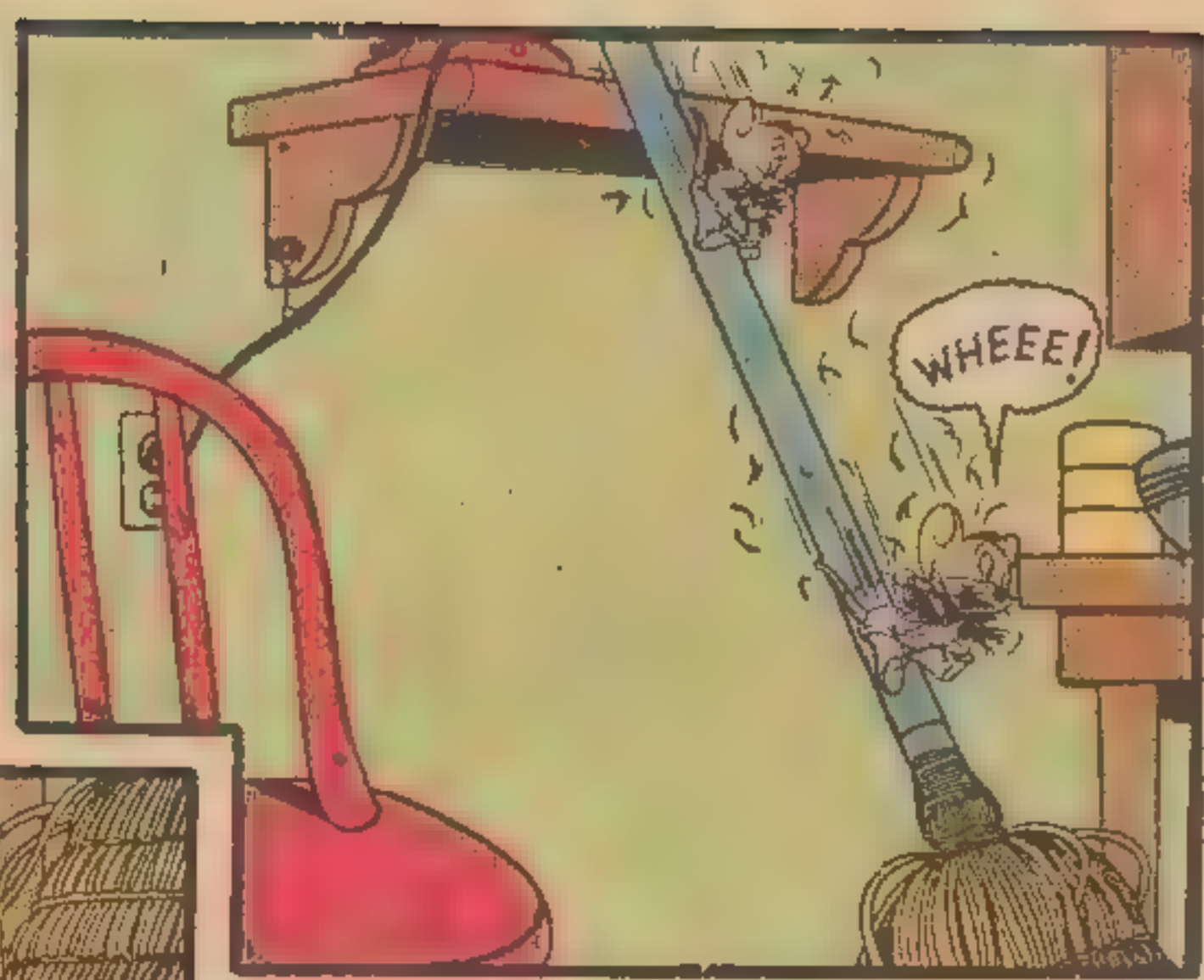

EEYOW

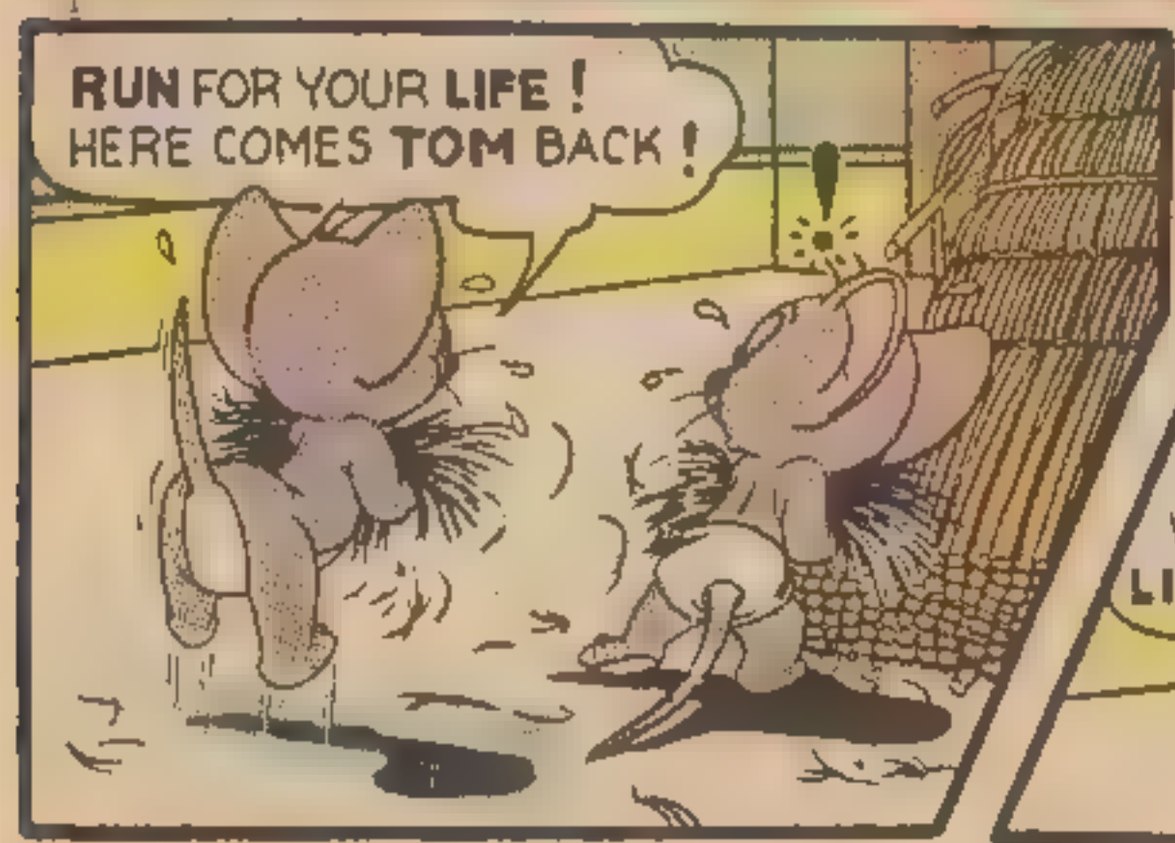

WH-WHAT H-HAPPENED? I DIDN'T SEE ANY BUZZSAW!

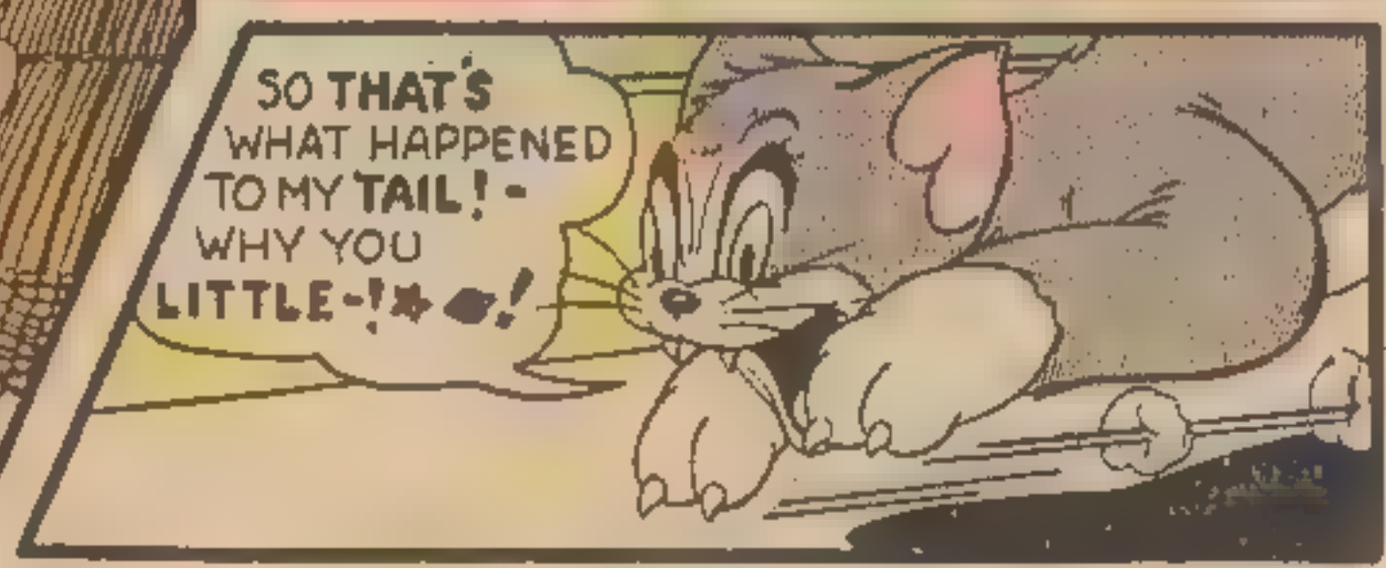

TURN THE SWITCH OFF **QUICK!**
SO IT WON'T BLOW ALL THE HAIRS AWAY!

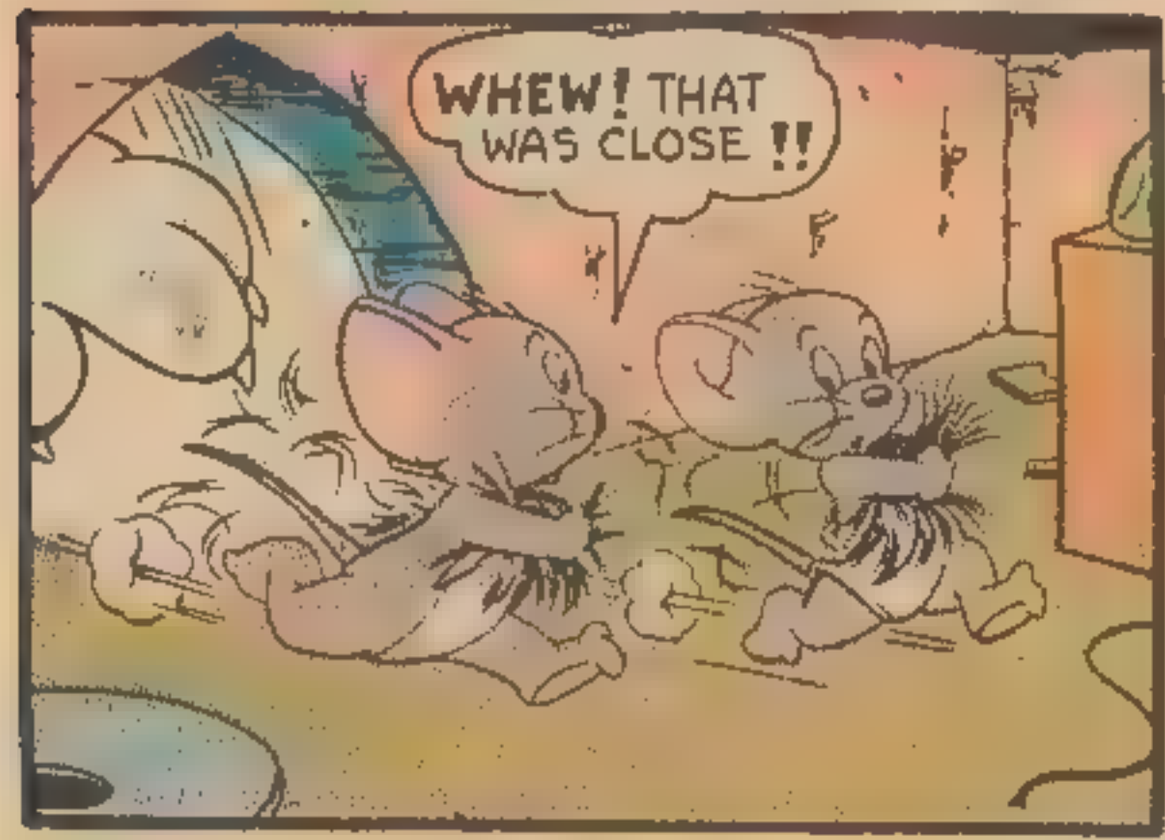

GEEVE A LOOK! BALES AND BALES OF HAIR--ENOUGH FOR A THOUSAND BRUSHES!
LET'S START GATHERING! TOM WILL BE BACK SOON TO INVESTIGATE HIS LOSS OF PRESTIGE-AND TAIL!

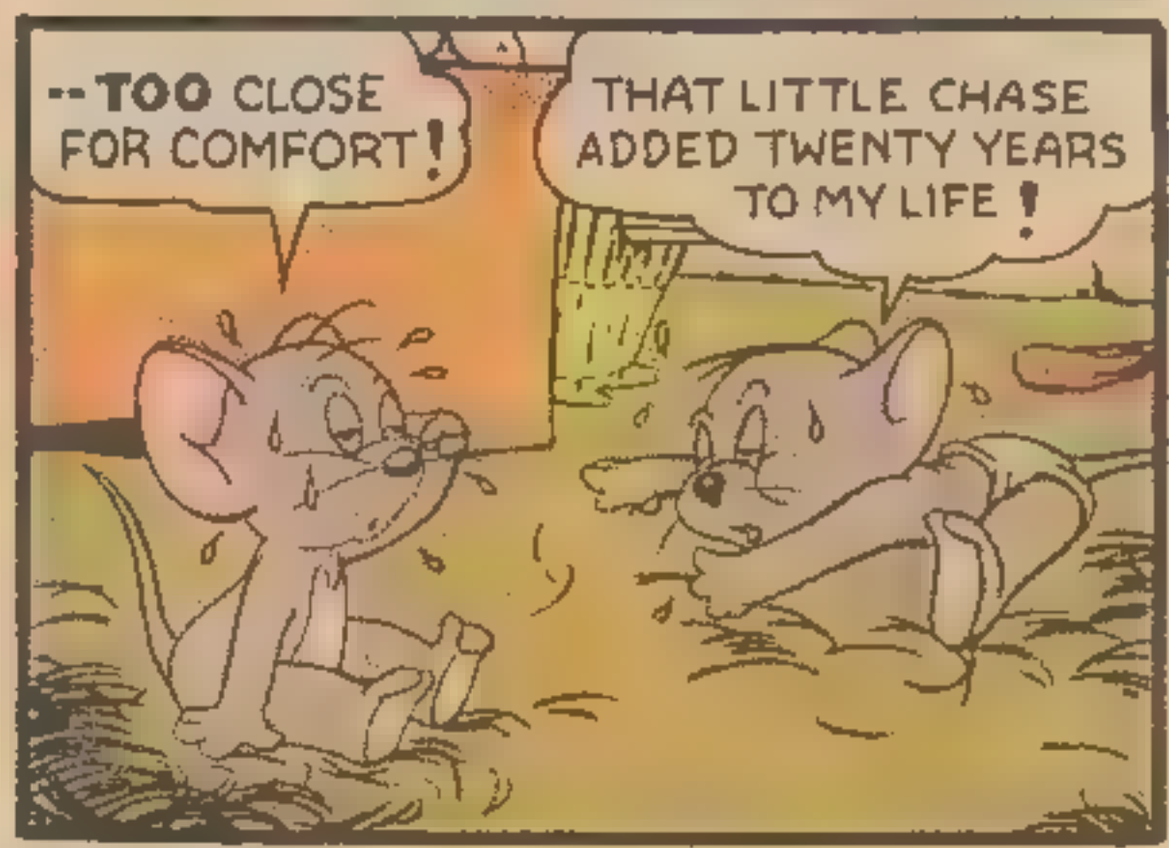


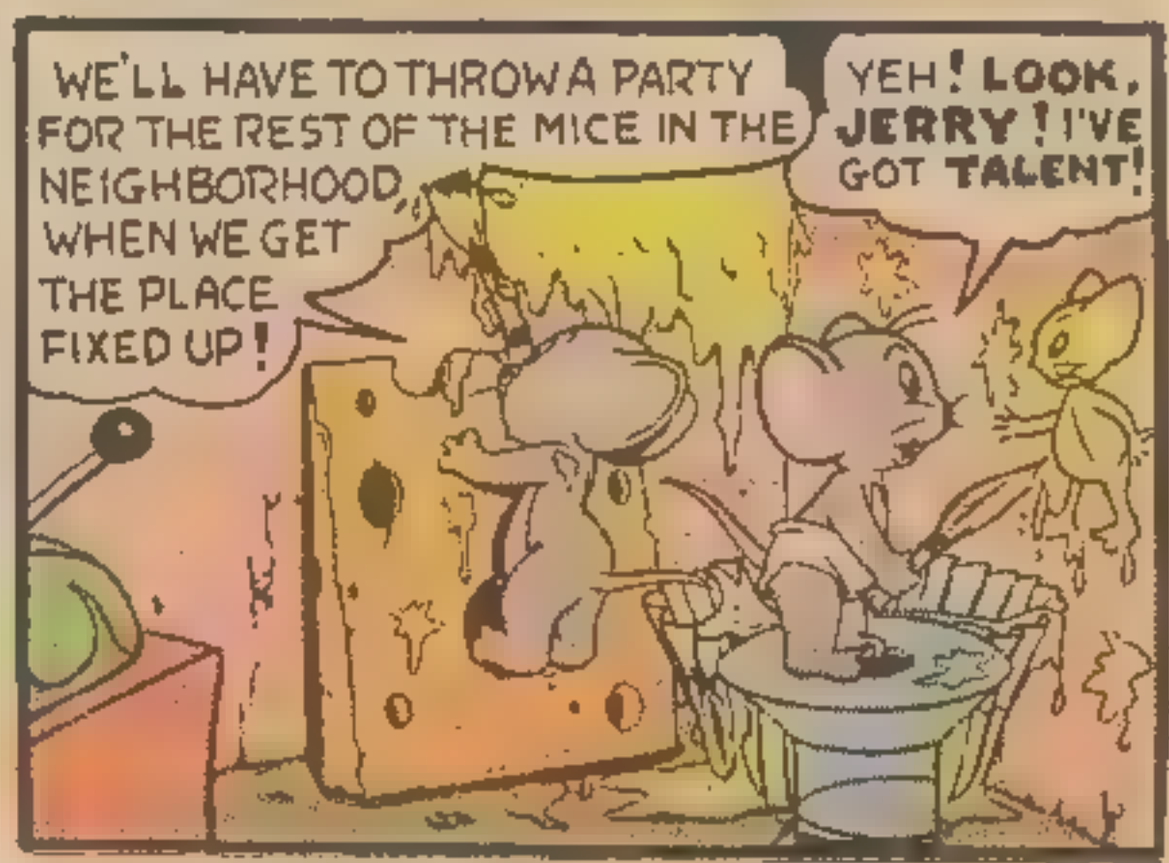




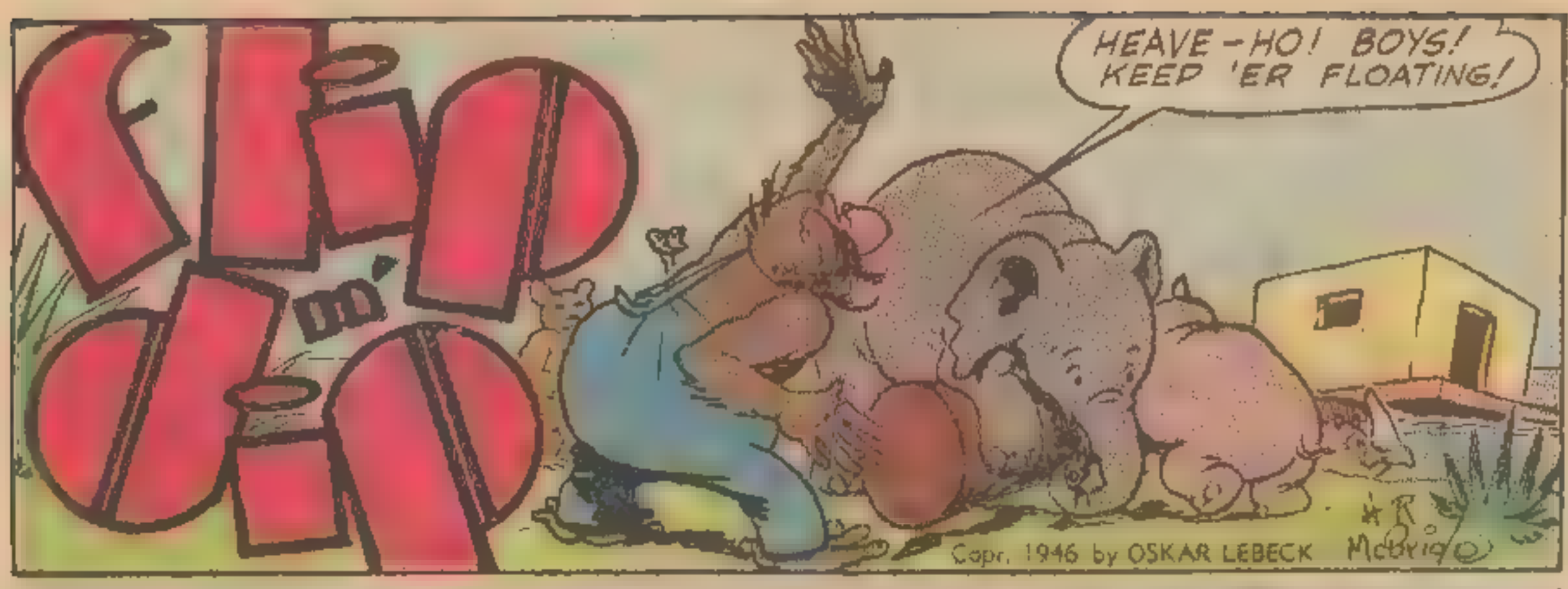


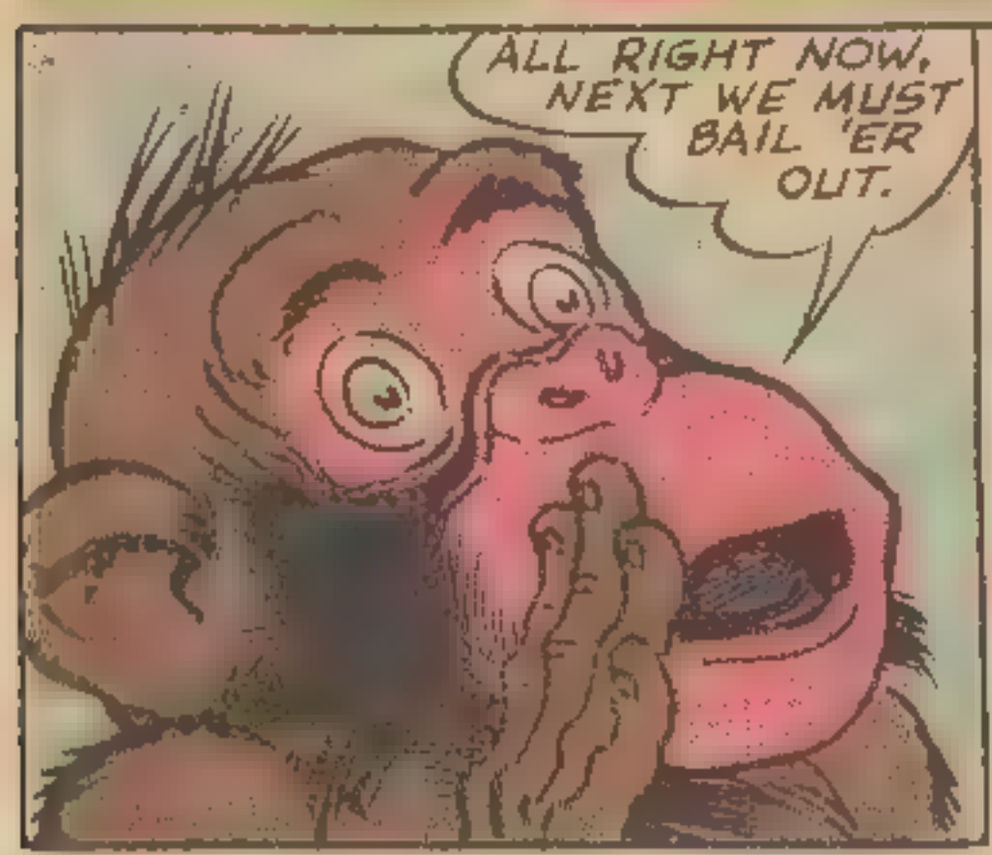


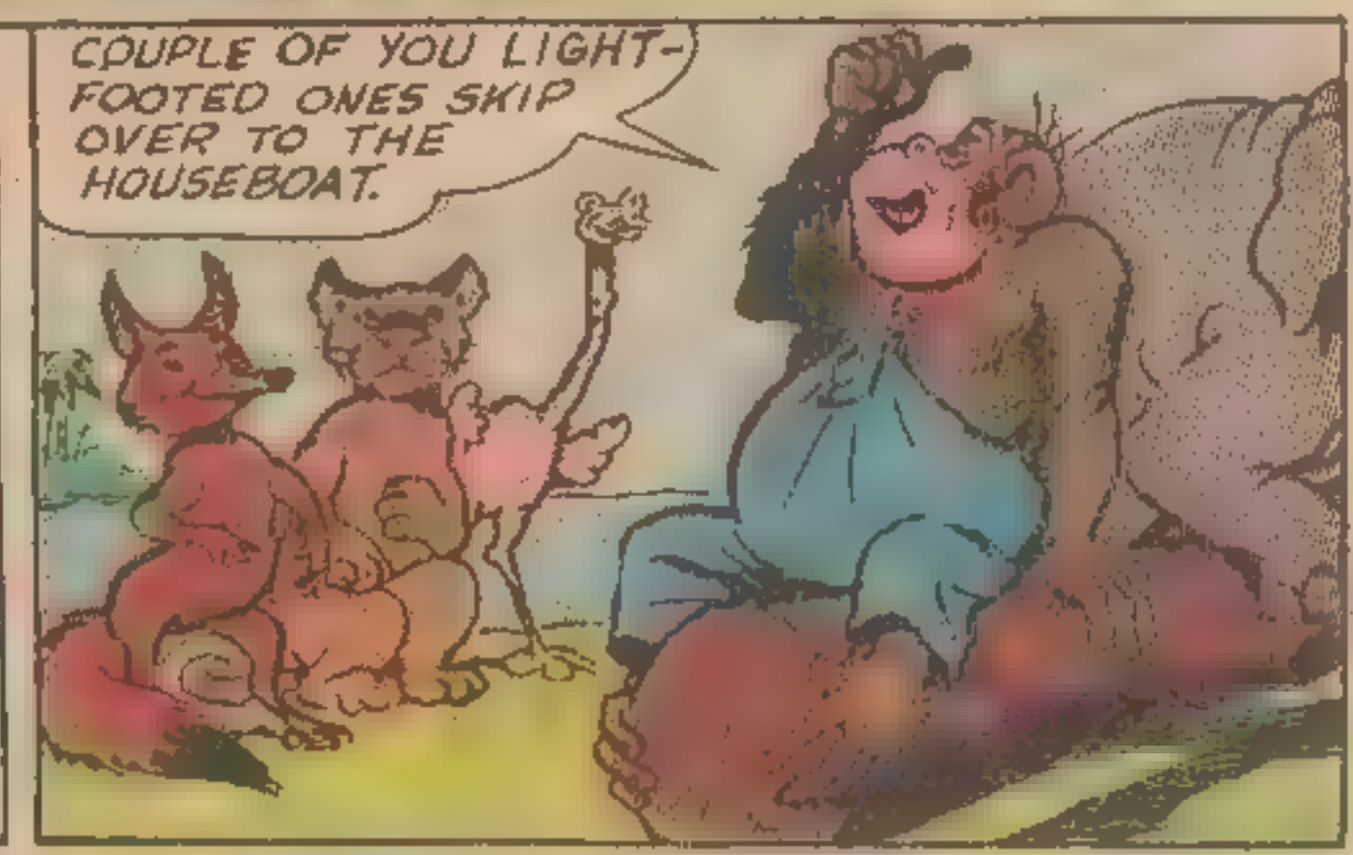




M-G-M CARTOONS distributed by Loew's Incorporated

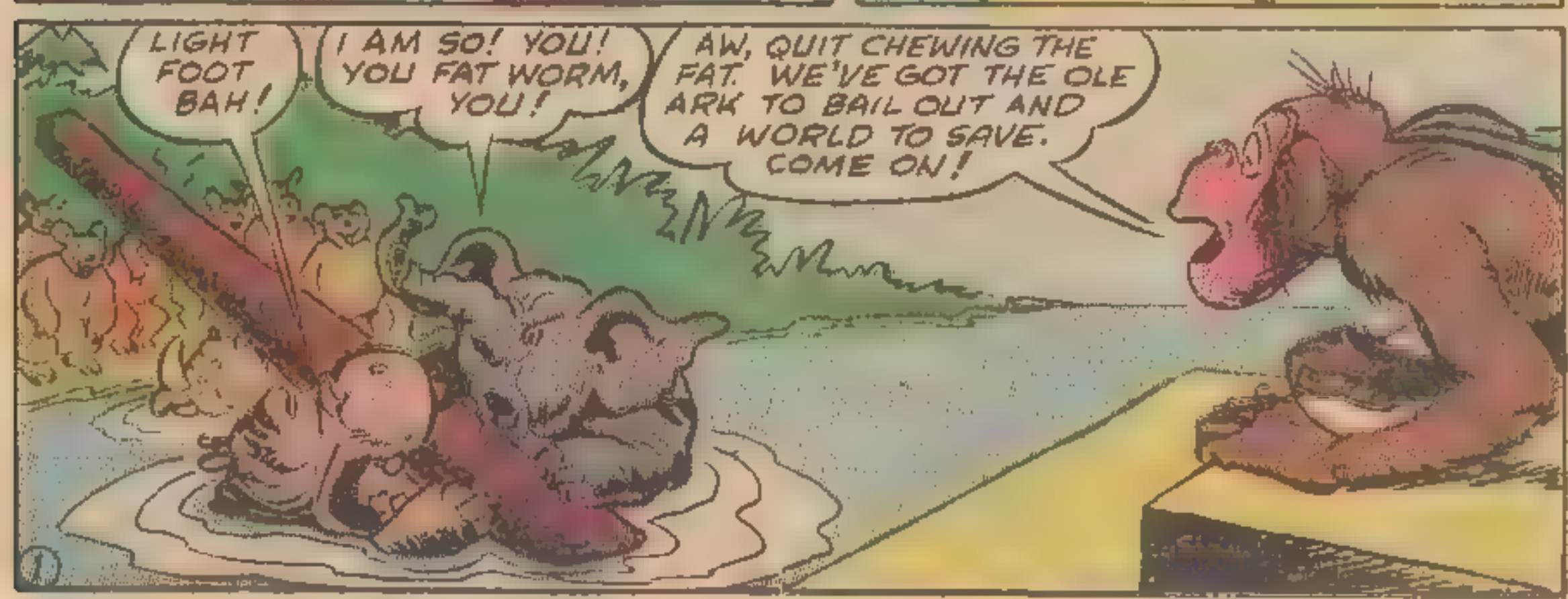

FLIP in' FLAP
HEAVE-HO! BOYS! KEEP 'ER FLOATING!
Copr. 1946 by OSKAR LEBECK
McBride

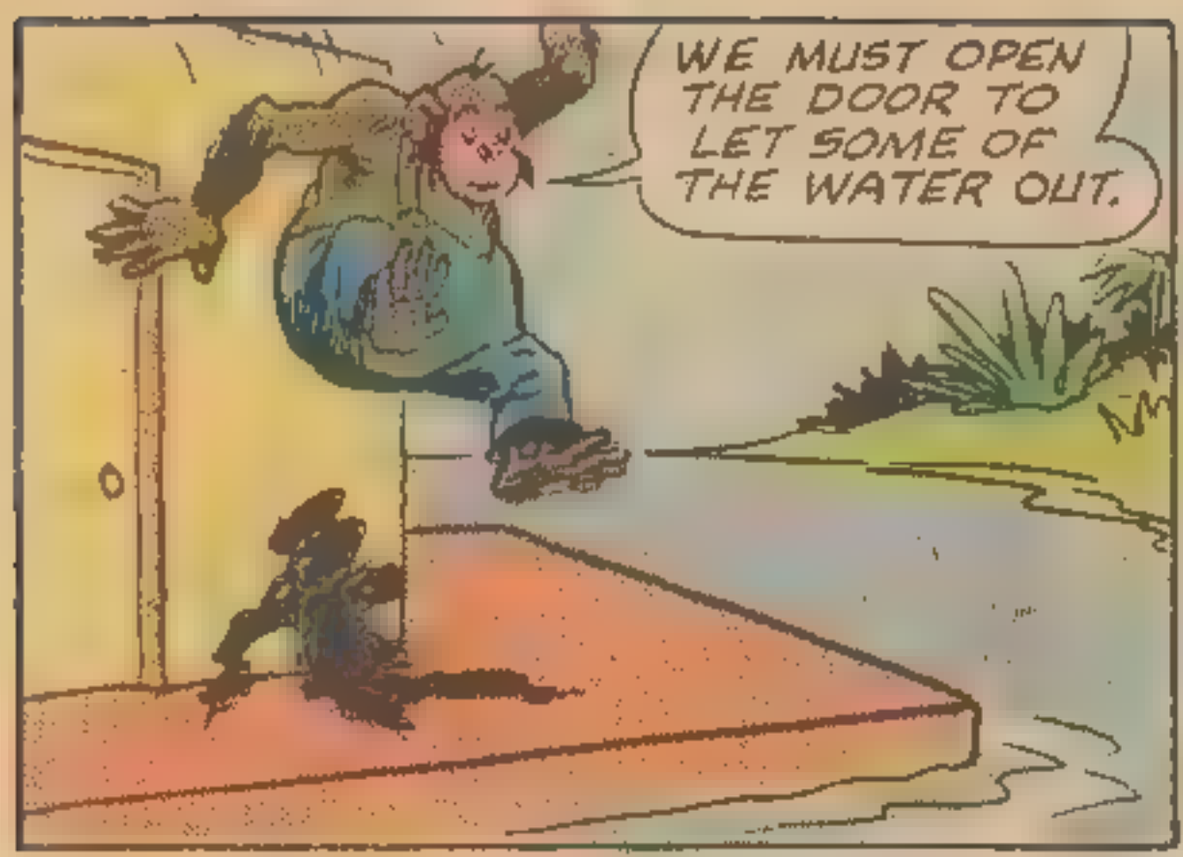

ALL RIGHT NOW, NEXT WE MUST BAIL 'ER OUT.

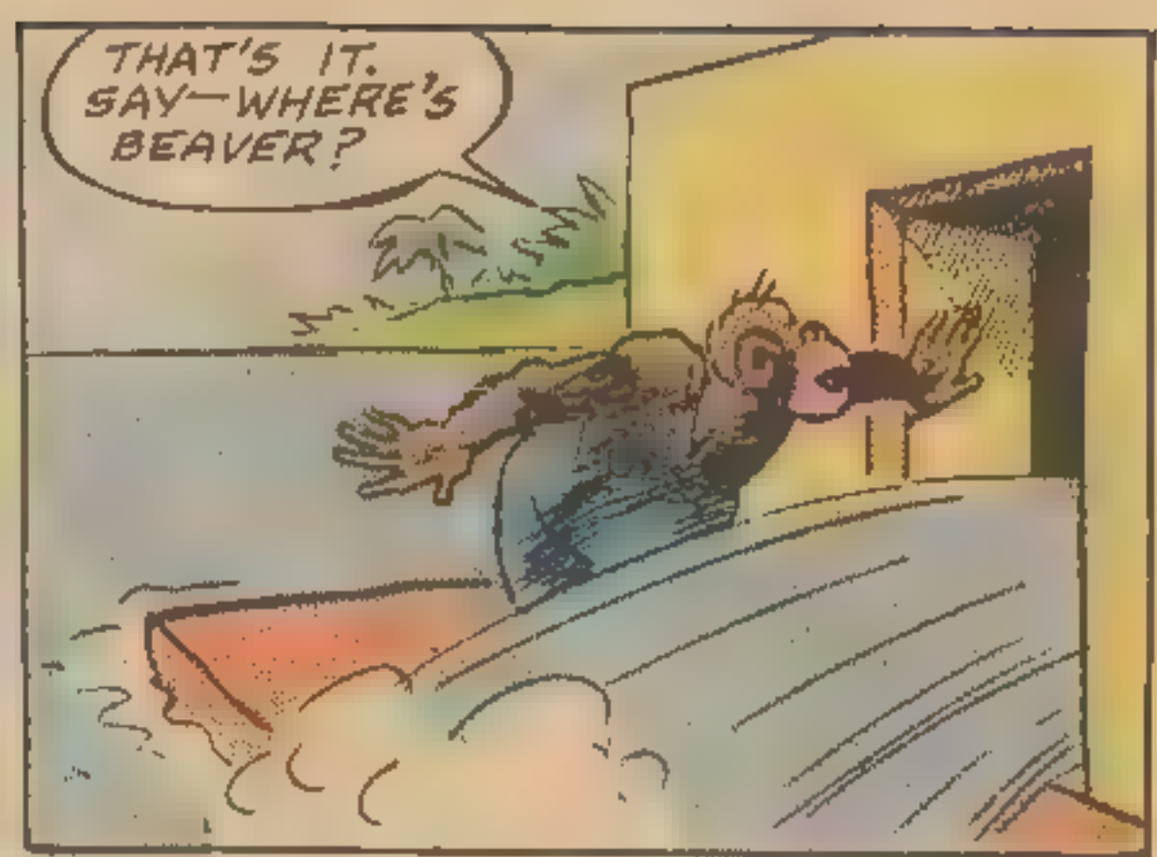

COUPLE OF YOU LIGHT-FOOTED ONES SKIP OVER TO THE HOUSEBOAT.

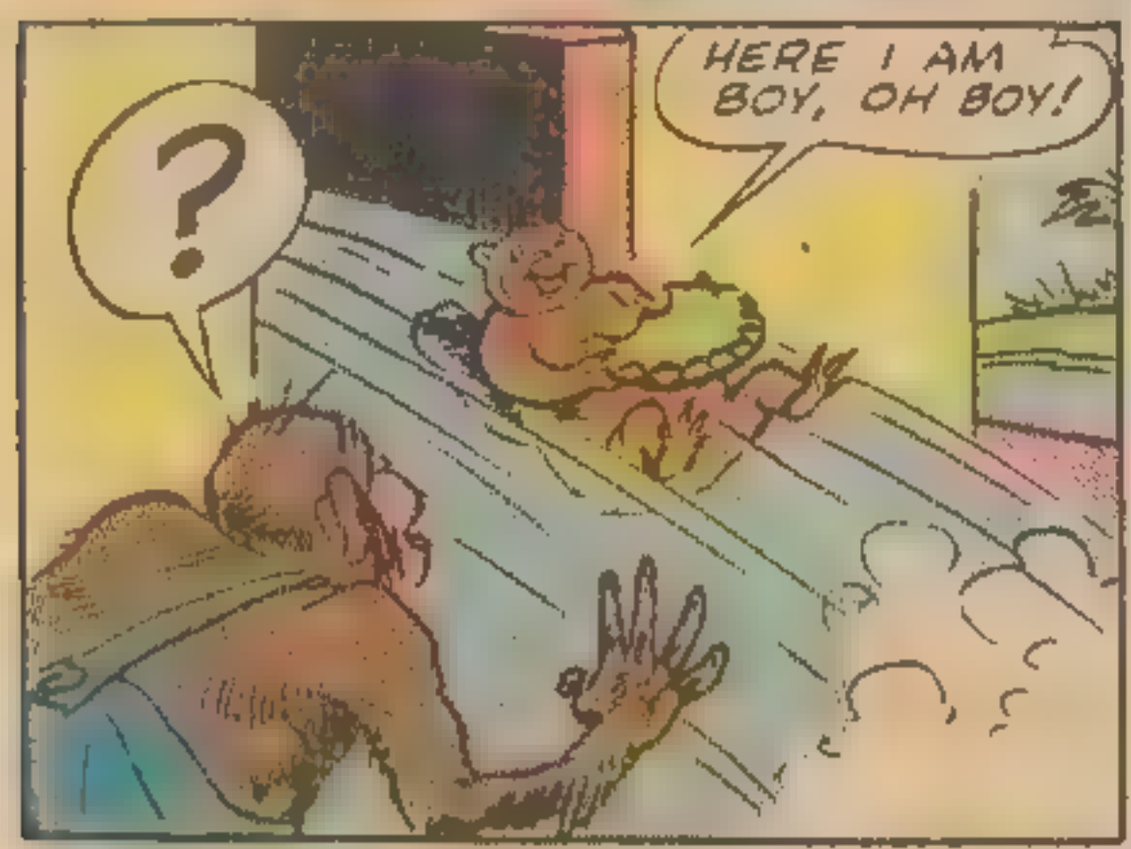
WHO-OOPS!

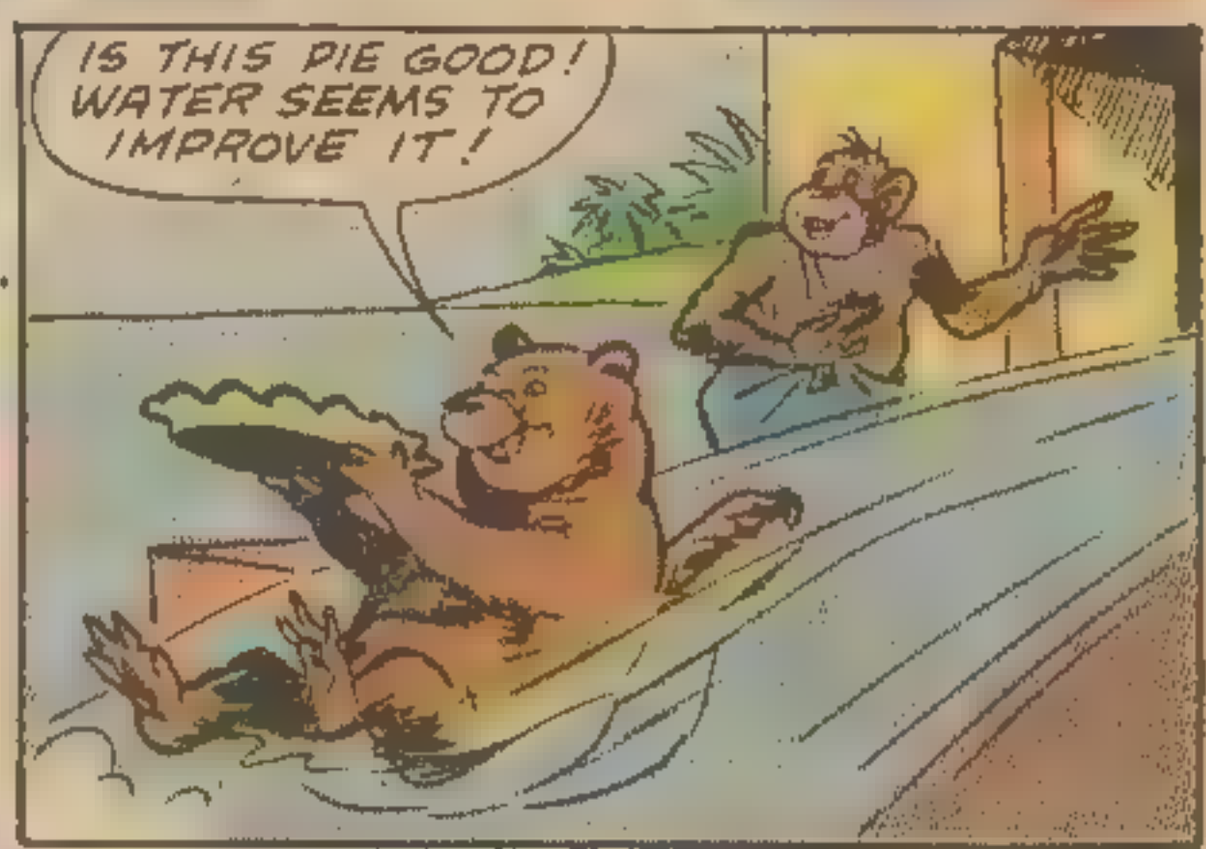
PLONK!

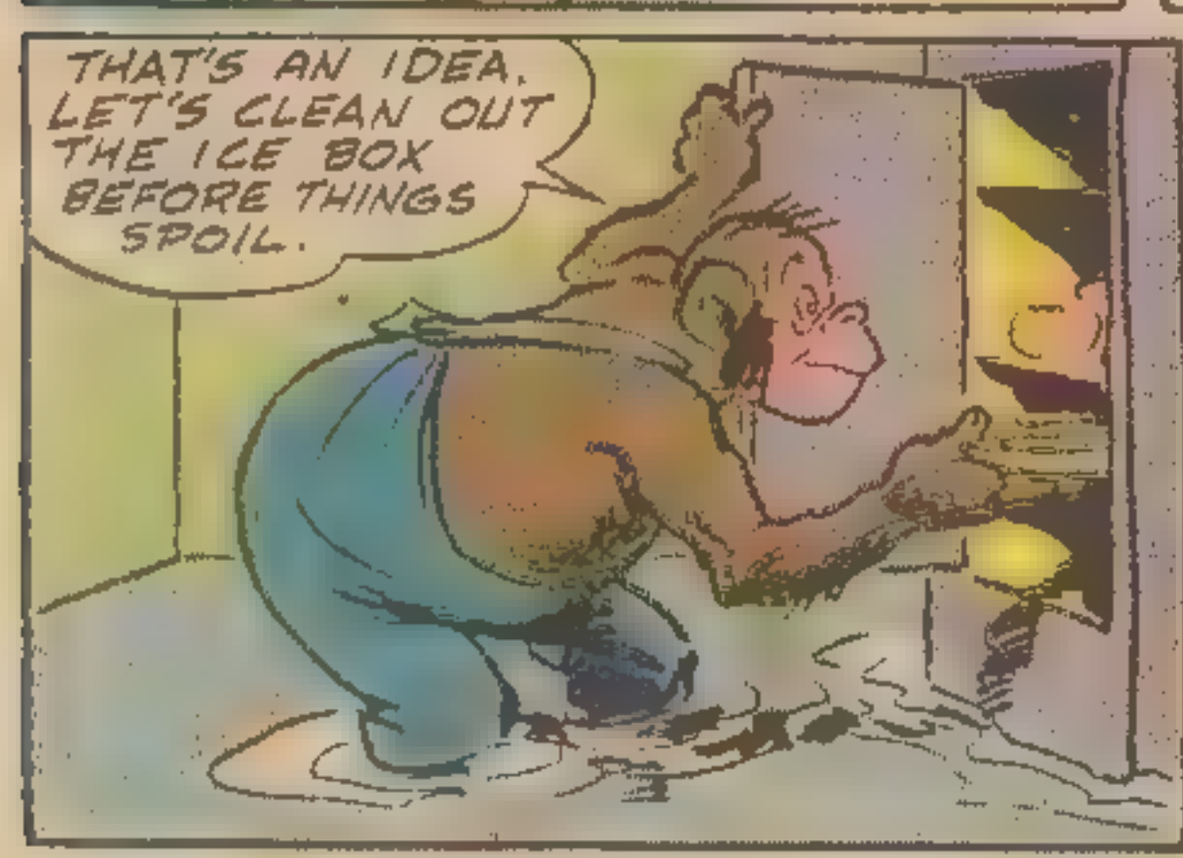

LIGHT FOOT BAH!
I AM SO! YOU! YOU FAT WORM, YOU!
AW, QUIT CHEWING THE FAT. WE'VE GOT THE OLE ARK TO BAIL OUT AND A WORLD TO SAVE. COME ON!

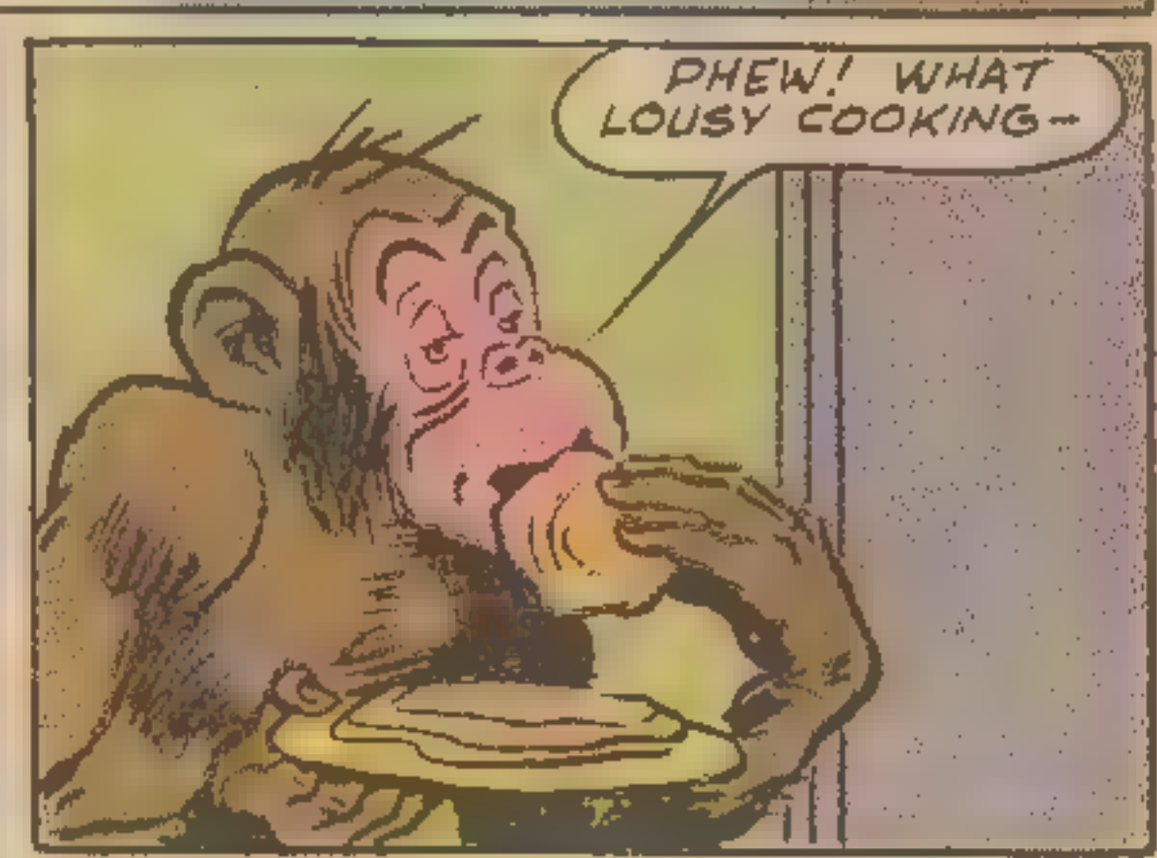

WE MUST OPEN THE DOOR TO LET SOME OF THE WATER OUT.

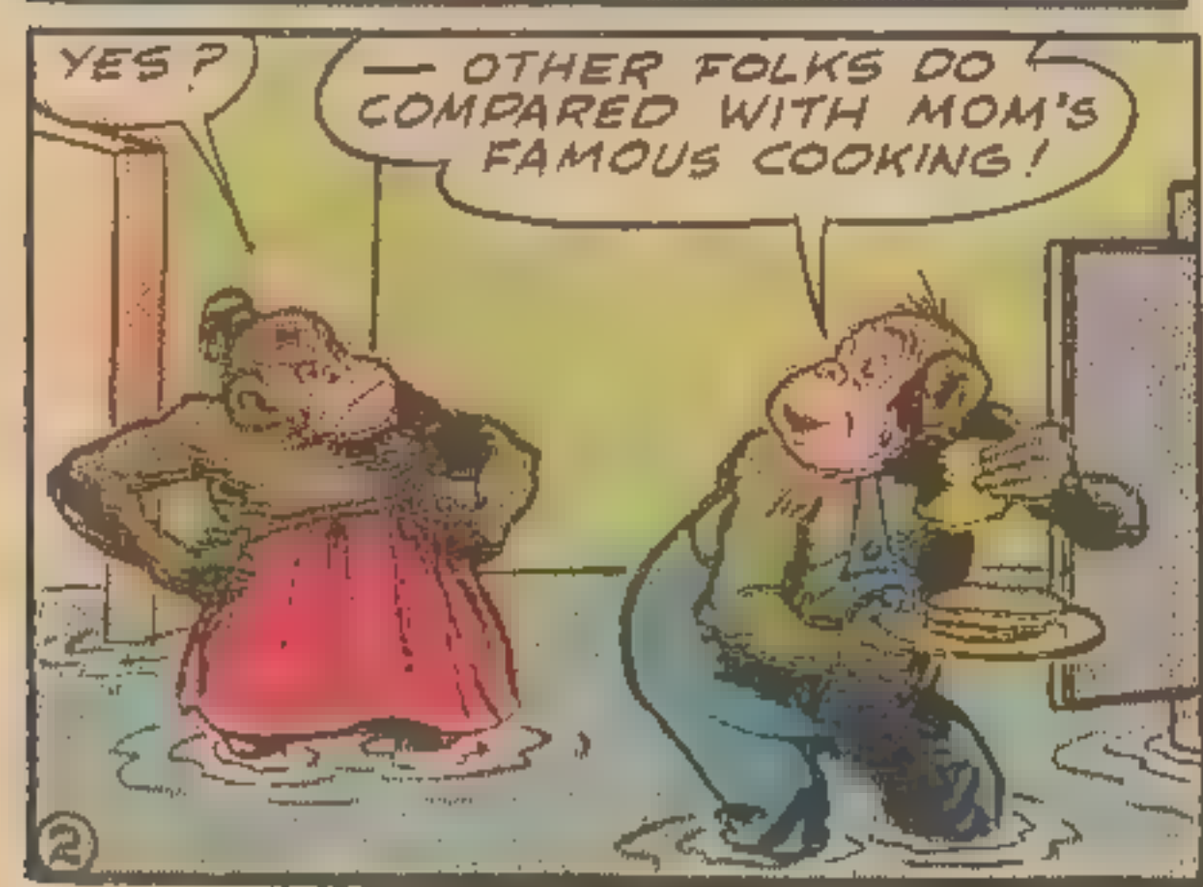

THAT'S IT. SAY—WHERE'S BEAVER?

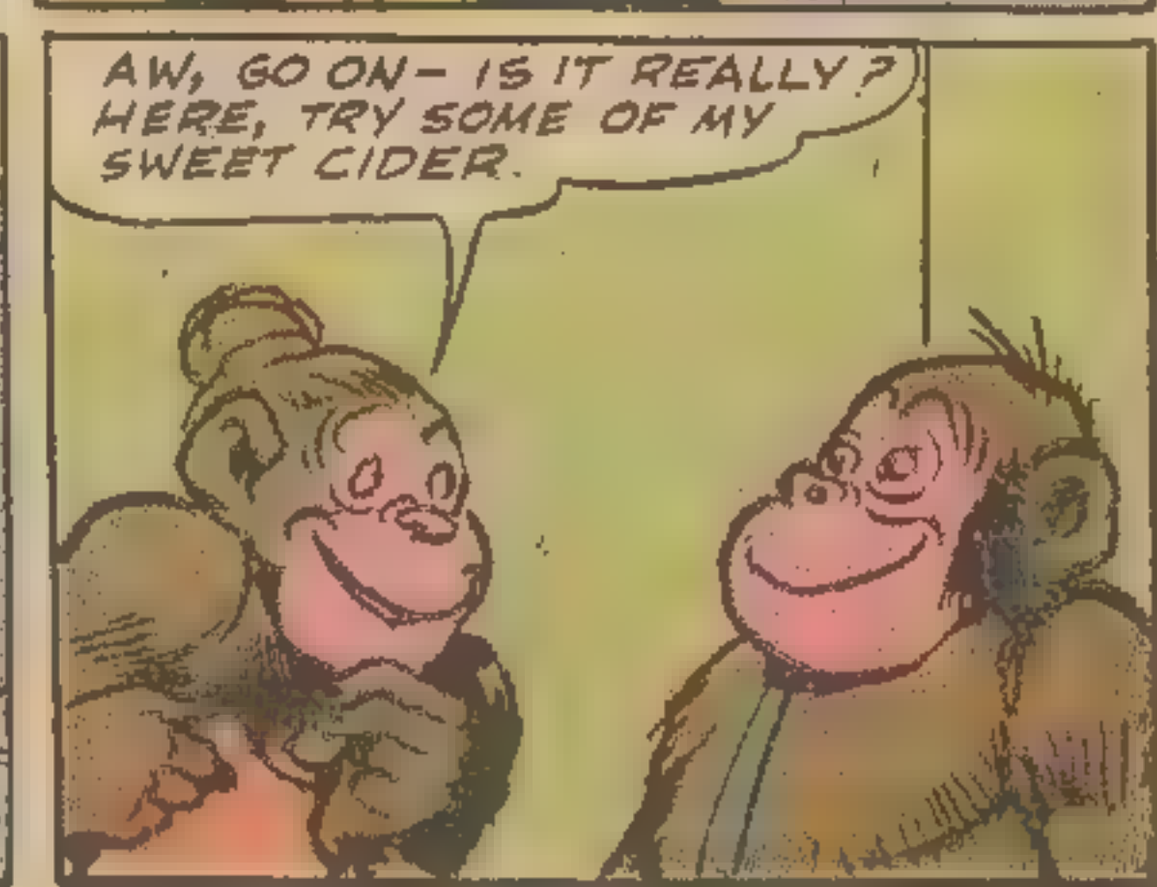

?
HERE I AM BOY, OH BOY!

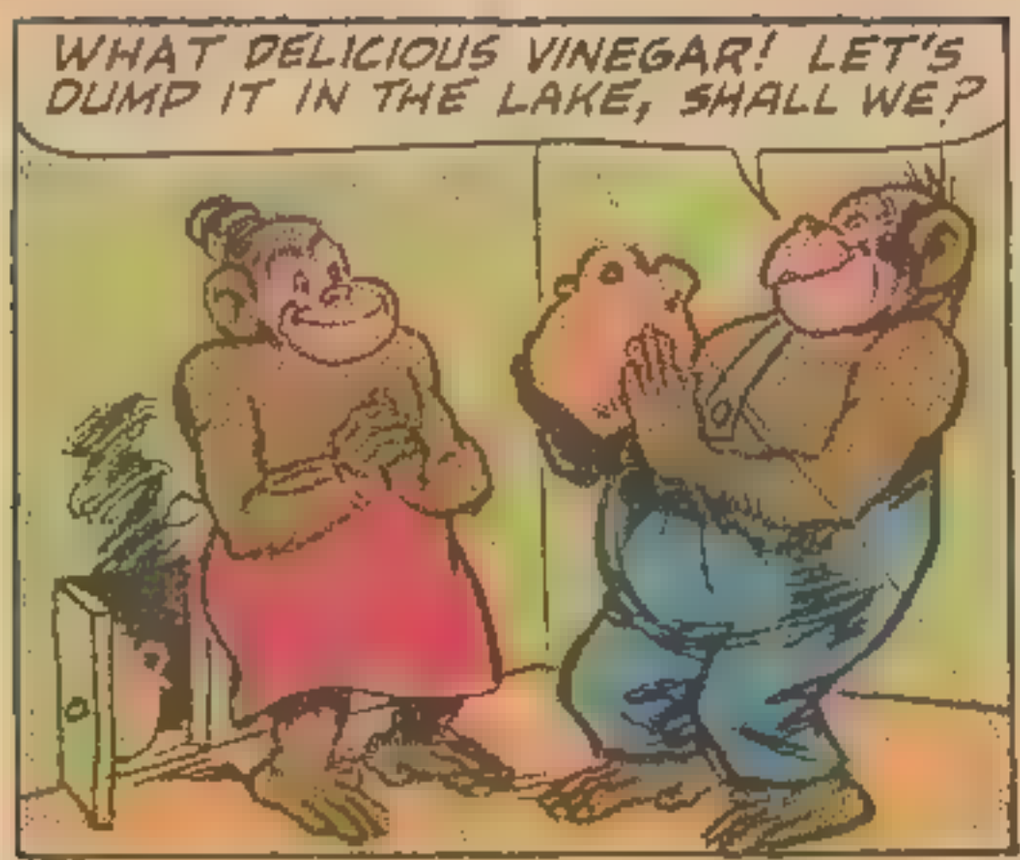

IS THIS PIE GOOD! WATER SEEMS TO IMPROVE IT!

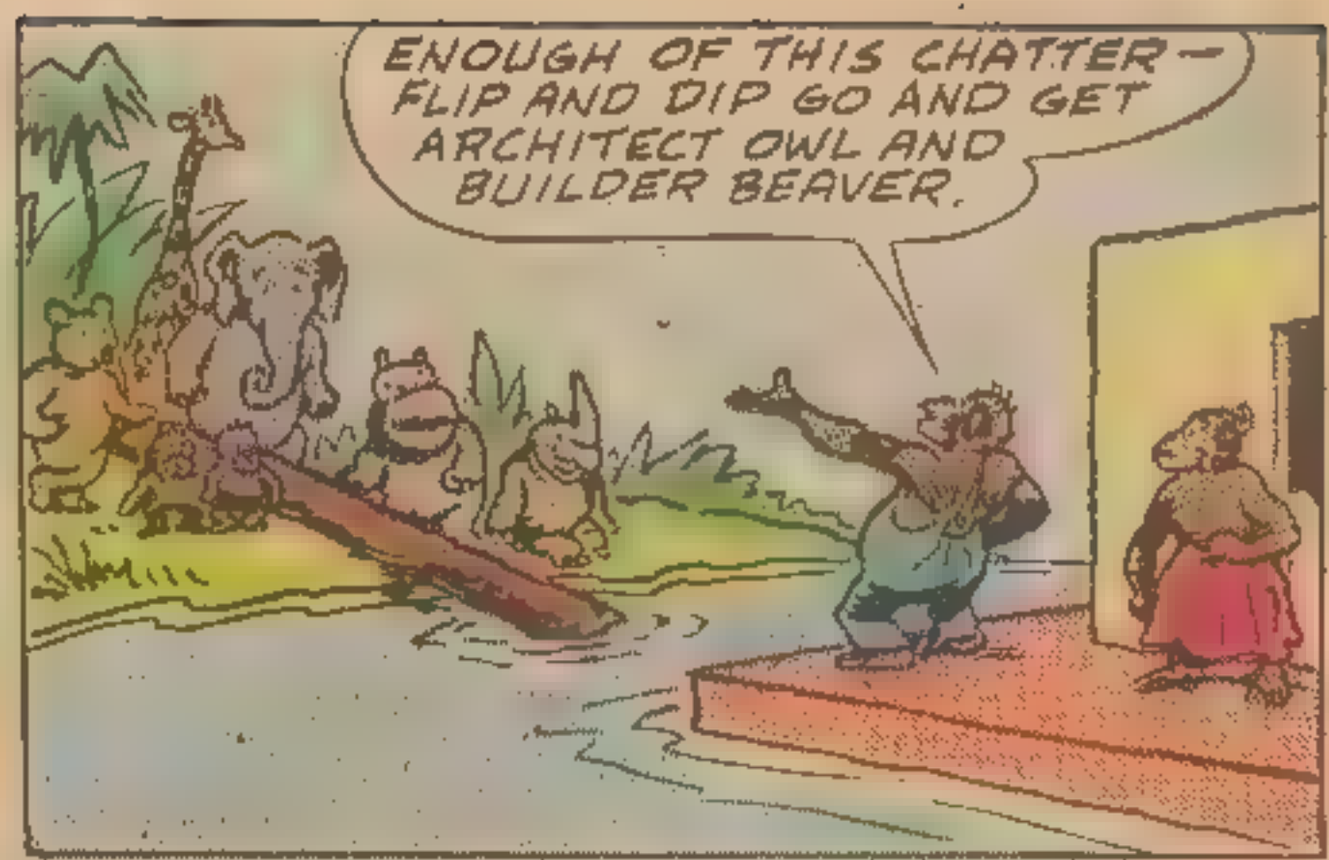

THAT'S AN IDEA. LET'S CLEAN OUT THE ICE BOX BEFORE THINGS SPOIL.

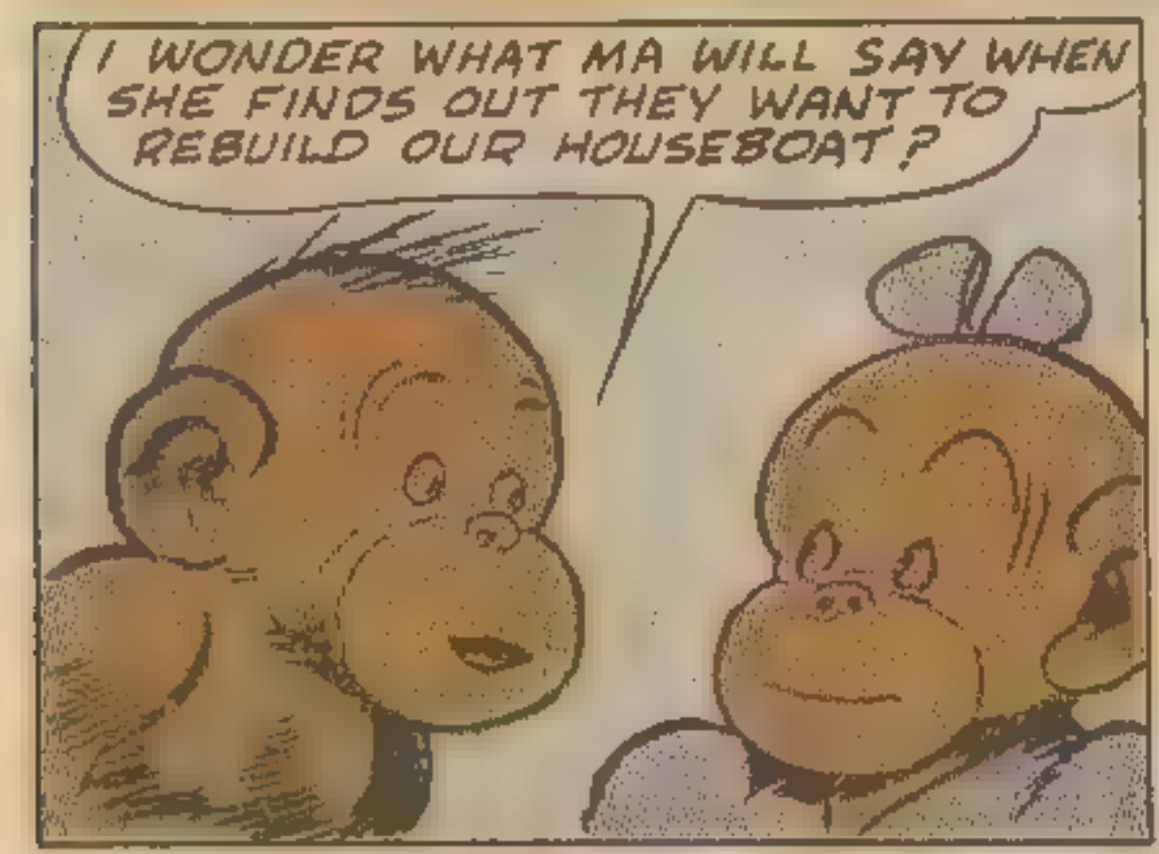

PHEW! WHAT LOUSY COOKING—

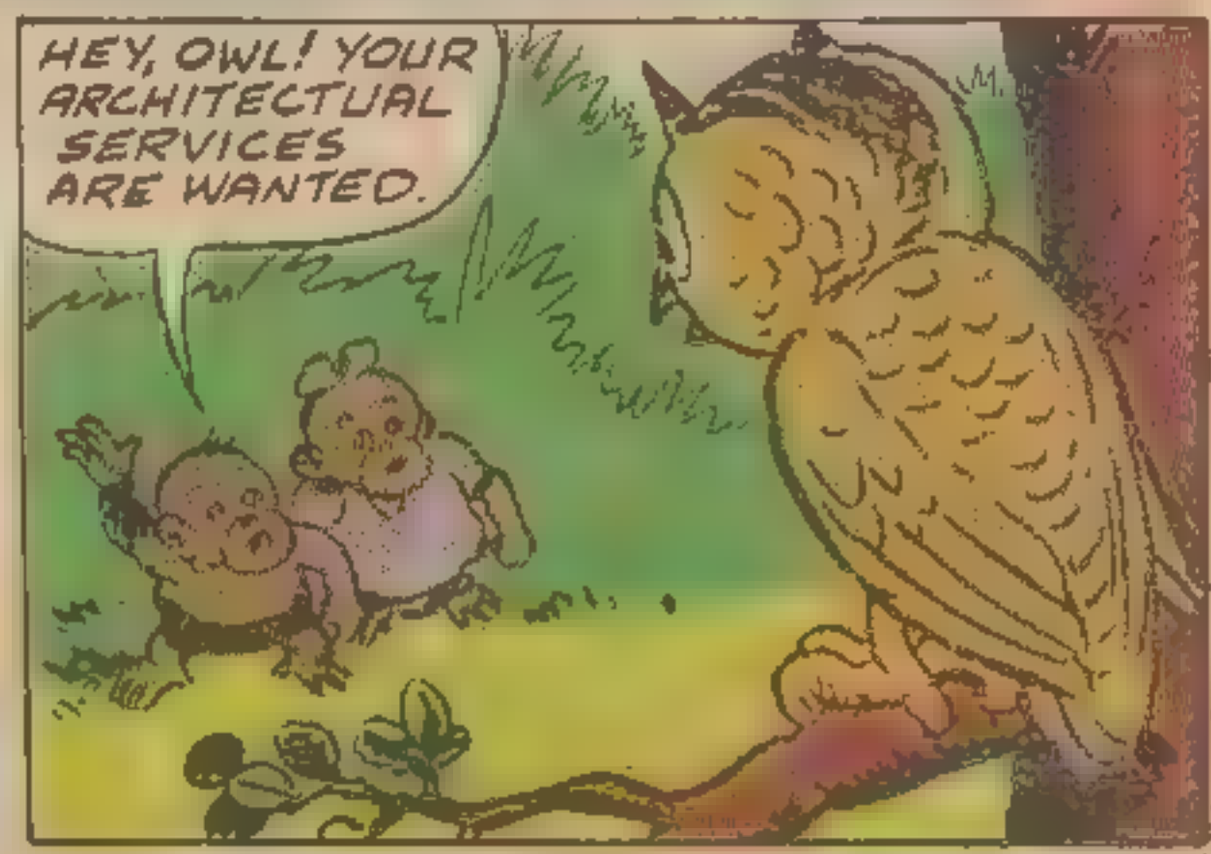

YES?
— OTHER FOLKS DO COMPARED WITH MOM'S FAMOUS COOKING!
2

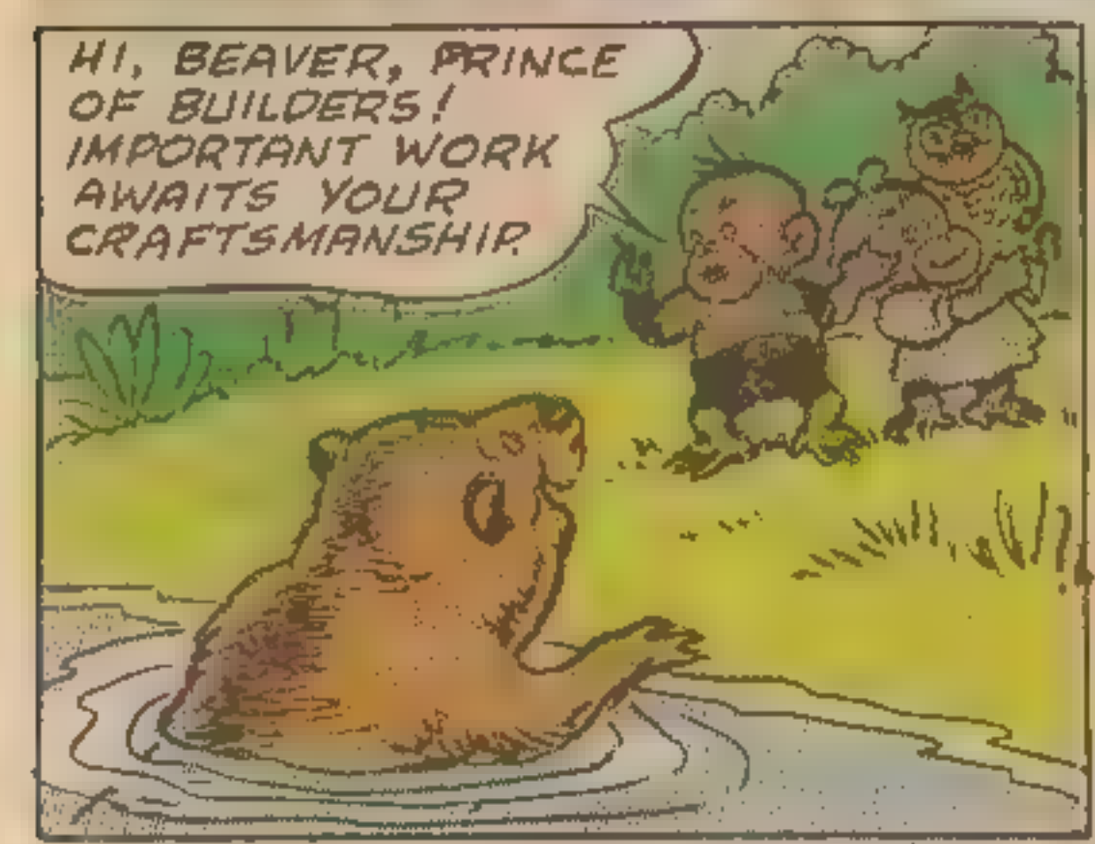

AW, GO ON— IS IT REALLY? HERE, TRY SOME OF MY SWEET CIDER.

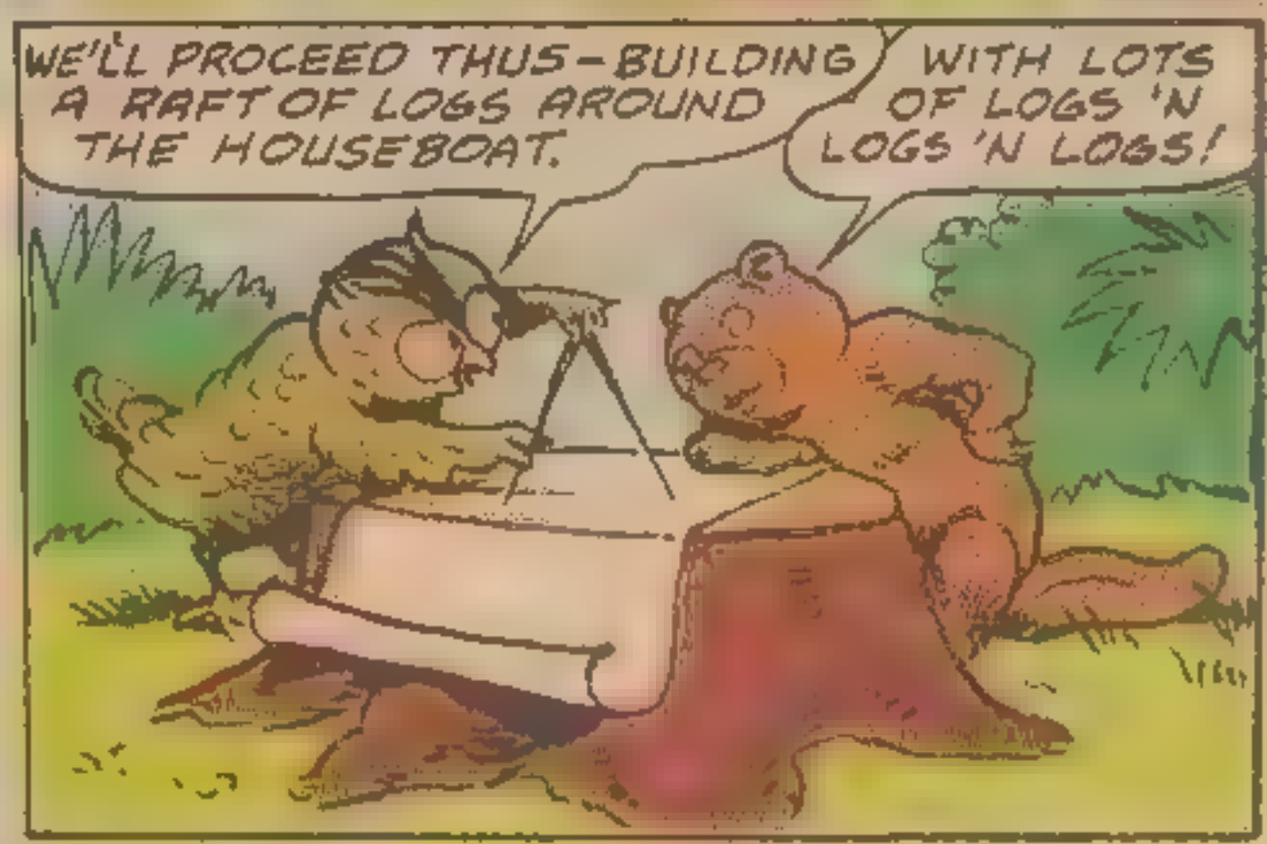

WHAT DELICIOUS VINEGAR! LET'S DUMP IT IN THE LAKE, SHALL WE?


ENOUGH OF THIS CHATTER— FLIP AND DIP GO AND GET ARCHITECT OWL AND BUILDER BEAVER.

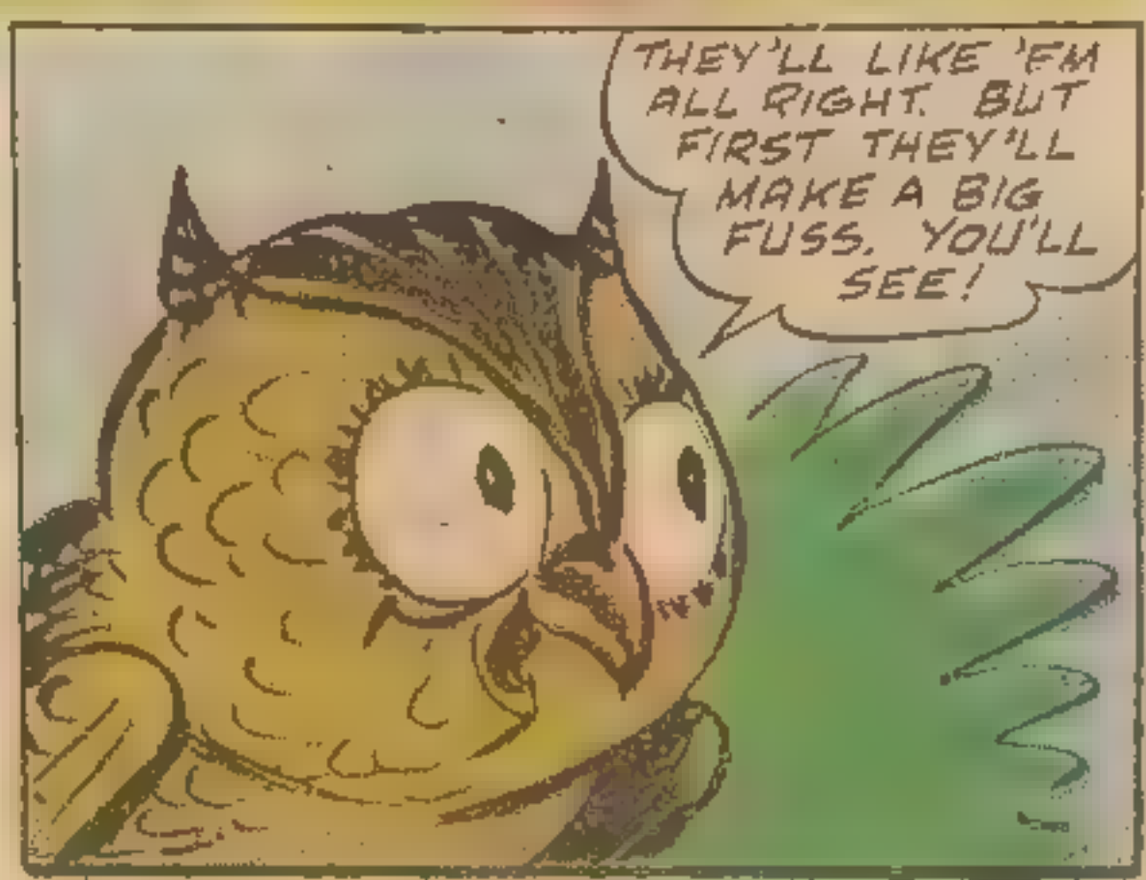

I WONDER WHAT MA WILL SAY WHEN SHE FINDS OUT THEY WANT TO REBUILD OUR HOUSEBOAT?

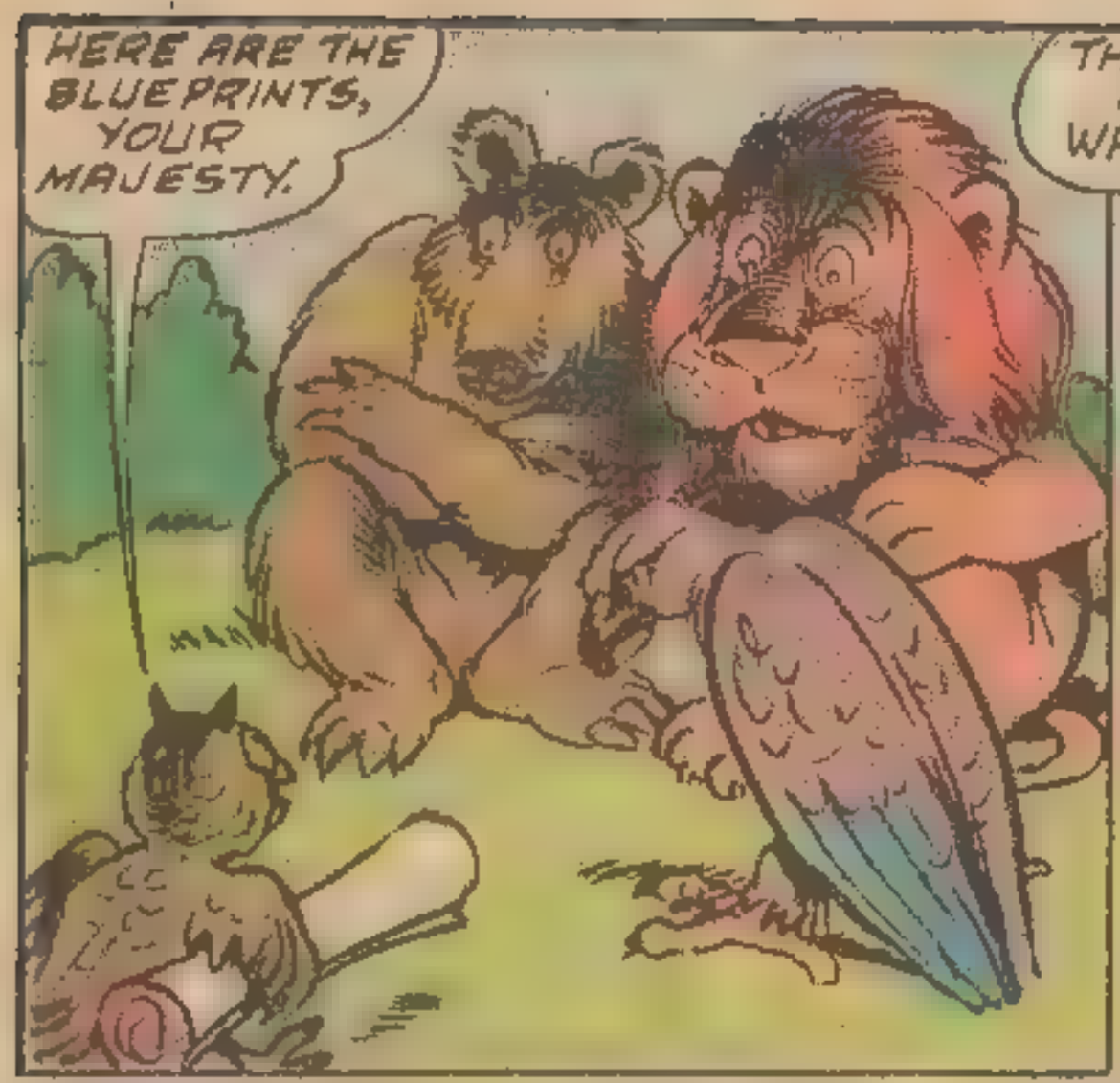

HEY, OWL! YOUR ARCHITECTUAL SERVICES ARE WANTED.

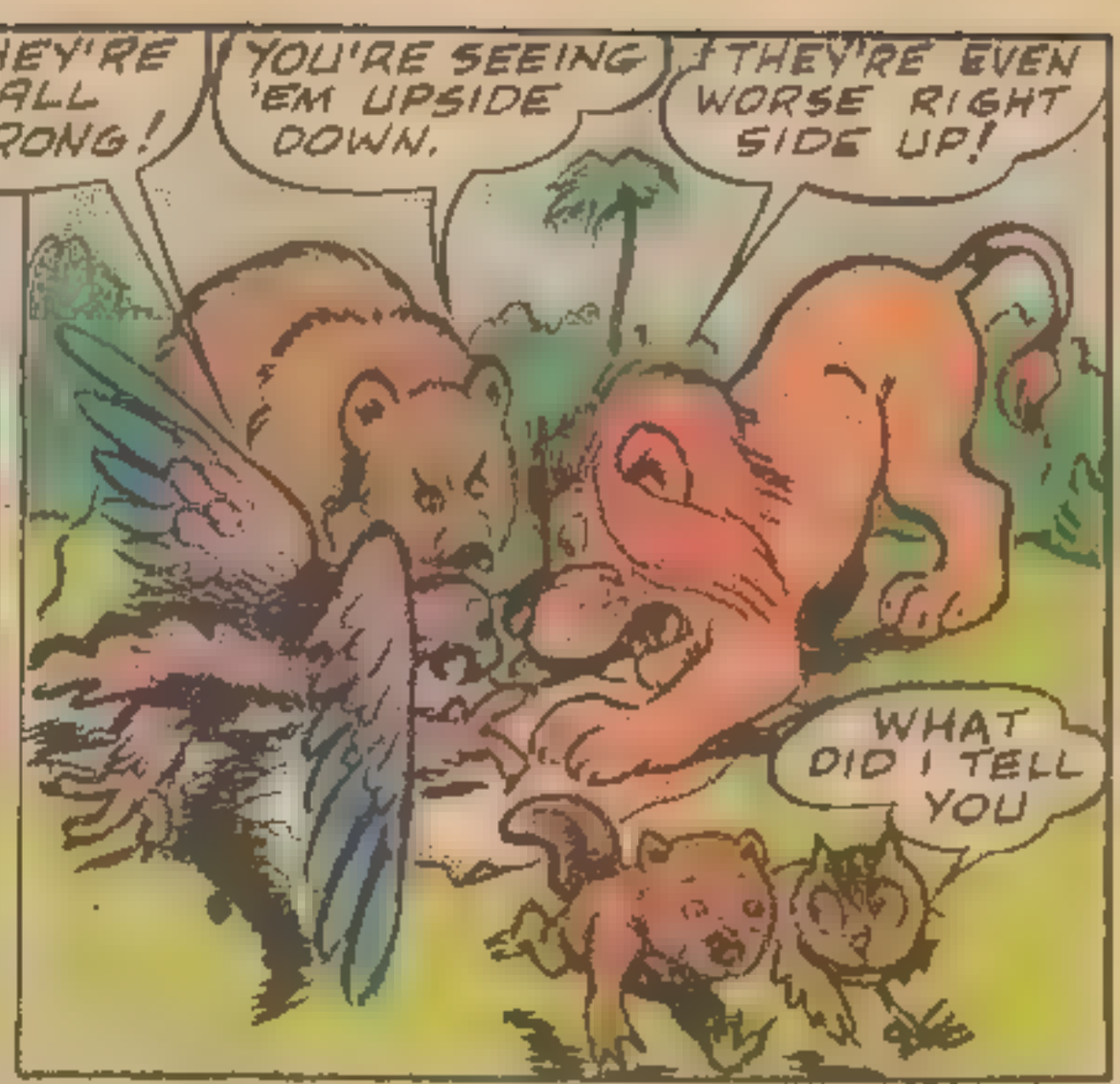

HI, BEAVER, PRINCE OF BUILDERS! IMPORTANT WORK AWAITS YOUR CRAFTSMANSHIP.

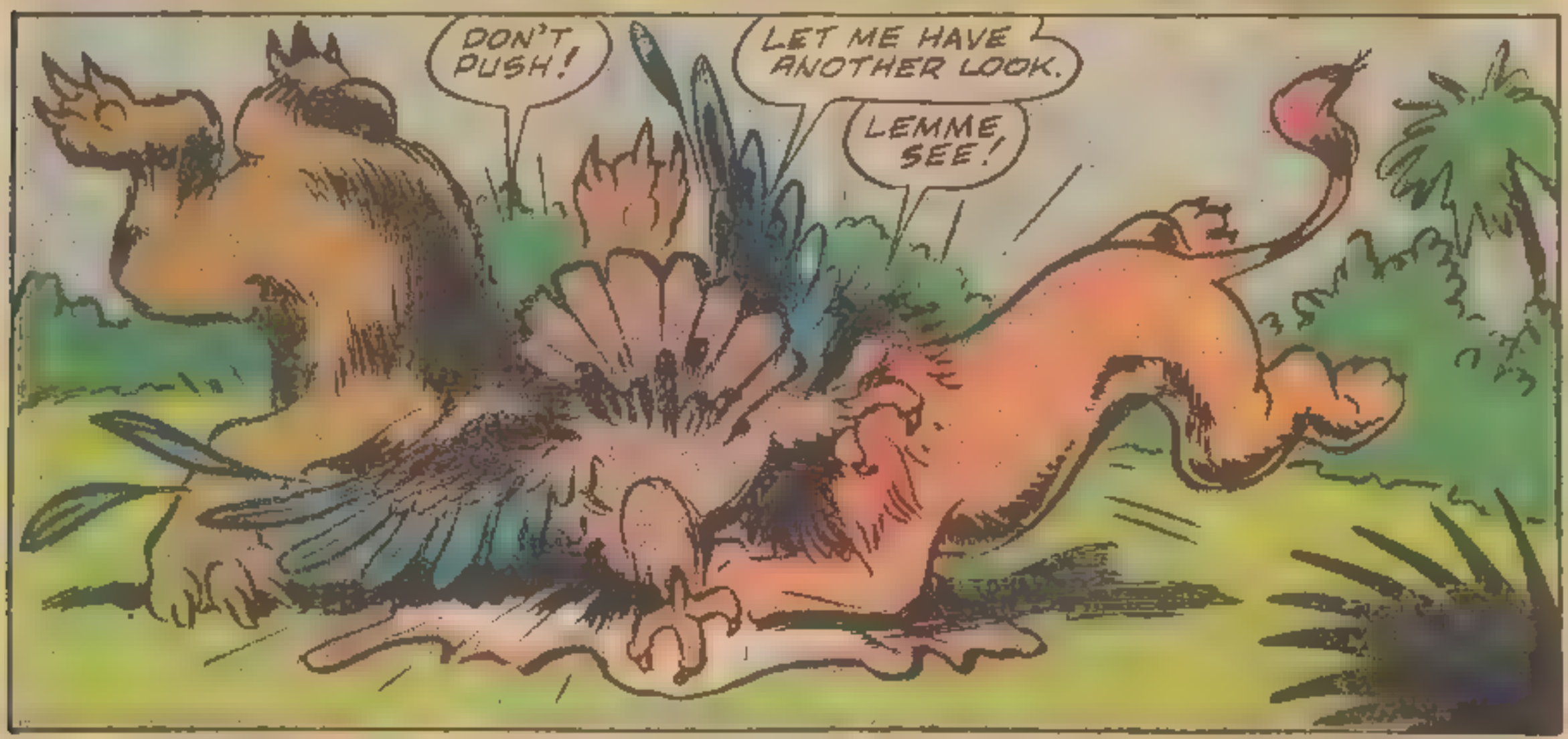

WE'LL PROCEED THUS—BUILDING A RAFT OF LOGS AROUND THE HOUSEBOAT.
WITH LOTS OF LOGS 'N LOGS 'N LOGS!

NOW WE HAVE TO SHOW THE PLANS TO "BIG WIND" AND HIS ADVISORY COMMITTE.
SUPPOSE THEY DON'T LIKE 'EM?


THEY'LL LIKE 'EM ALL RIGHT. BUT FIRST THEY'LL MAKE A BIG FUSS. YOU'LL SEE!

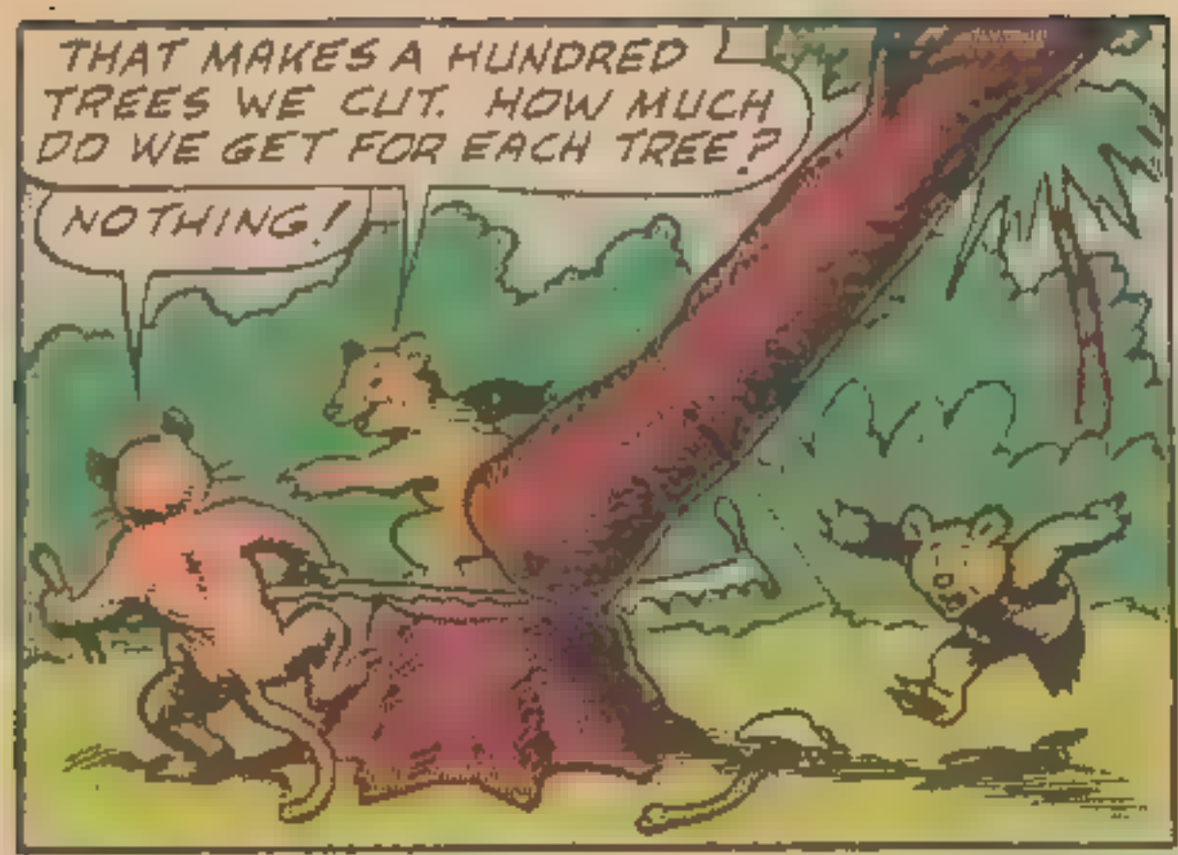

HERE ARE THE BLUEPRINTS, YOUR MAJESTY.

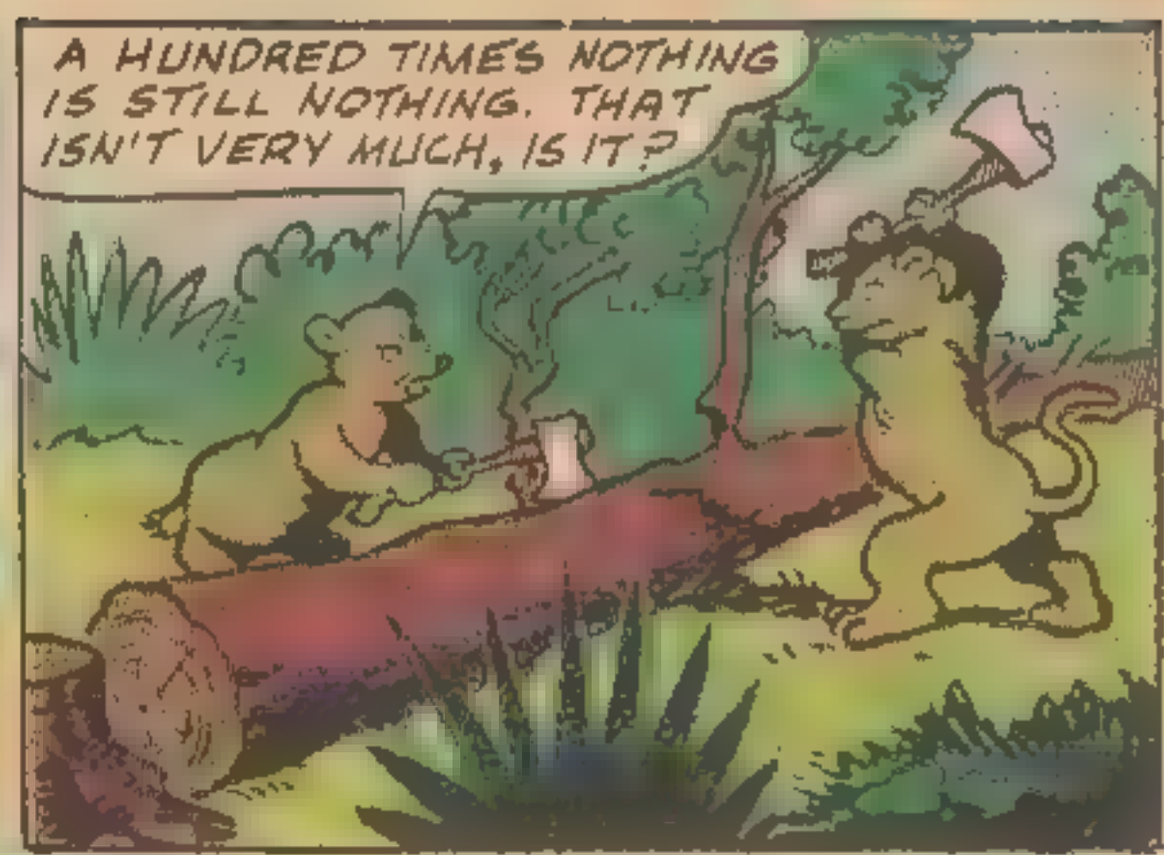

THEY'RE ALL WRONG!
YOU'RE SEEING 'EM UPSIDE DOWN.
THEY'RE EVEN WORSE RIGHT SIDE UP!
WHAT DID I TELL YOU

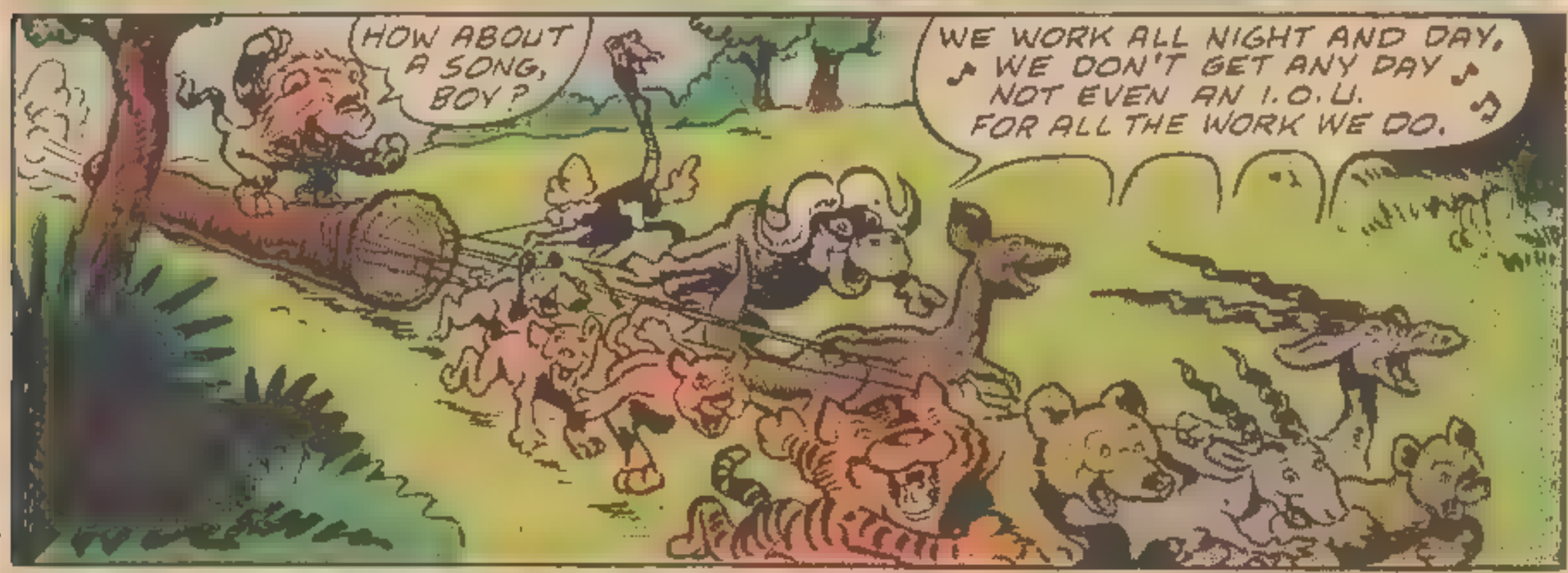

DON'T PUSH!
LET ME HAVE ANOTHER LOOK.
LEMME SEE!

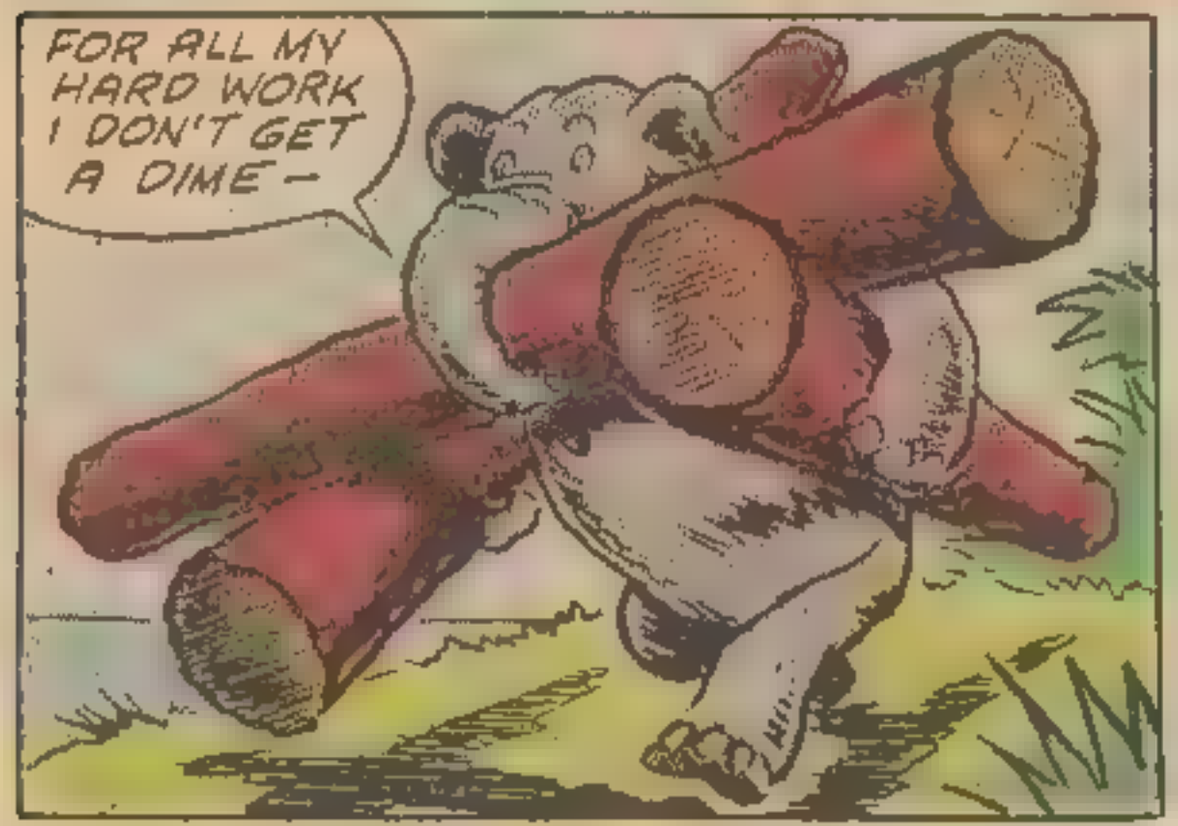
RIP
RIP
RIP

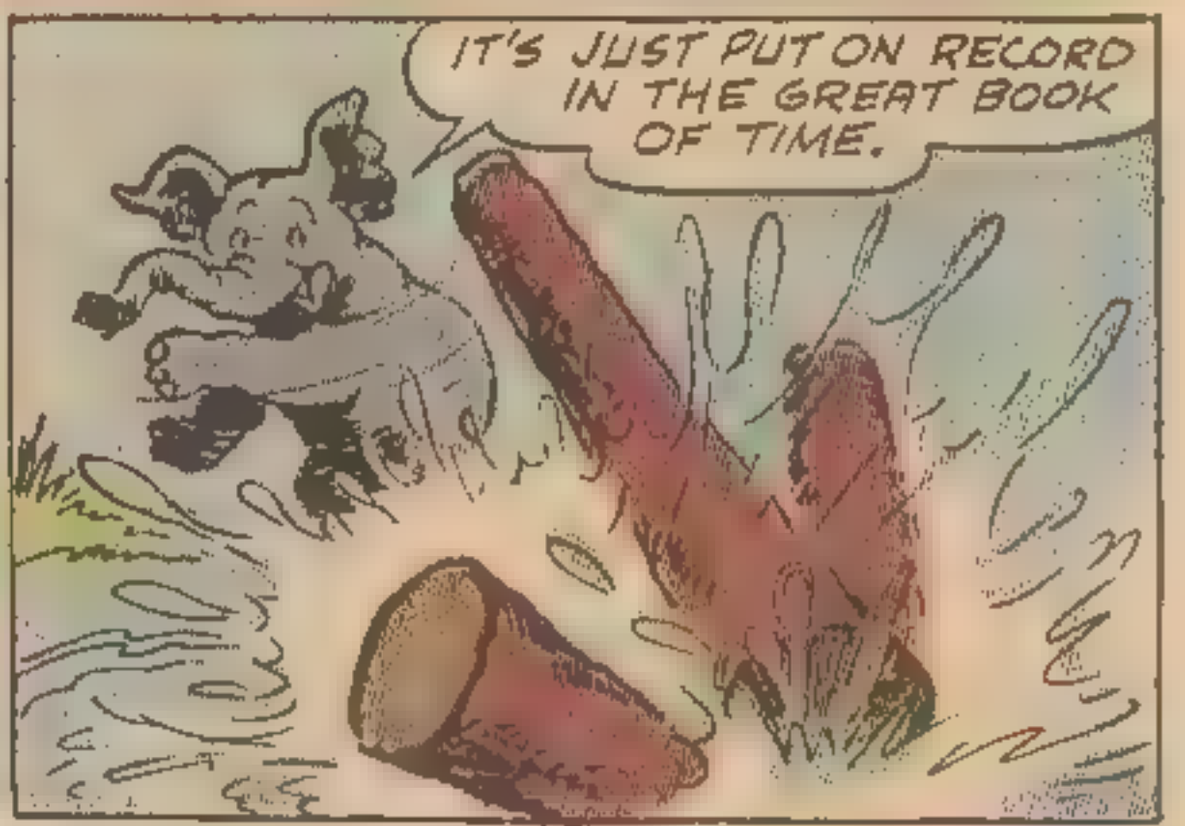
THE PLANS WERE FINE.
LET'S GO AHEAD AND BUILD!

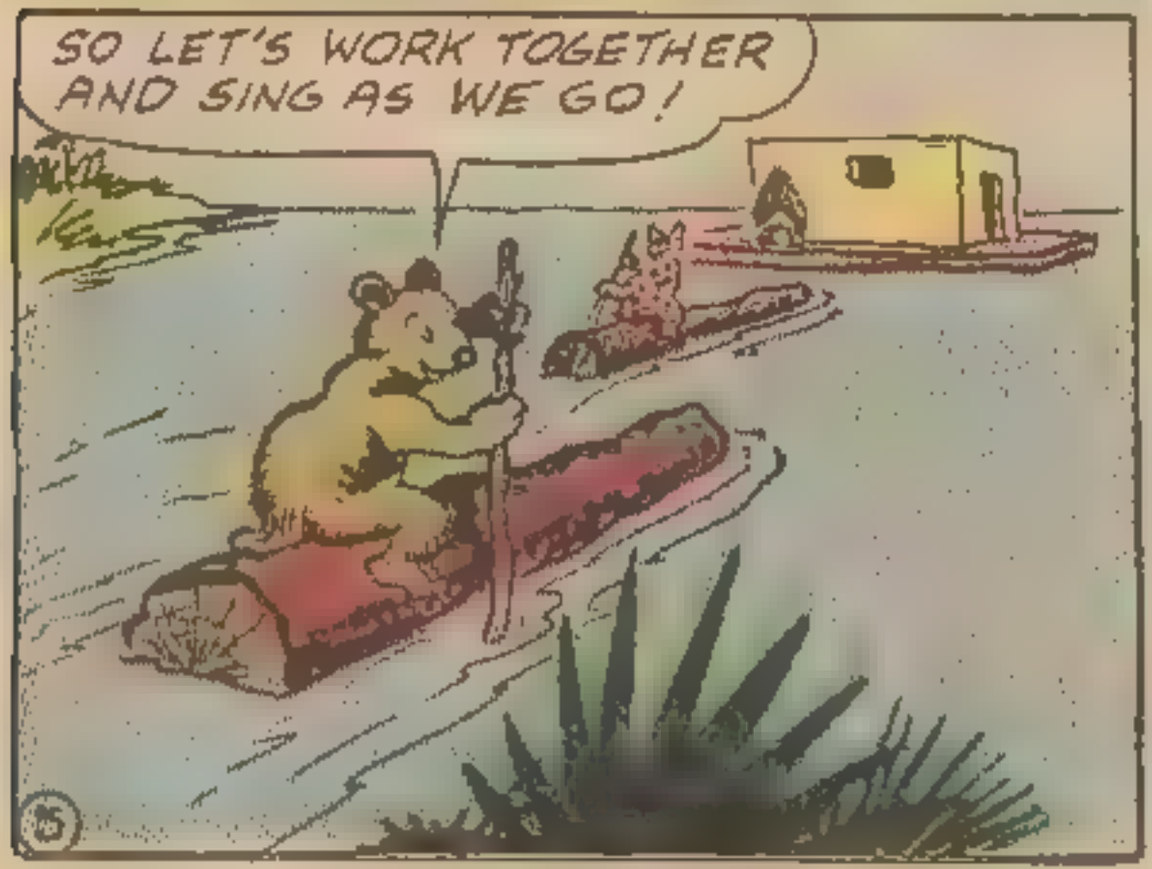

THAT MAKES A HUNDRED TREES WE CUT. HOW MUCH DO WE GET FOR EACH TREE?
NOTHING!

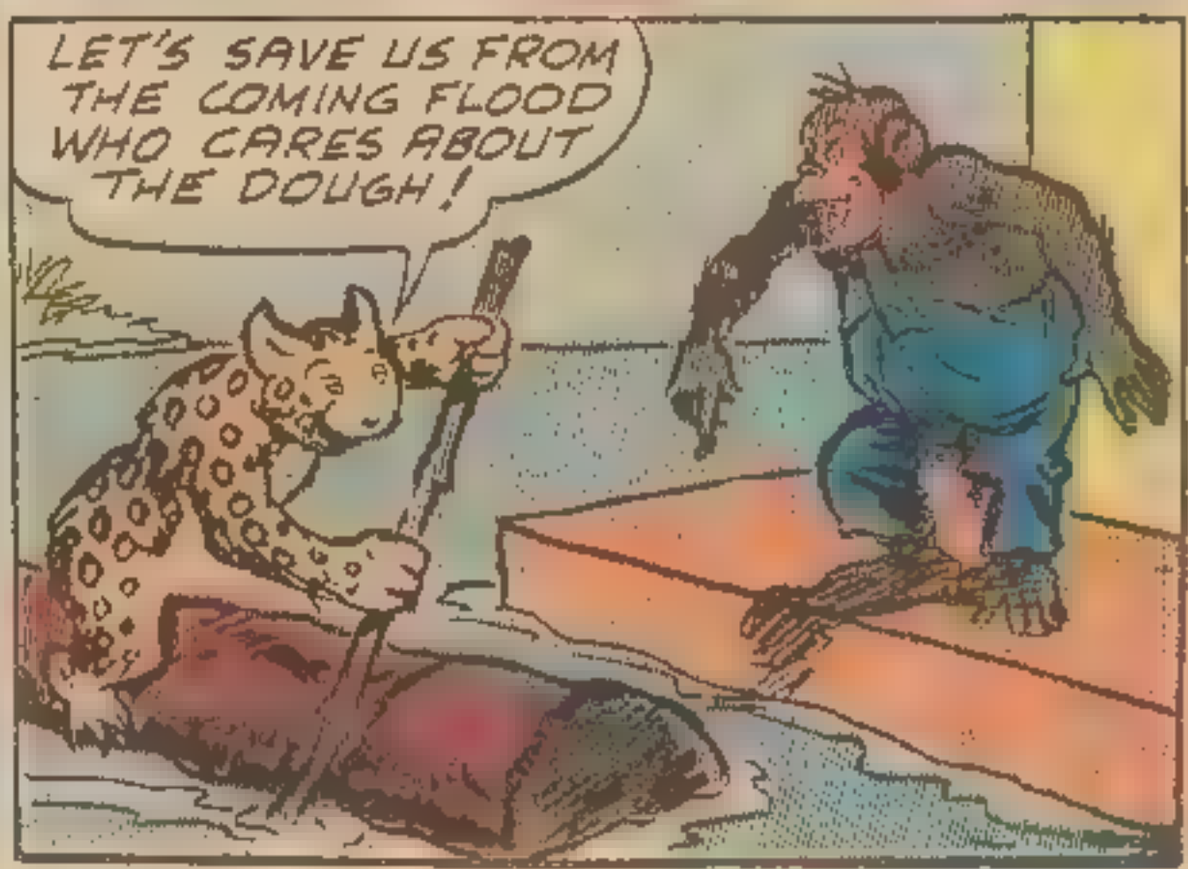

A HUNDRED TIMES NOTHING IS STILL NOTHING. THAT ISN'T VERY MUCH, IS IT?

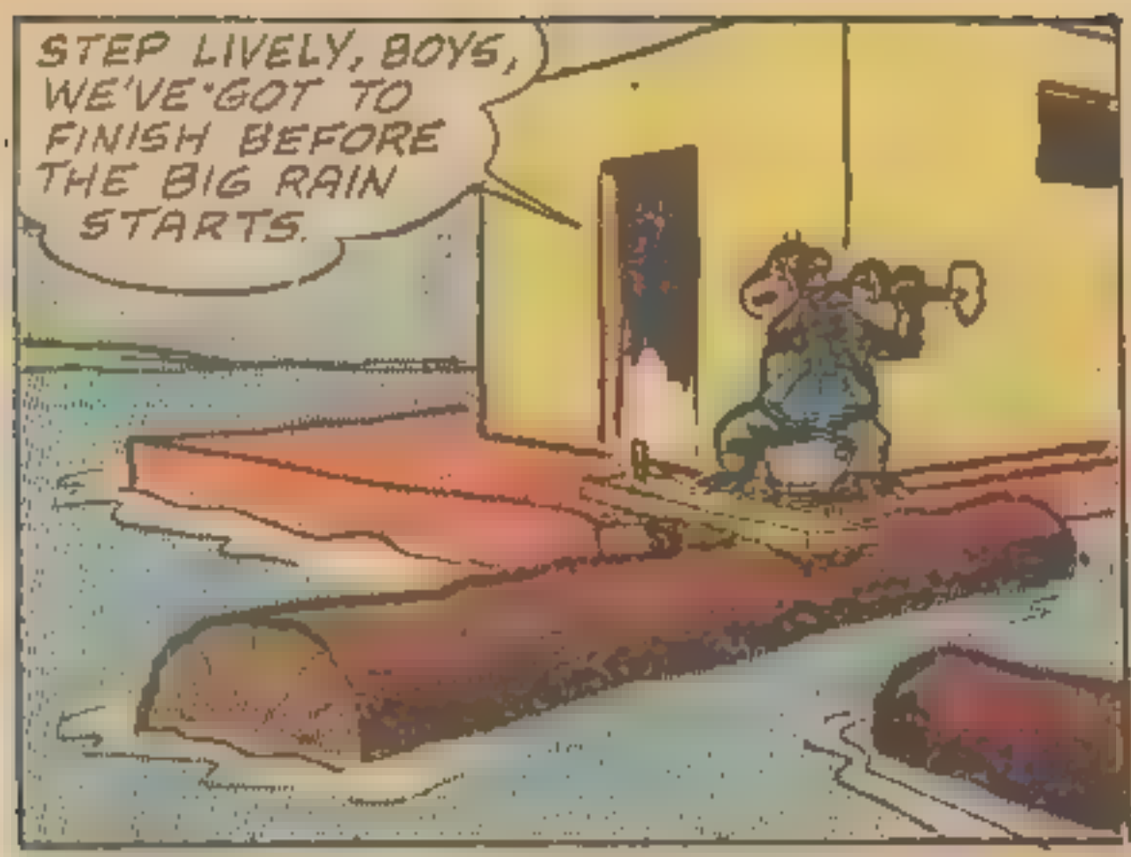

HOW ABOUT A SONG, BOY?
WE WORK ALL NIGHT AND DAY, ♪ WE DON'T GET ANY PAY ♪ NOT EVEN AN I.O.U. FOR ALL THE WORK WE DO. ♫

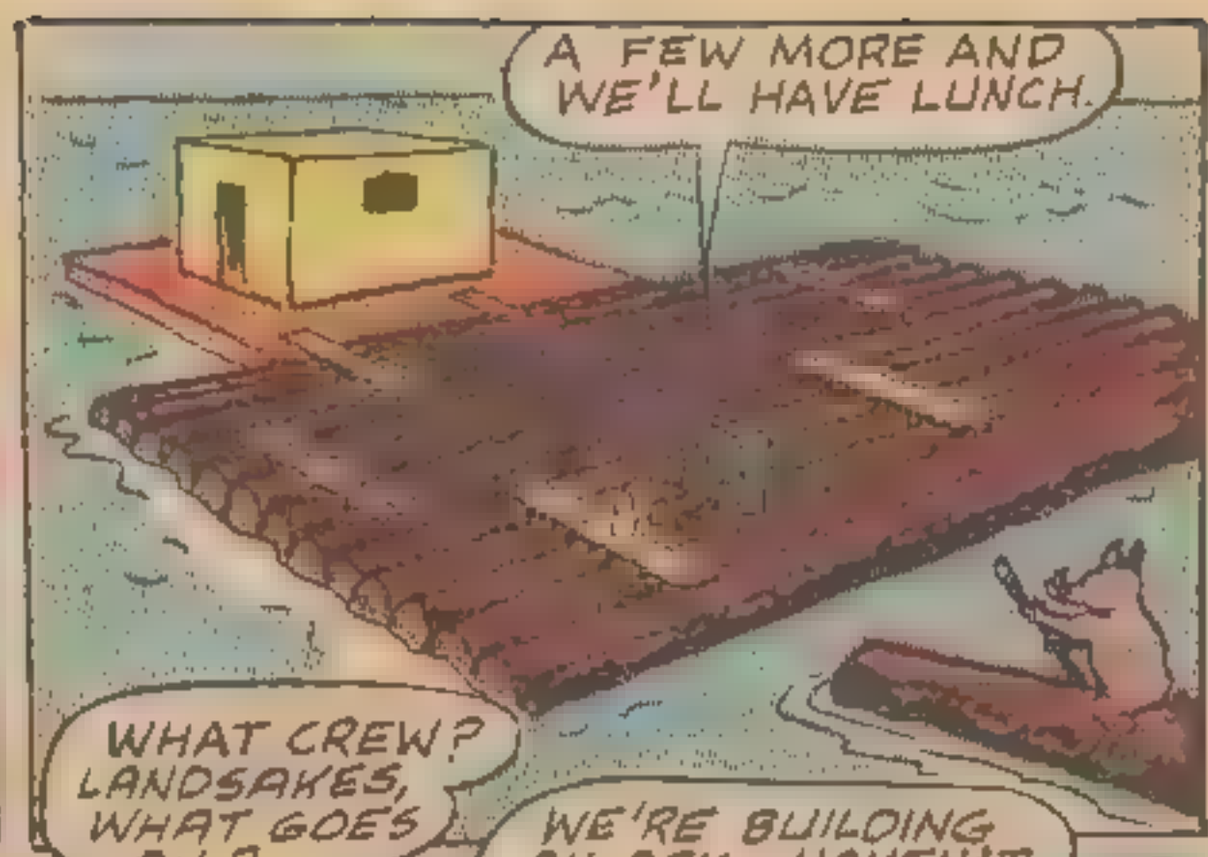

FOR ALL MY HARD WORK I DON'T GET A DIME –

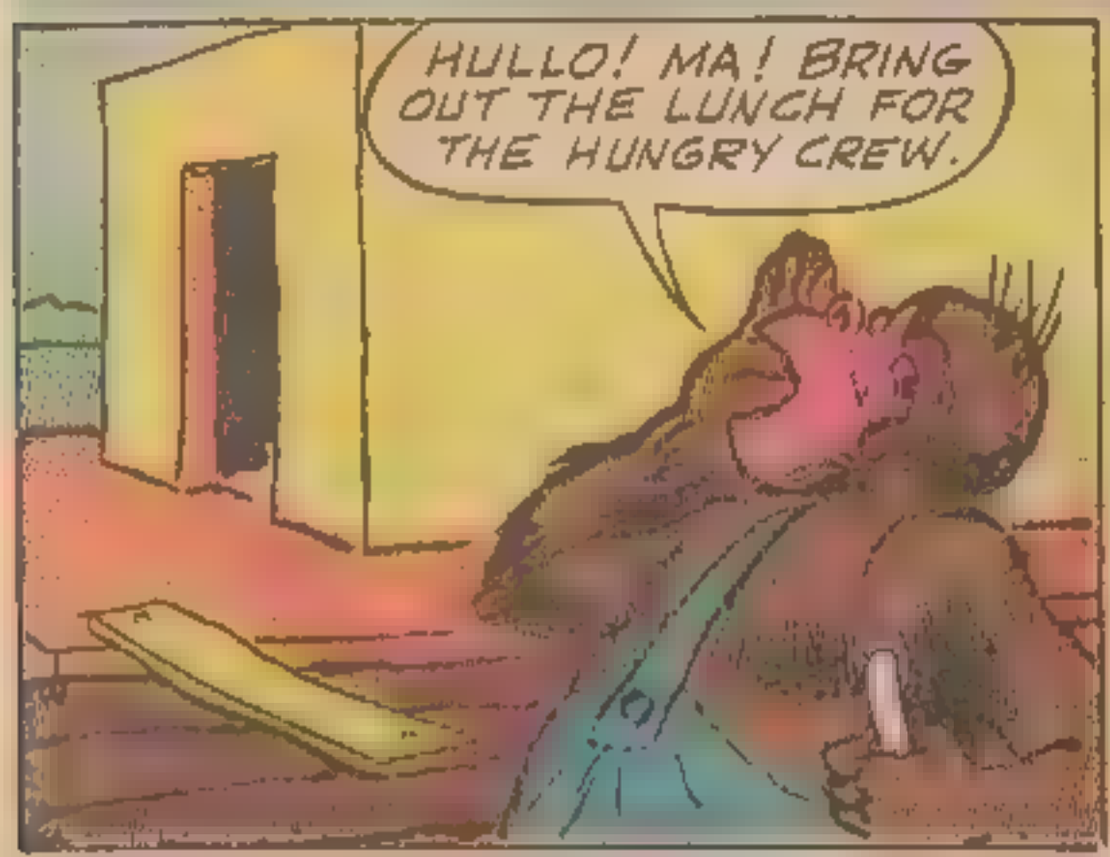

IT'S JUST PUT ON RECORD IN THE GREAT BOOK OF TIME.

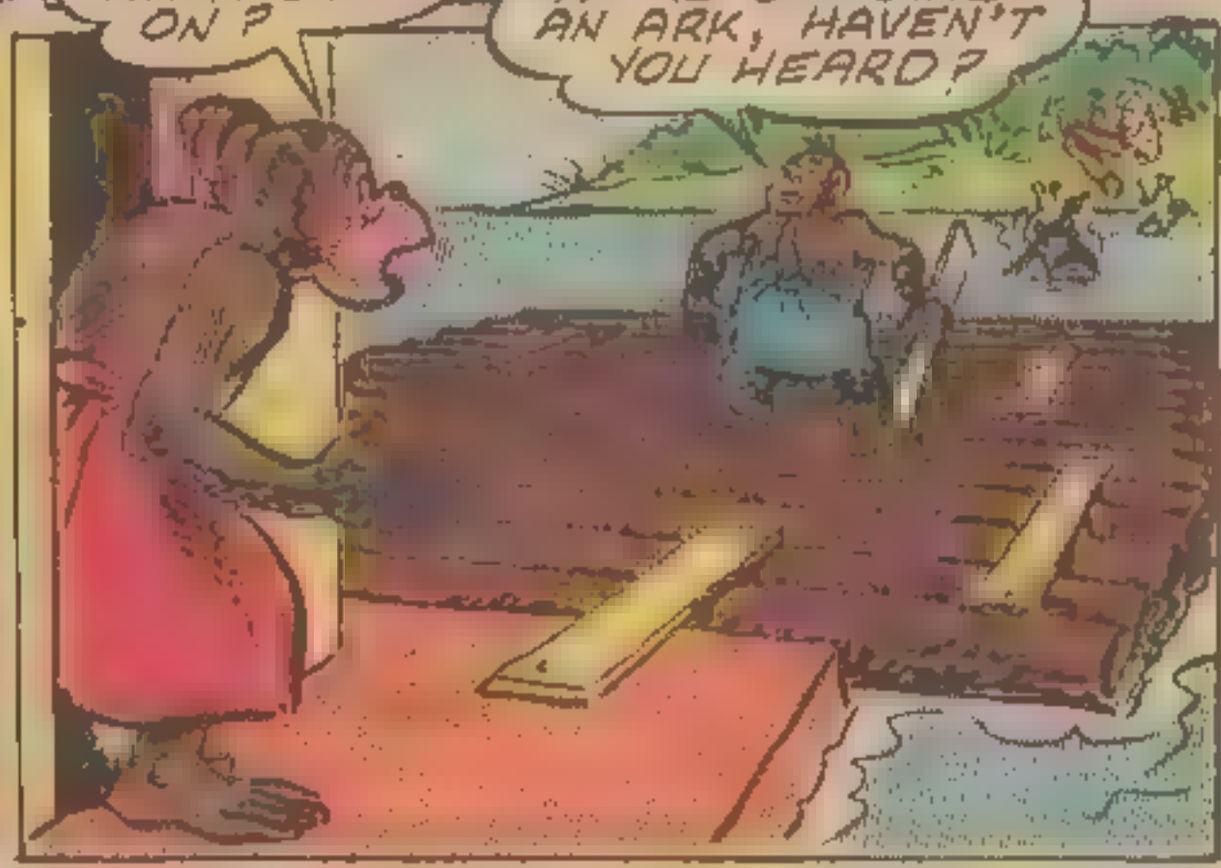

SO LET'S WORK TOGETHER AND SING AS WE GO!

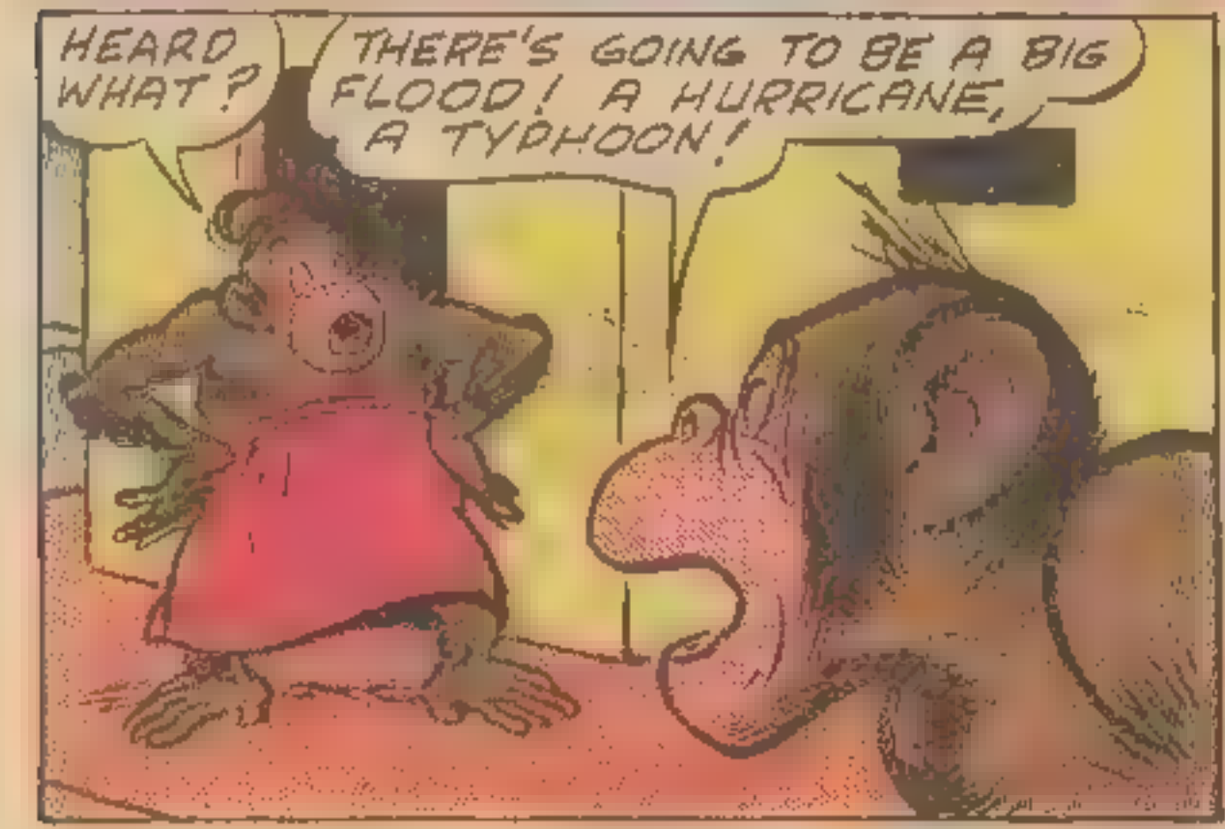

LET'S SAVE US FROM THE COMING FLOOD WHO CARES ABOUT THE DOUGH!

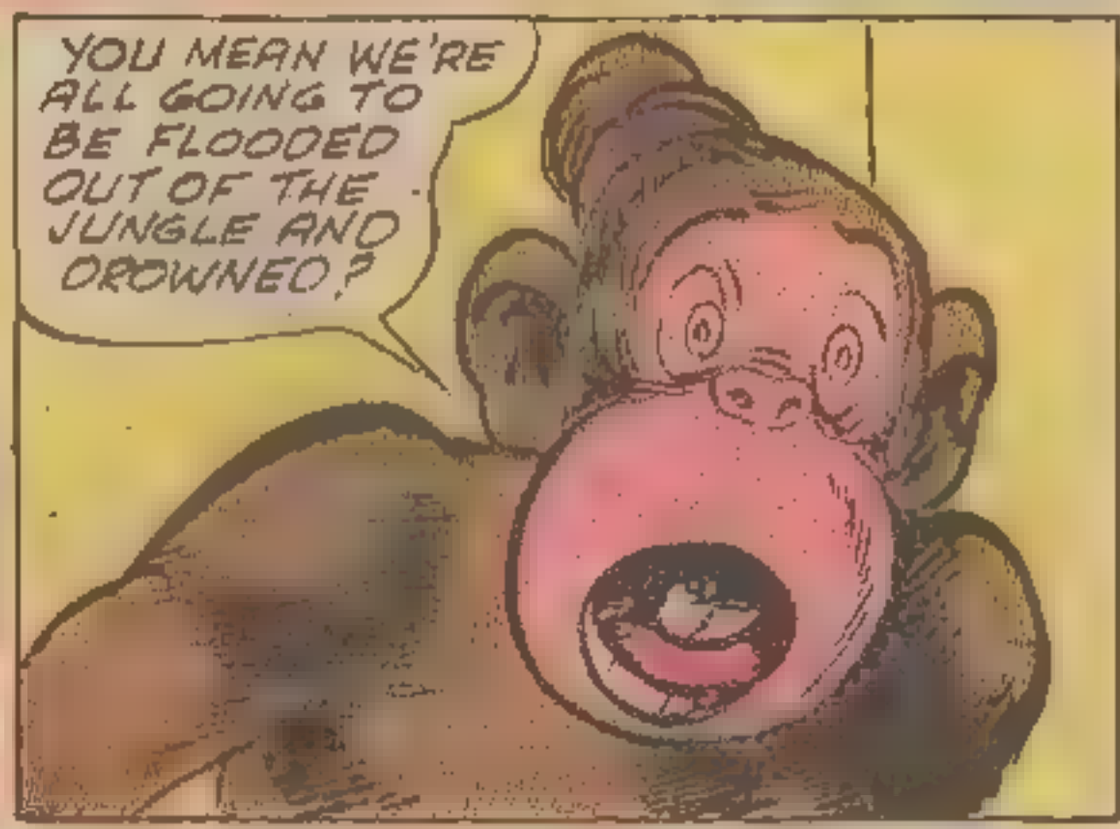

STEP LIVELY, BOYS, WE'VE GOT TO FINISH BEFORE THE BIG RAIN STARTS.

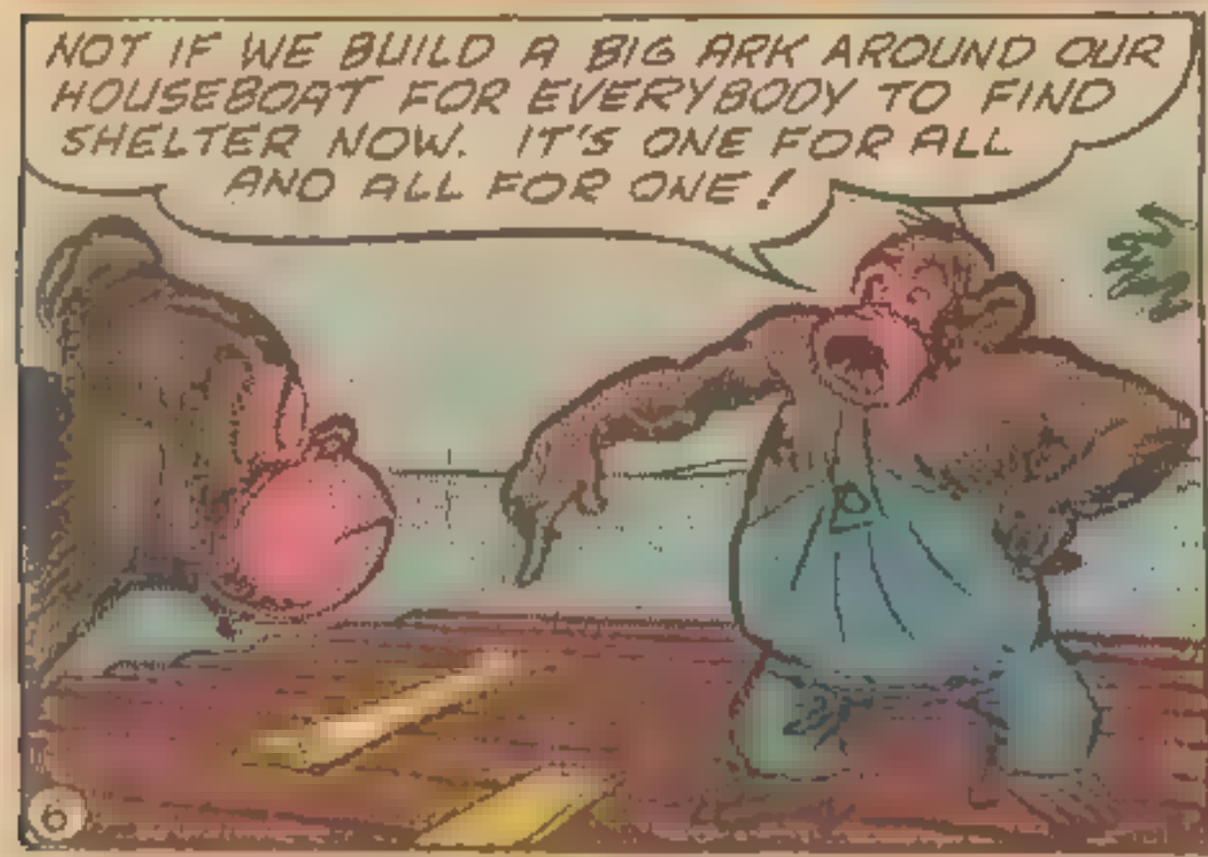

A FEW MORE AND WE'LL HAVE LUNCH.

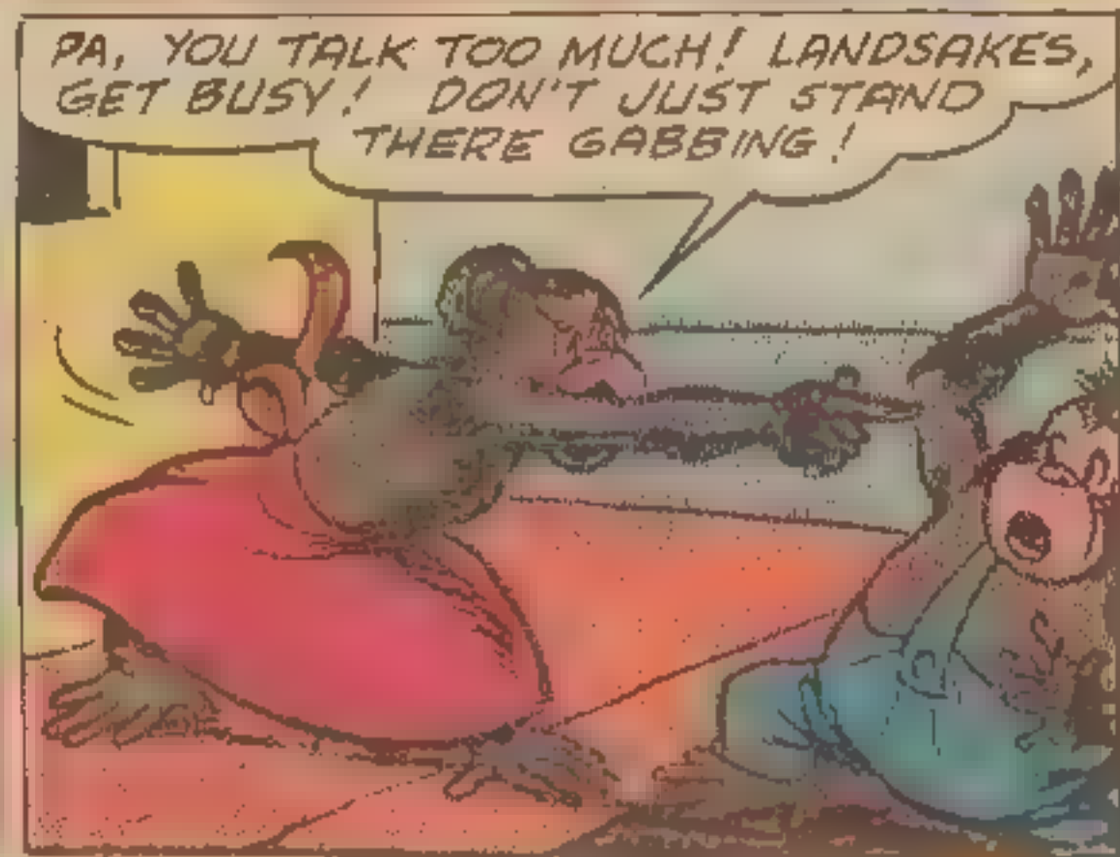

HULLO! MA! BRING OUT THE LUNCH FOR THE HUNGRY CREW.

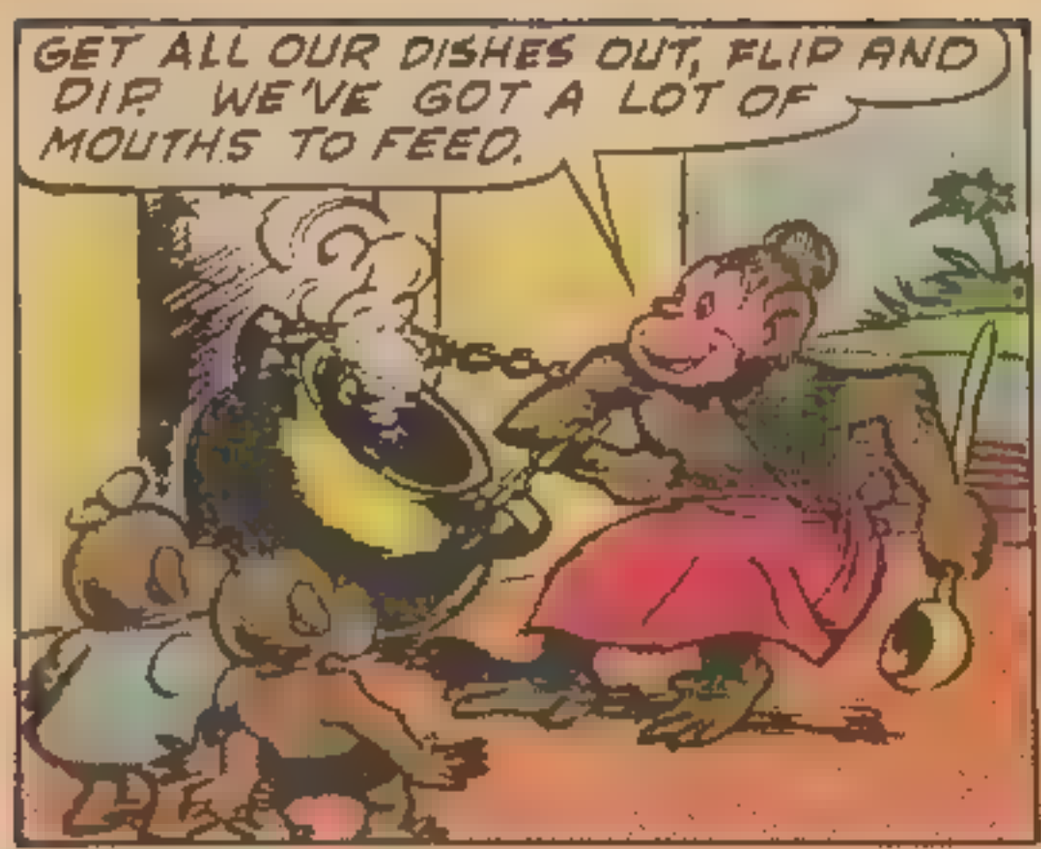

WHAT CREW? LANDSAKES, WHAT GOES ON?
WE'RE BUILDING AN ARK, HAVEN'T YOU HEARD?

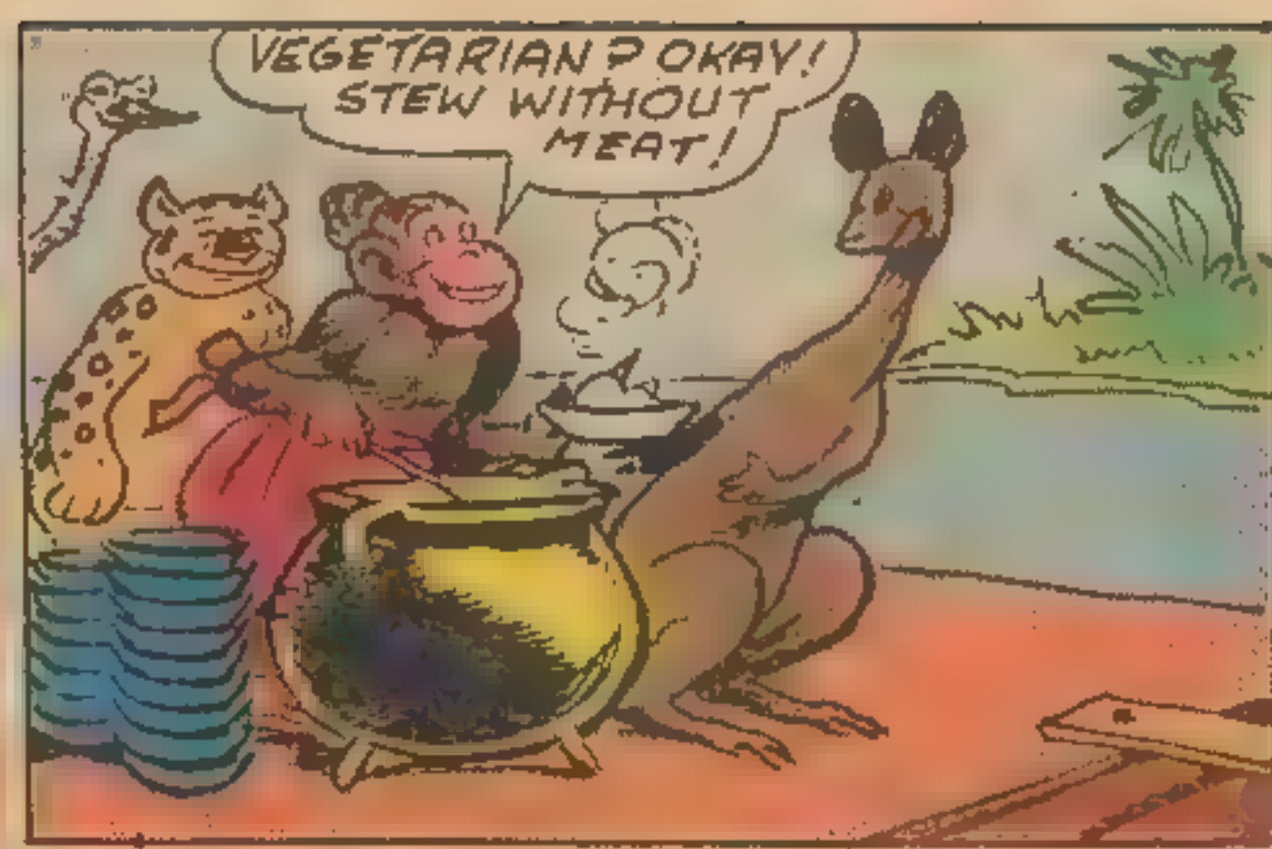

HEARD WHAT?
THERE'S GOING TO BE A BIG FLOOD! A HURRICANE, A TYPHOON!

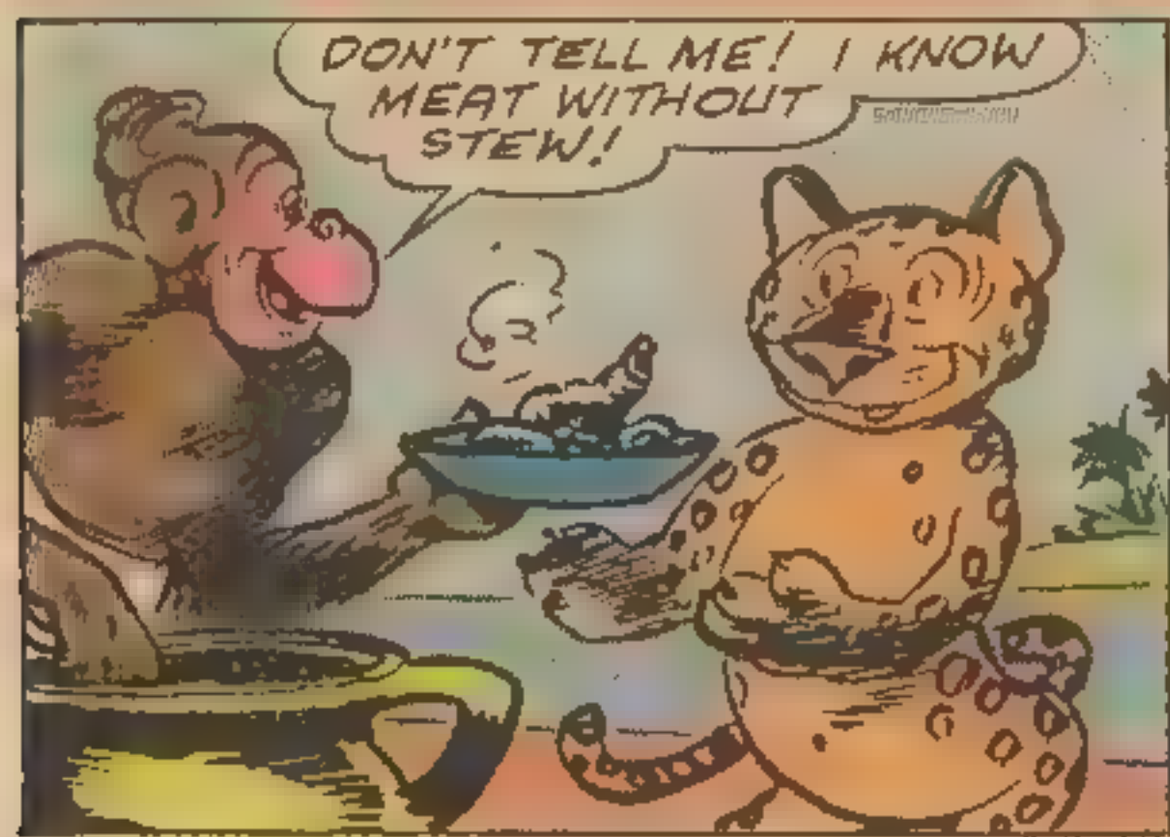

YOU MEAN WE'RE ALL GOING TO BE FLOODED OUT OF THE JUNGLE AND DROWNED?

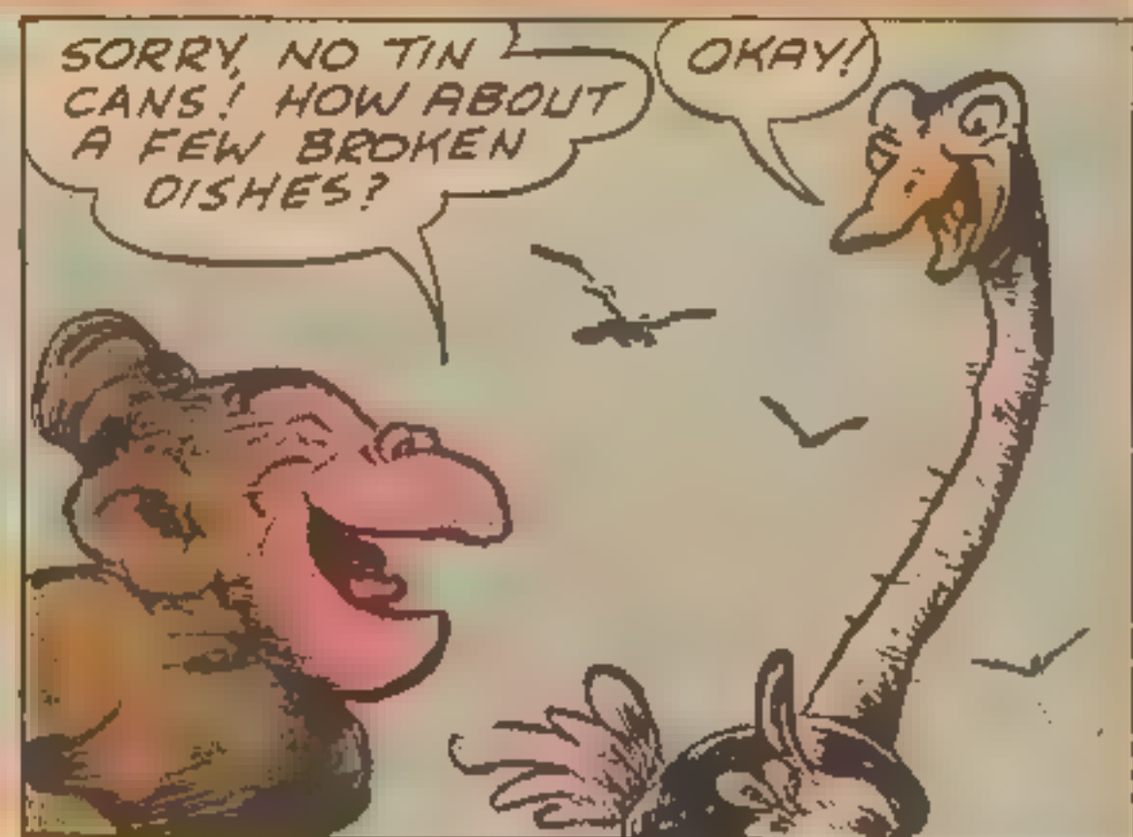

NOT IF WE BUILD A BIG ARK AROUND OUR HOUSEBOAT FOR EVERYBODY TO FIND SHELTER NOW. IT'S ONE FOR ALL AND ALL FOR ONE!

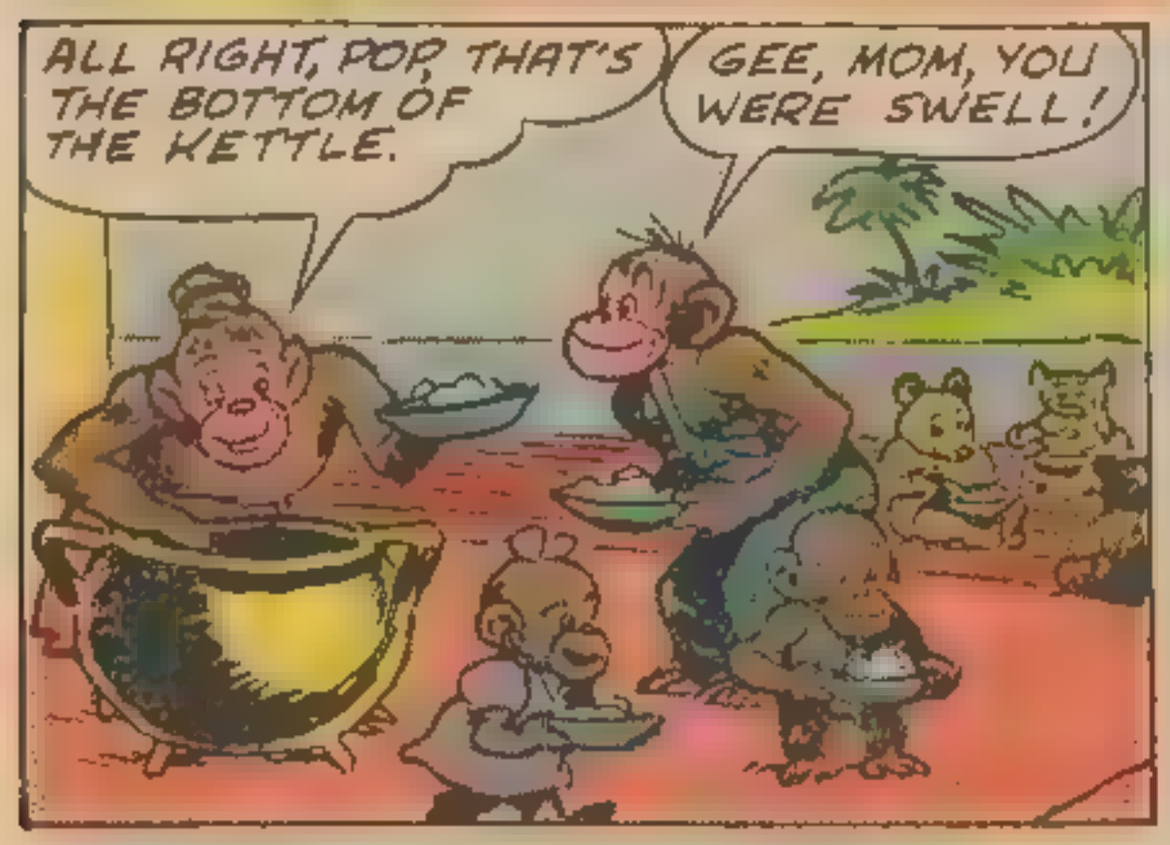

PA, YOU TALK TOO MUCH! LANDSAKES, GET BUSY! DON'T JUST STAND THERE GABBING!

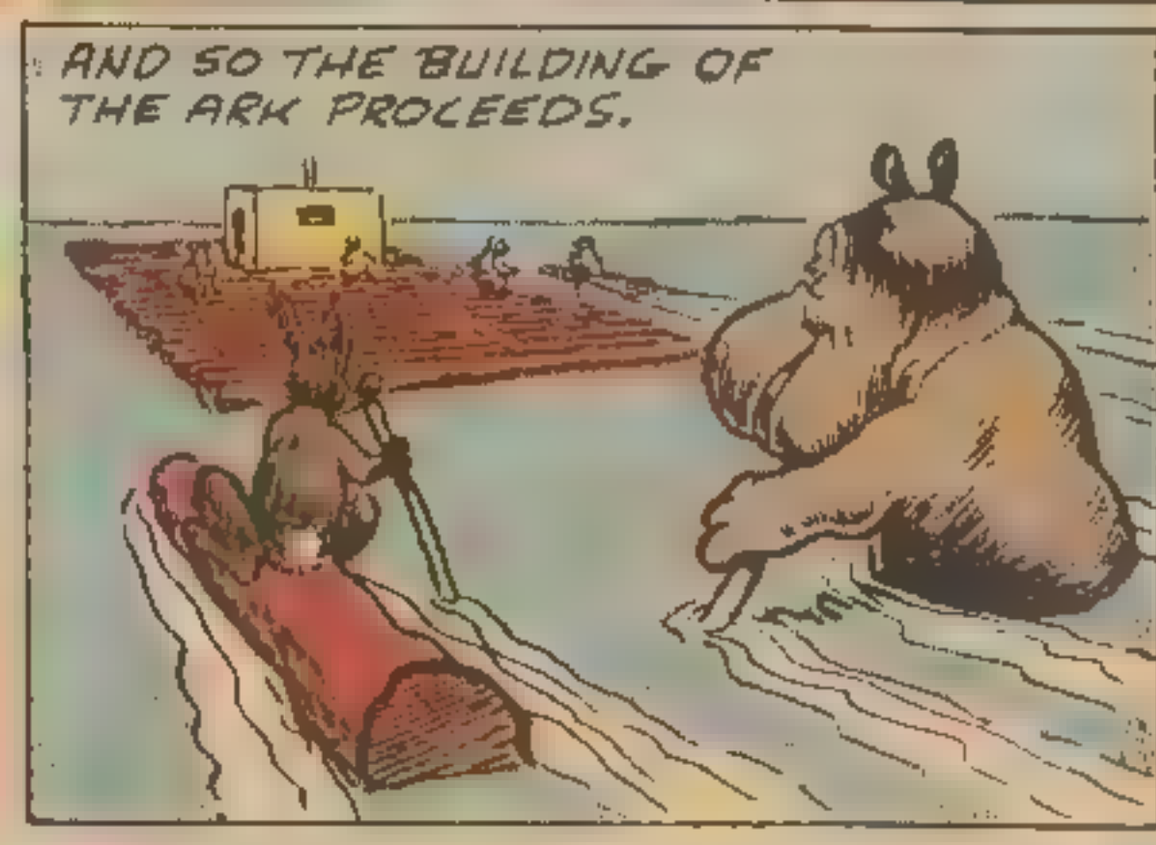

GET ALL OUR DISHES OUT, FLIP AND DIP. WE'VE GOT A LOT OF MOUTHS TO FEED.

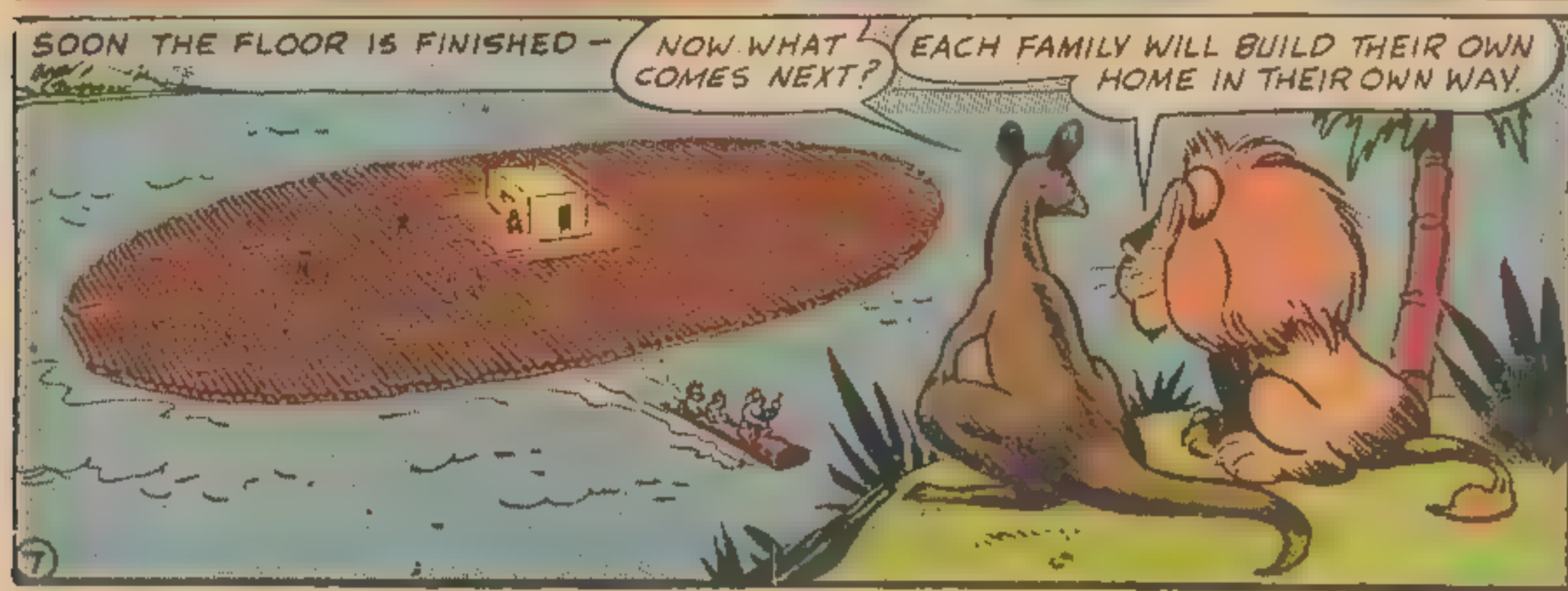

VEGETARIAN? OKAY! STEW WITHOUT MEAT!

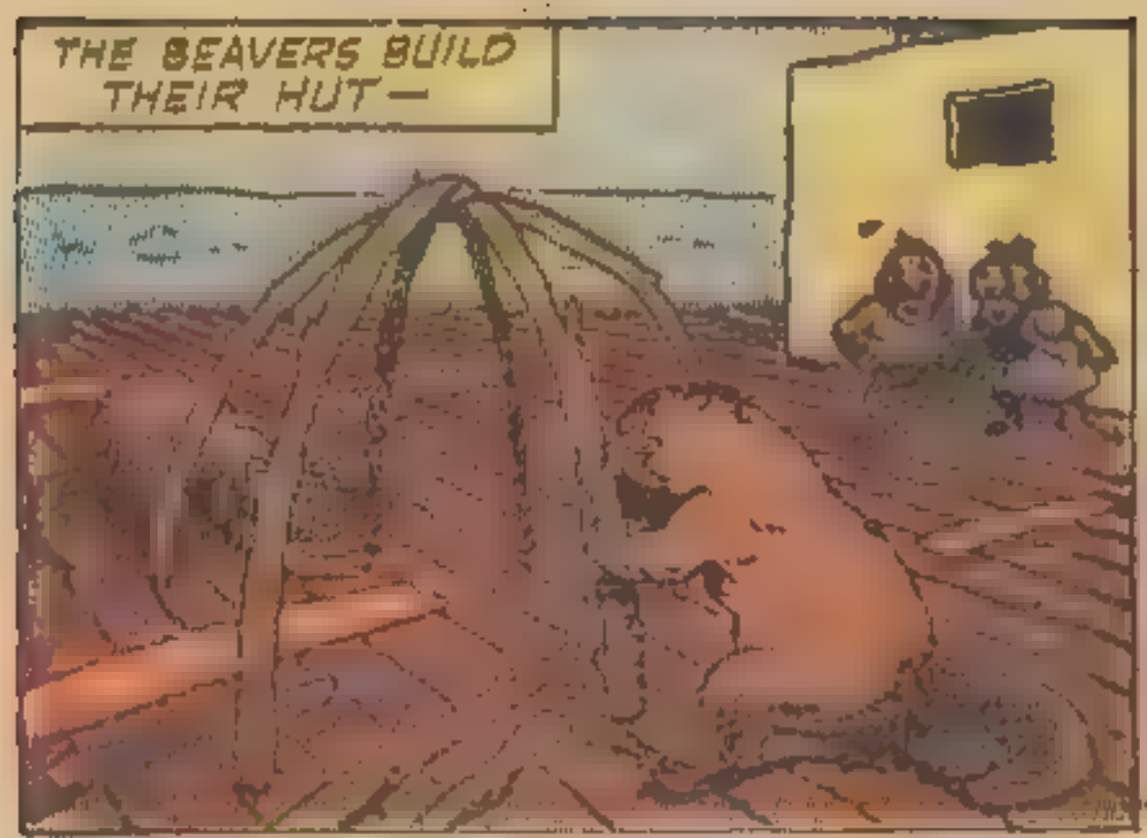

DON'T TELL ME! I KNOW MEAT WITHOUT STEW!


SORRY, NO TIN CANS! HOW ABOUT A FEW BROKEN DISHES?
OKAY!

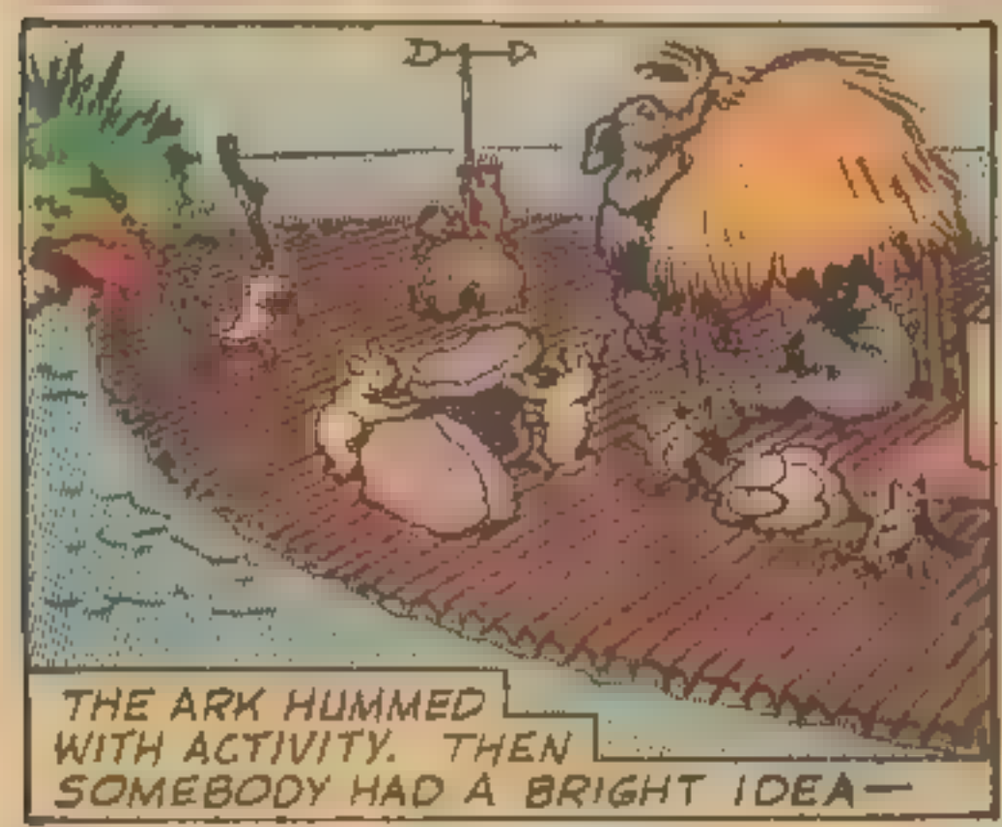

ALL RIGHT, POP THAT'S THE BOTTOM OF THE KETTLE.
GEE, MOM, YOU WERE SWELL!

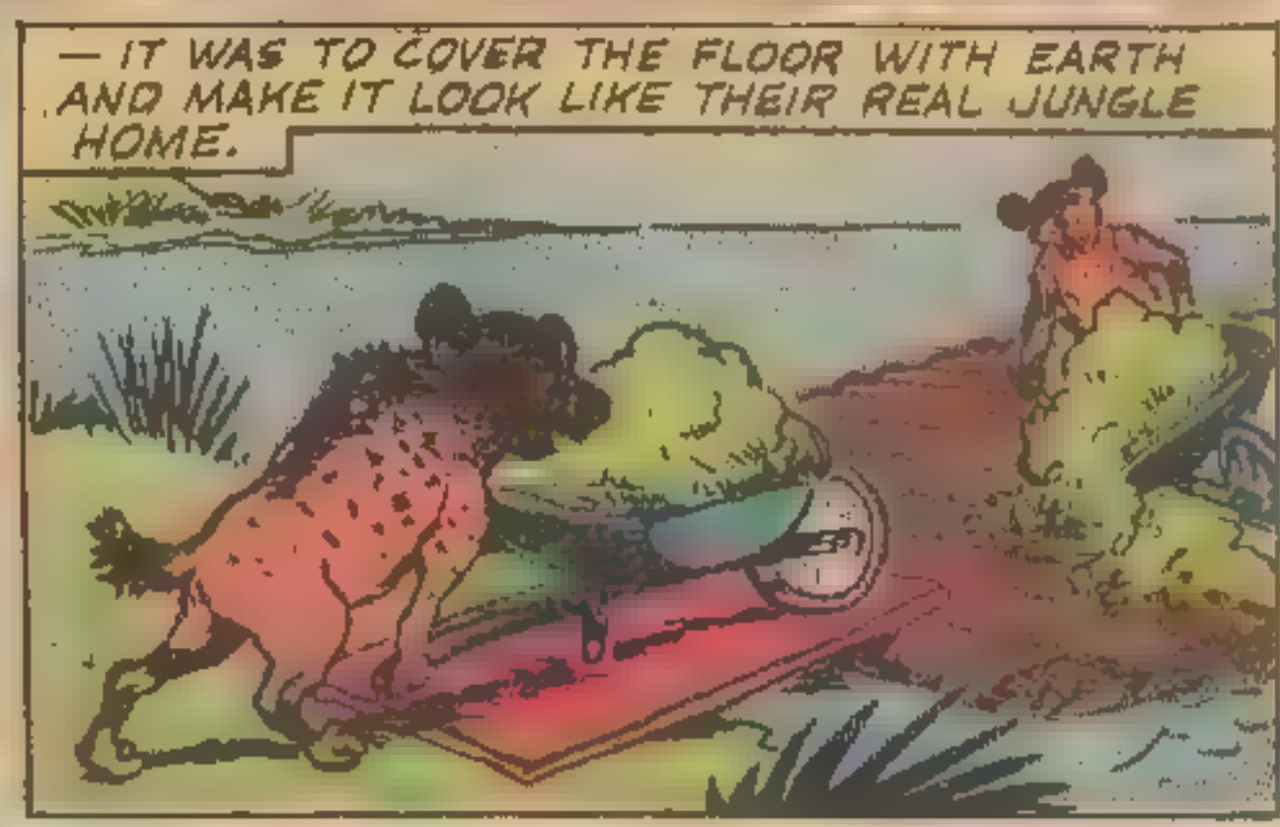

AND SO THE BUILDING OF THE ARK PROCEEDS.

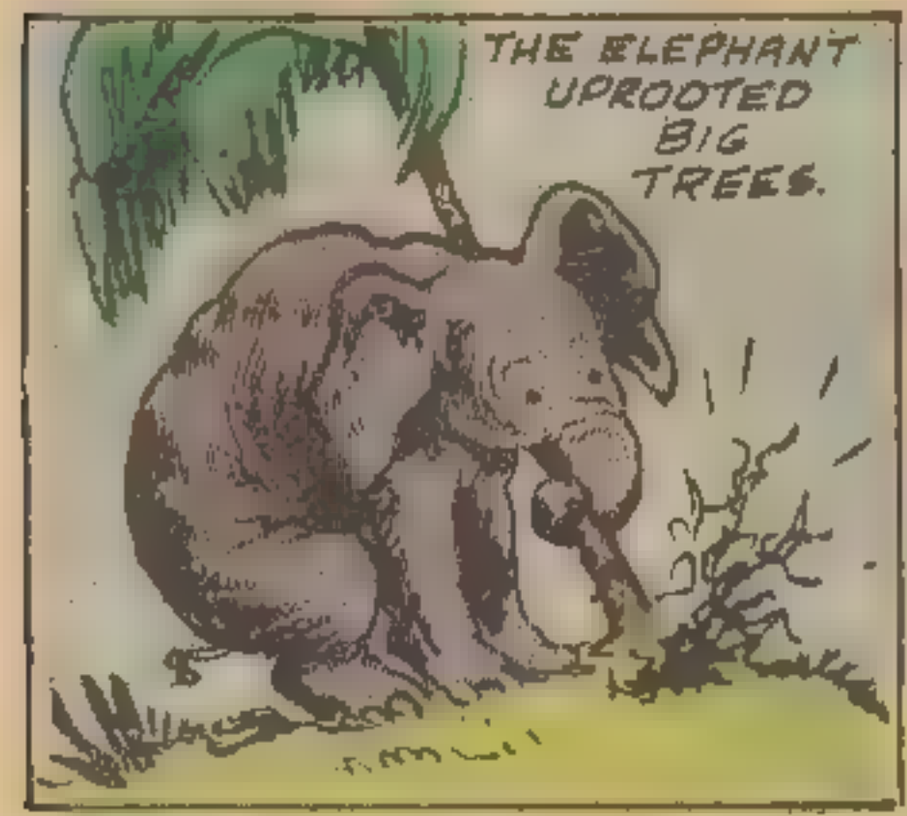

SOON THE FLOOR IS FINISHED –
NOW WHAT COMES NEXT?
EACH FAMILY WILL BUILD THEIR OWN HOME IN THEIR OWN WAY.


THE BEAVERS BUILD THEIR HUT—

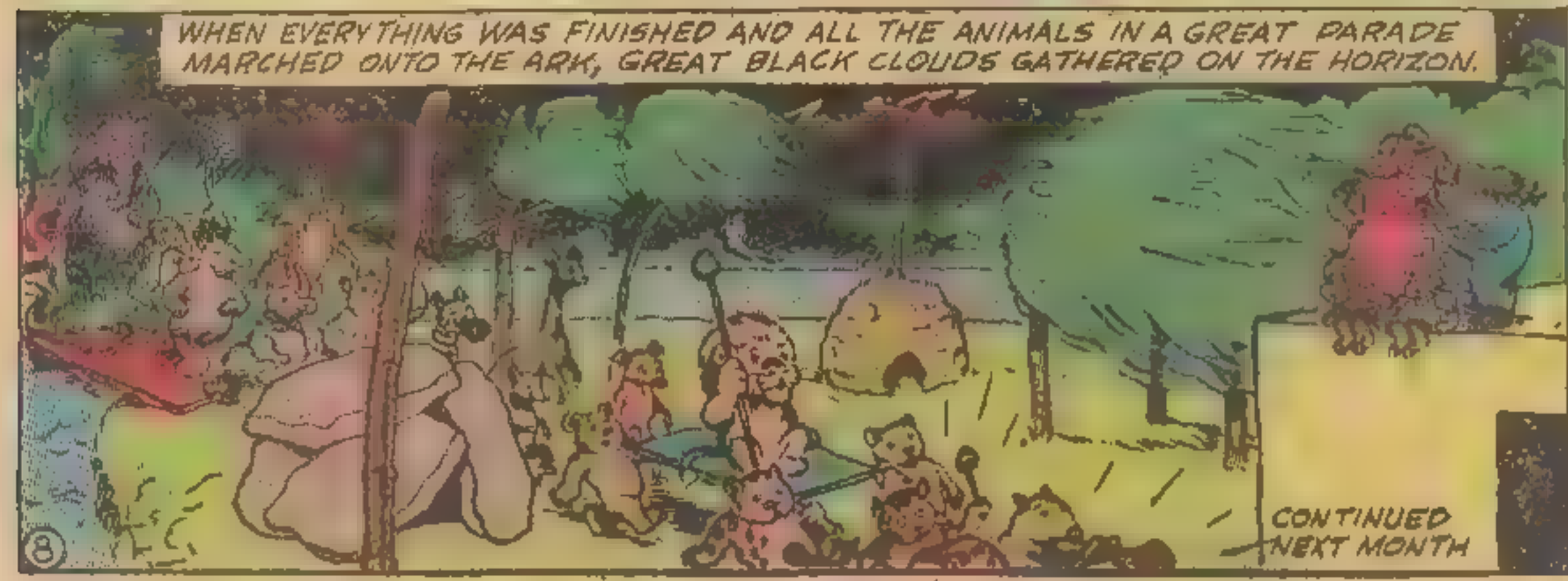
—THE WAY THEY HAD ALWAYS DONE—WITH STICKS AND MUD


THE ARK HUMMED WITH ACTIVITY. THEN SOMEBODY HAD A BRIGHT IDEA—


—IT WAS TO COVER THE FLOOR WITH EARTH AND MAKE IT LOOK LIKE THEIR REAL JUNGLE HOME.

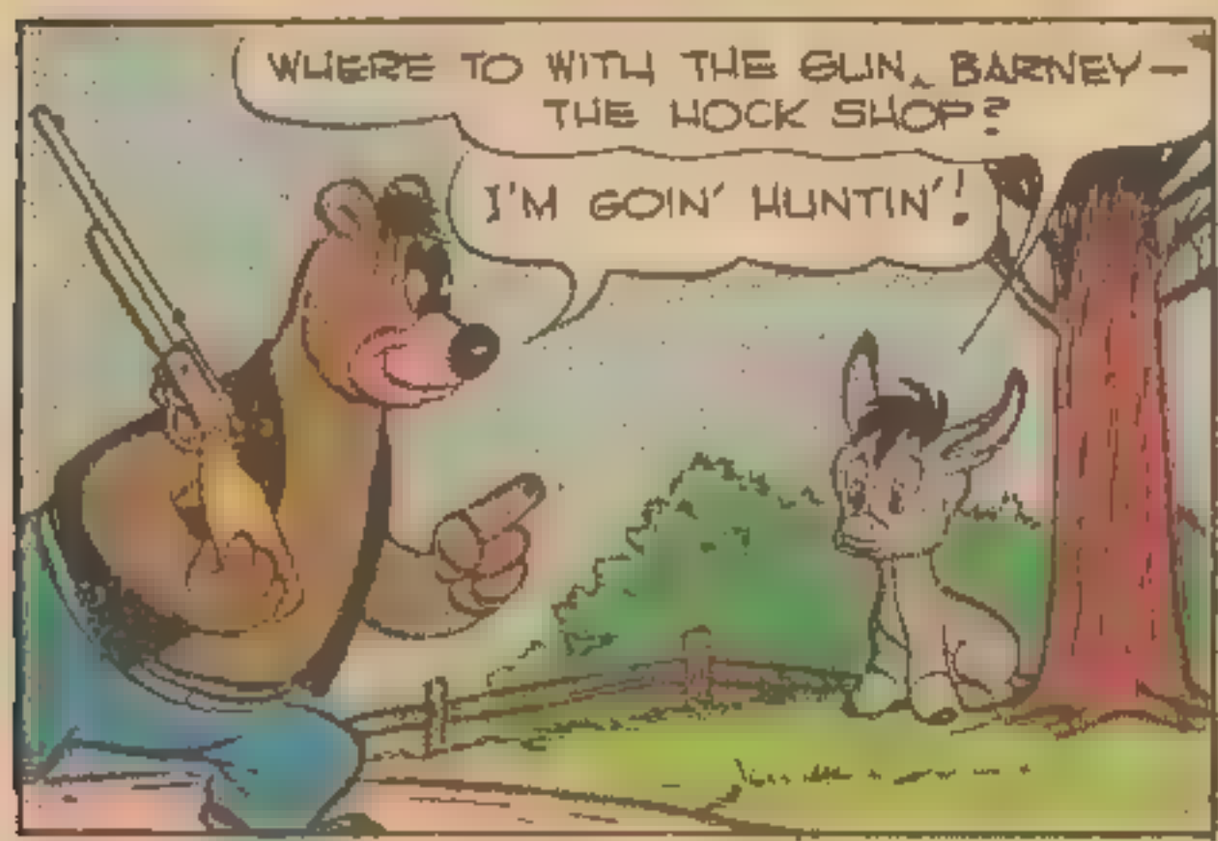

THE ELEPHANT UPROOTED BIG TREES.

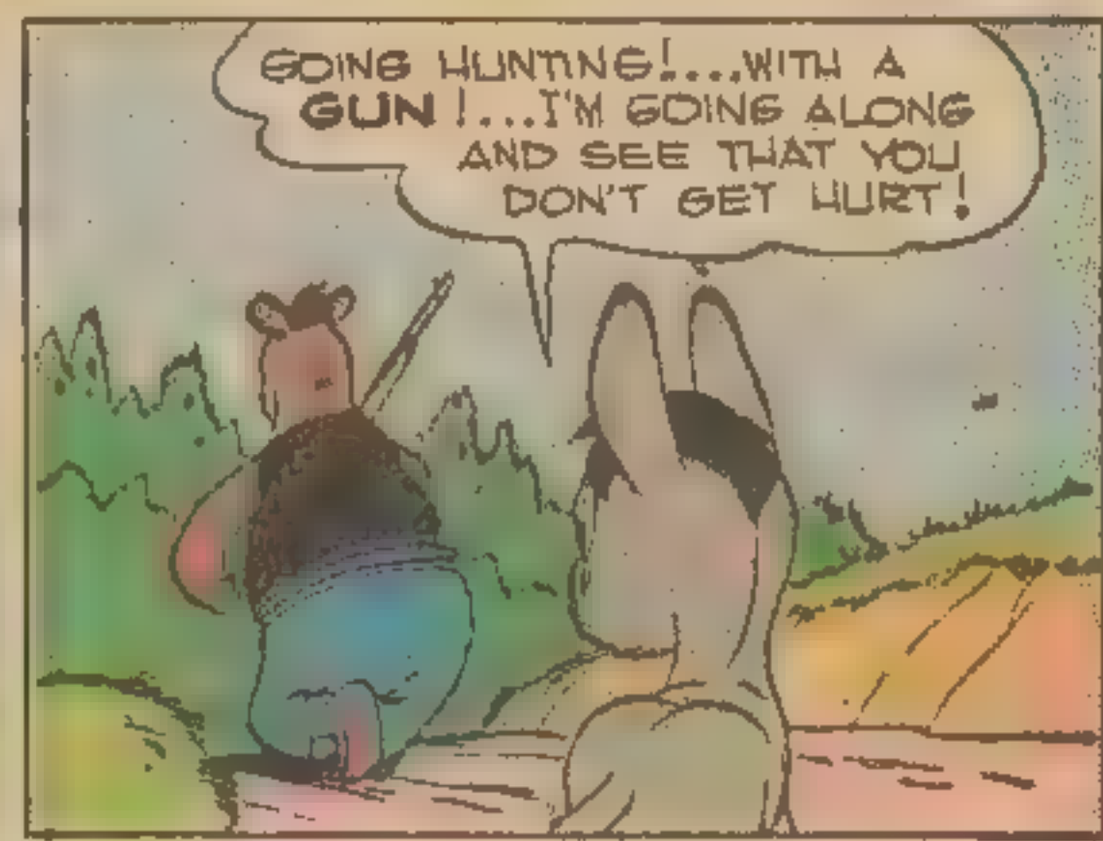
THE RHINOS AND HIPPOS TOOK THEM ABOARD WHERE THEY WERE TRANSPLANTED.

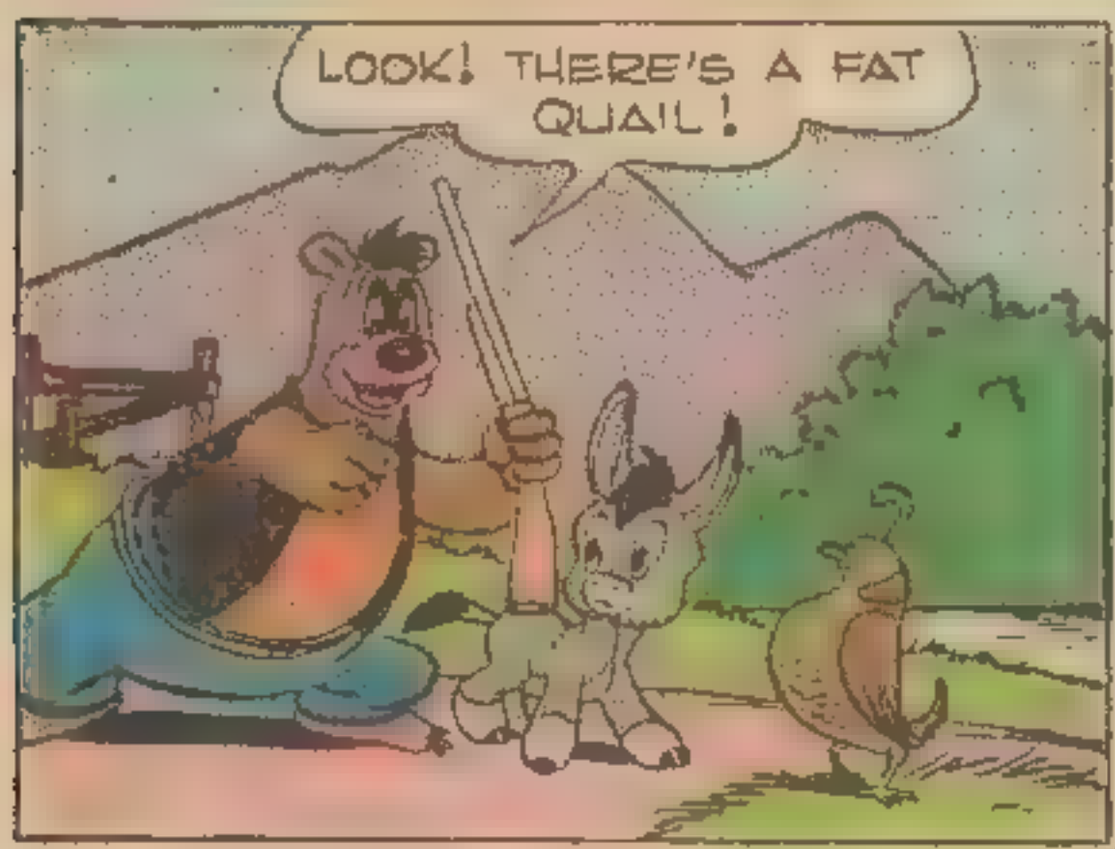

WHEN EVERYTHING WAS FINISHED AND ALL THE ANIMALS IN A GREAT PARADE MARCHED ONTO THE ARK, GREAT BLACK CLOUDS GATHERED ON THE HORIZON.
CONTINUED NEXT MONTH

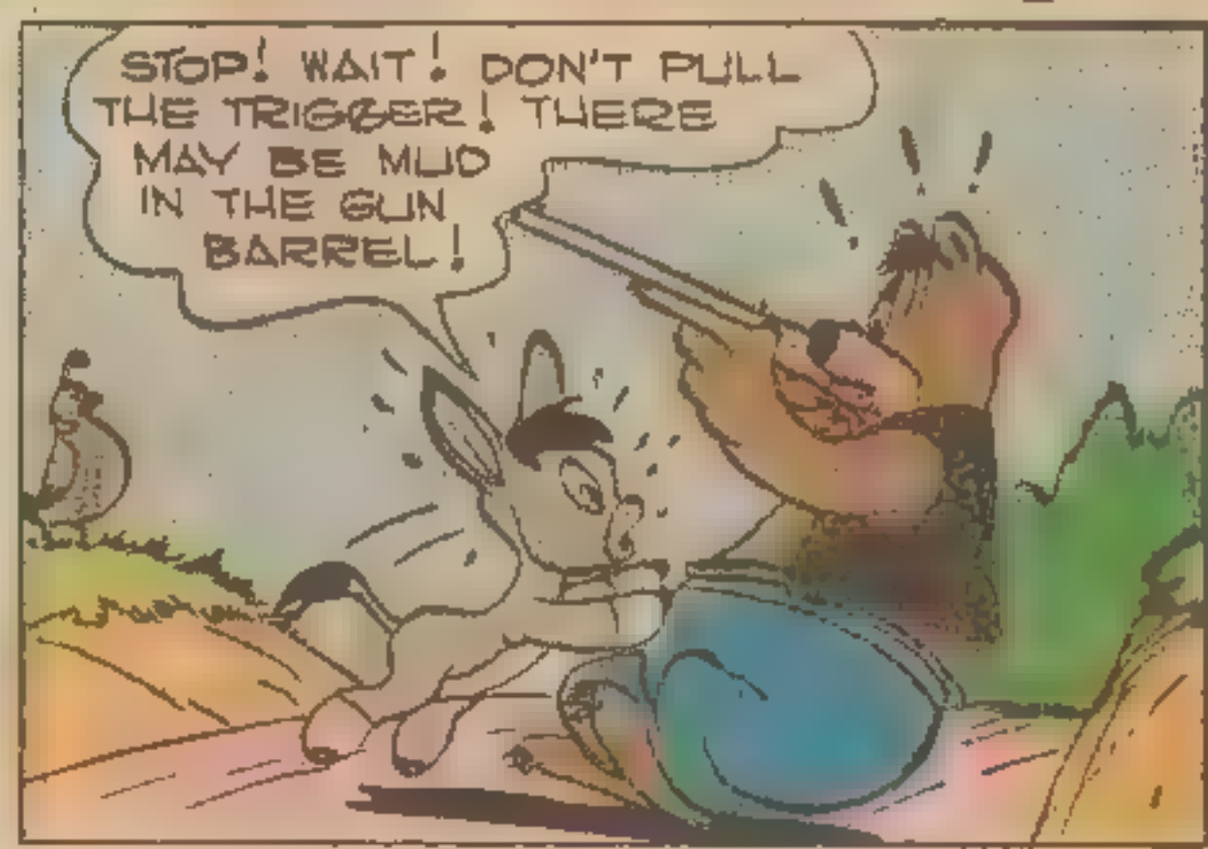
BARNEY BEAR BENNY BURRO

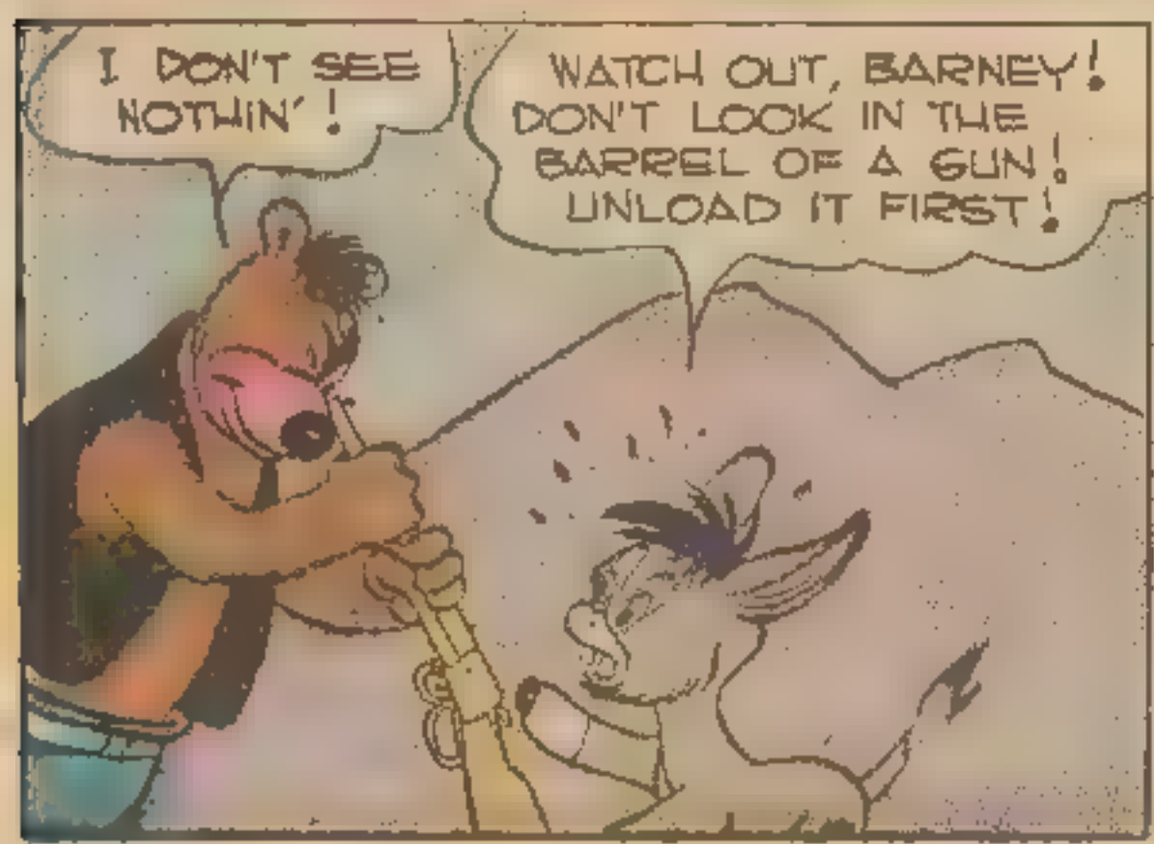
PRESENTED BY M-G-M CARTOONS

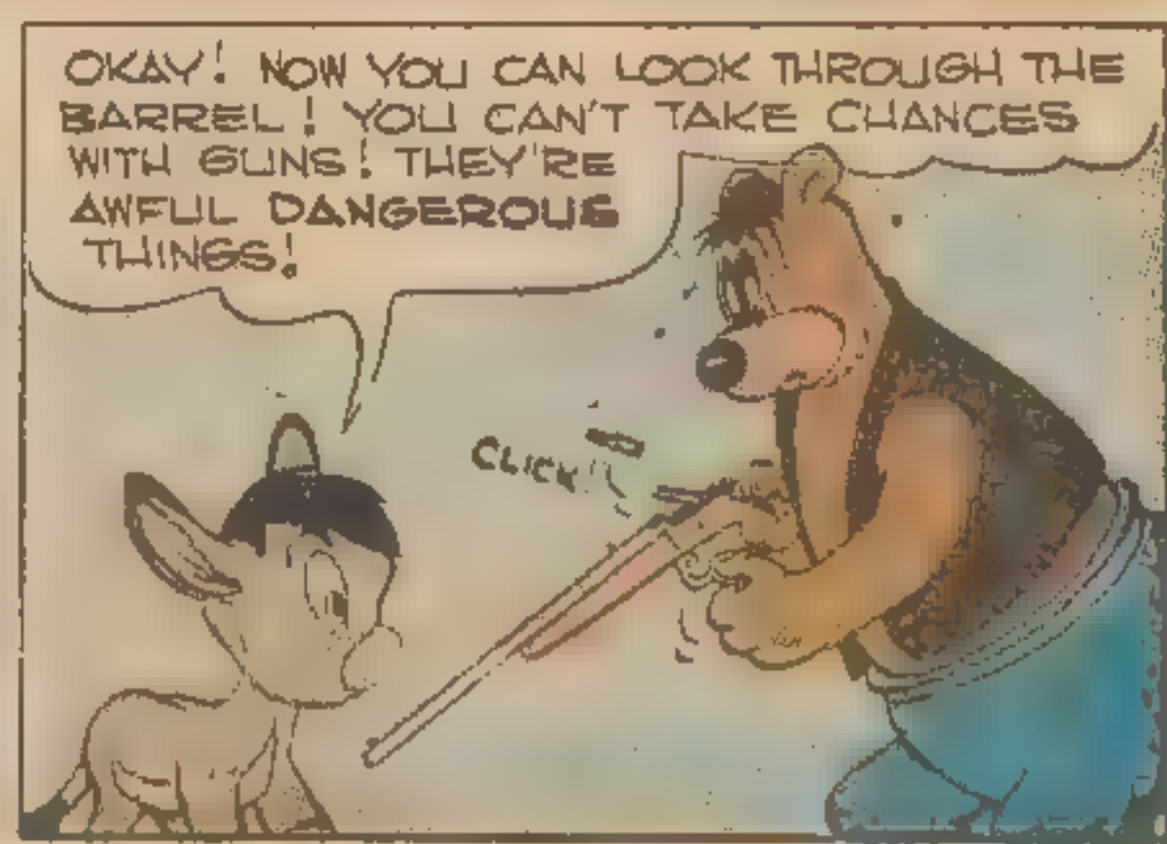


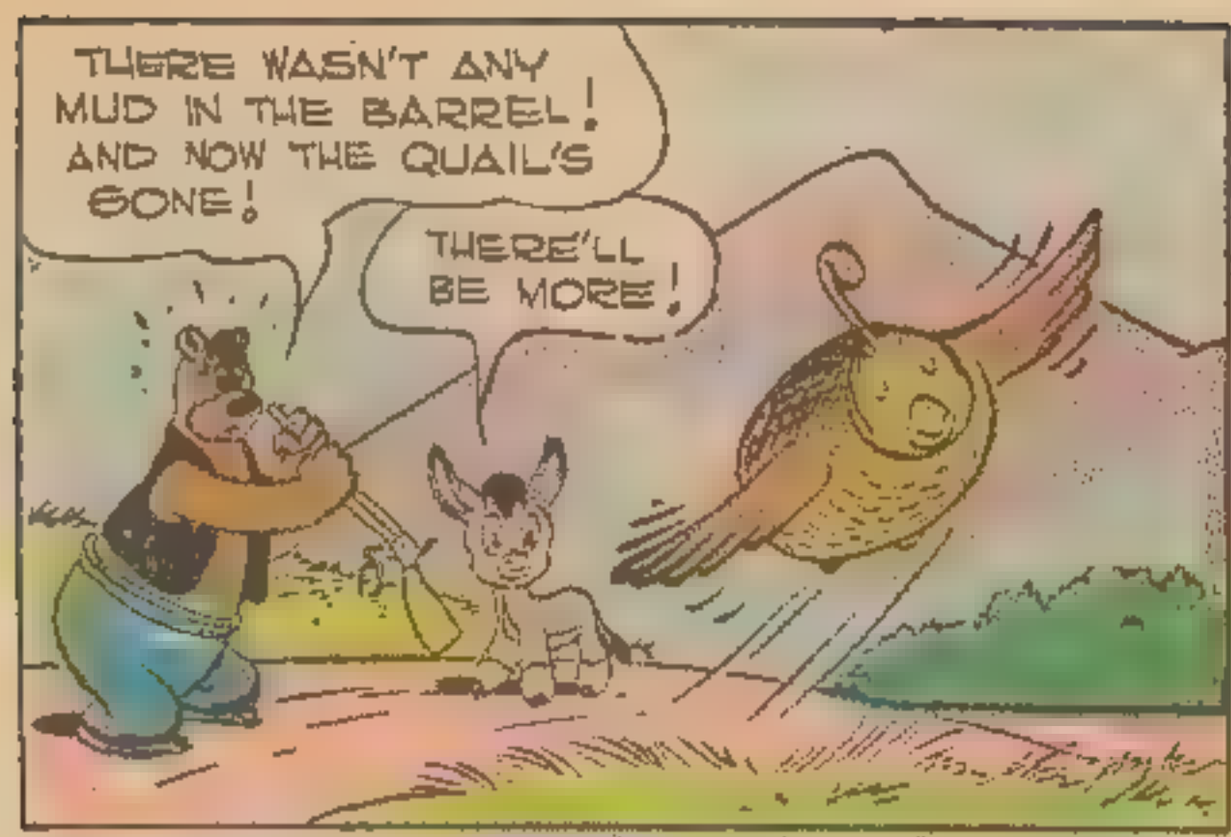


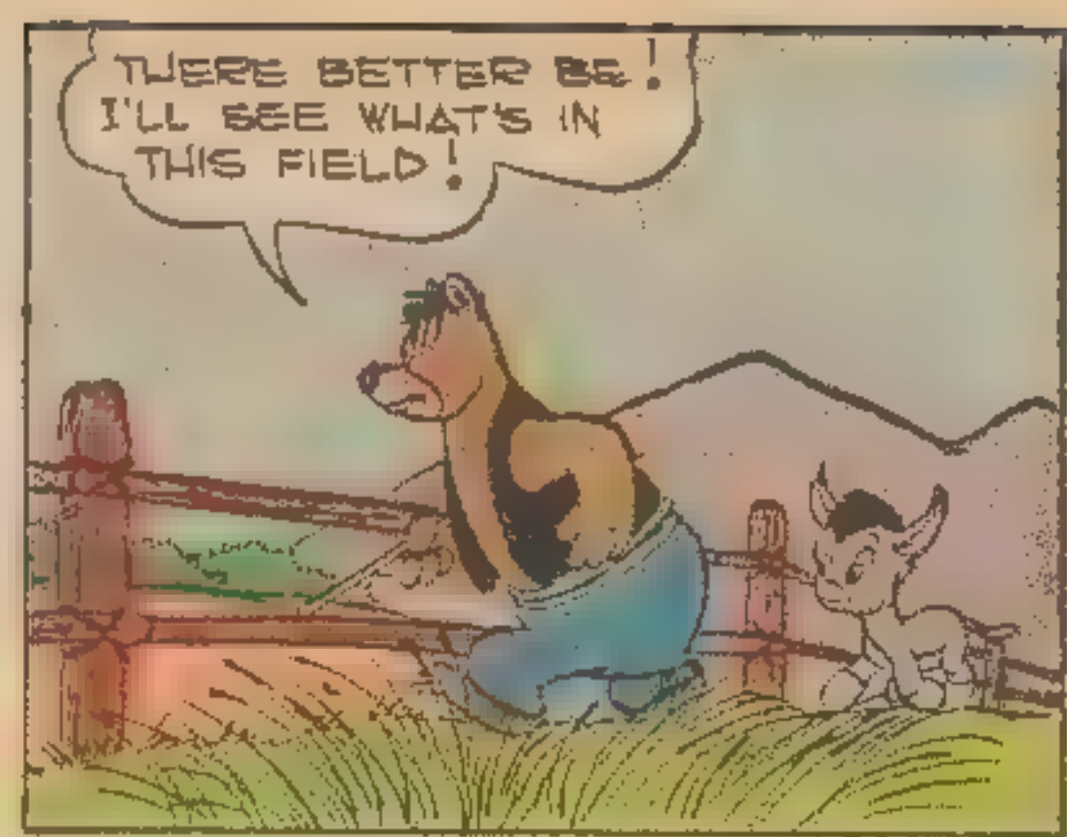


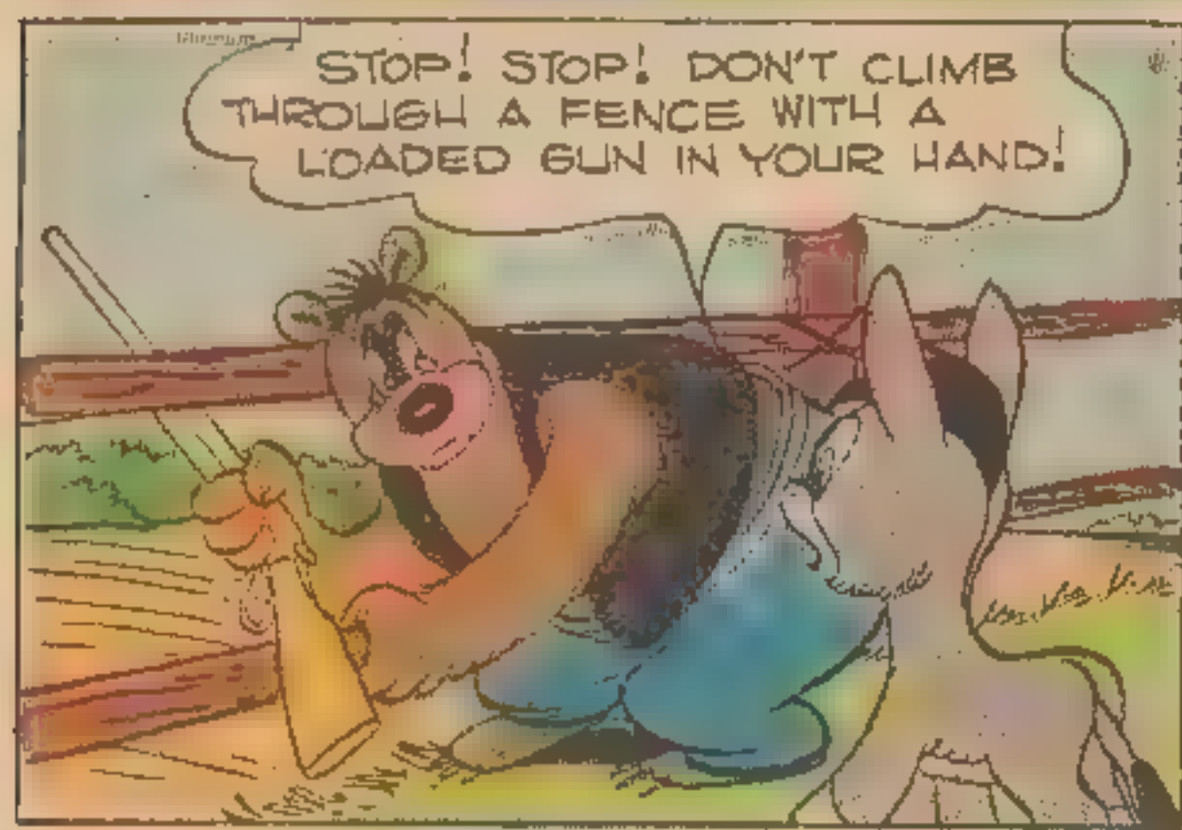


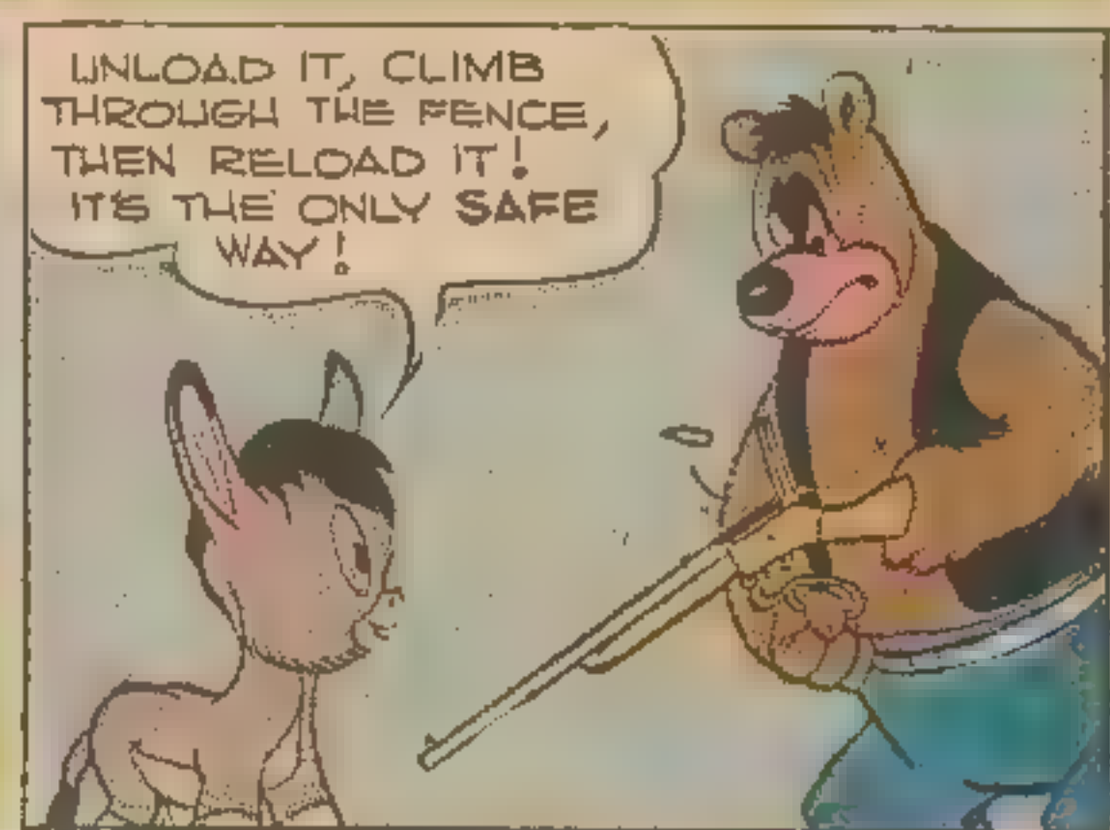


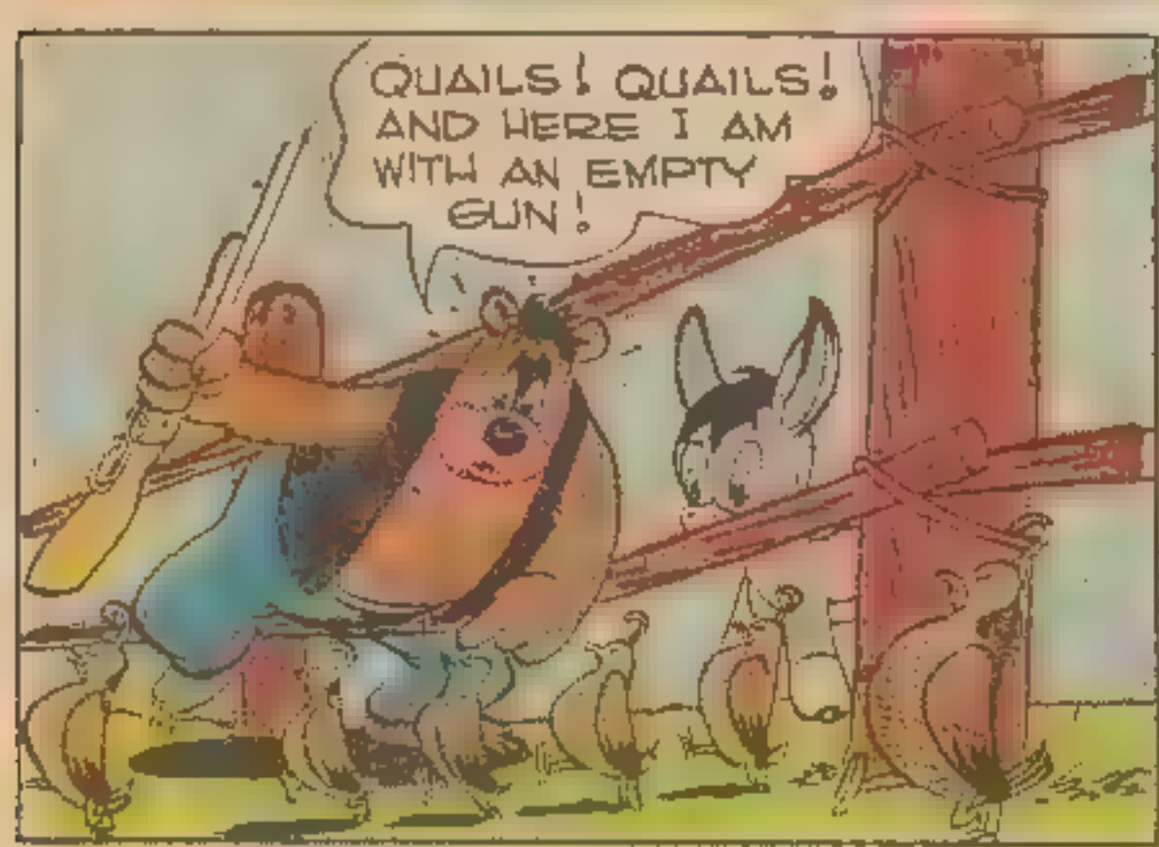


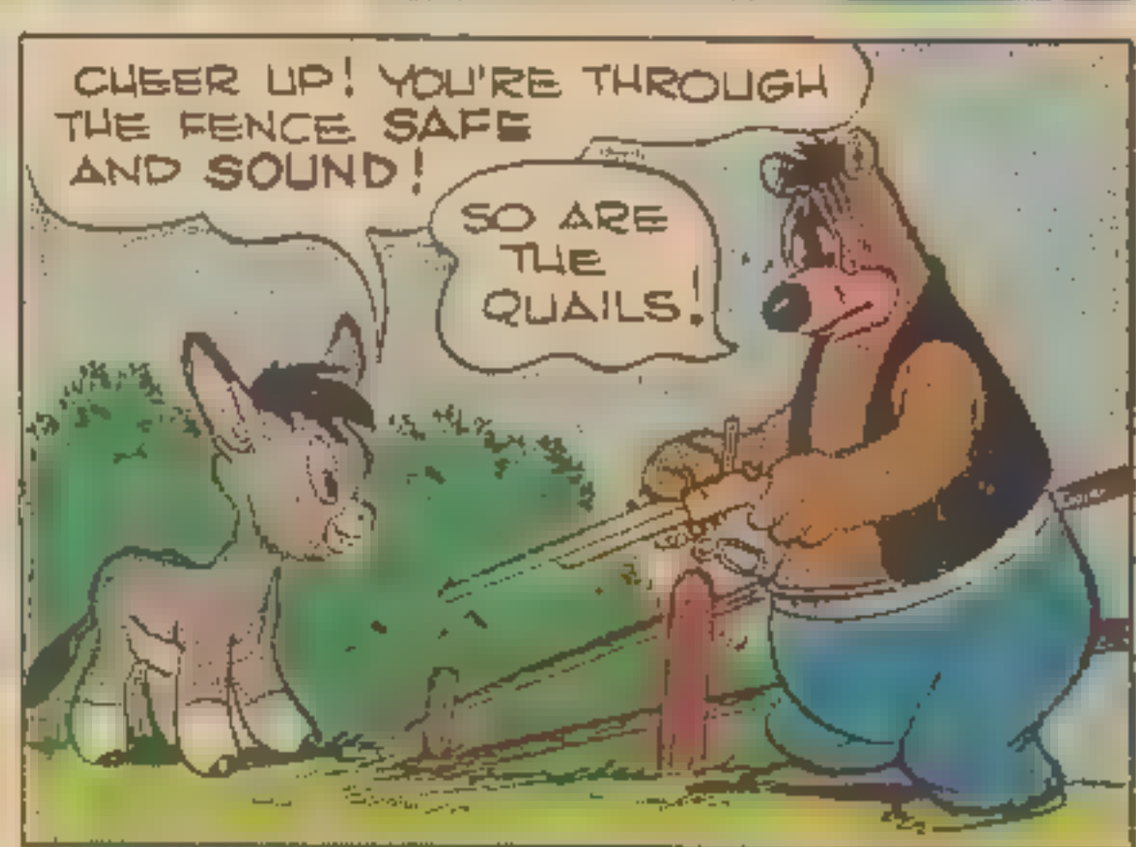

THERE WASN'T ANY MUD IN THE BARREL! AND NOW THE QUAIL'S GONE!
THERE'LL BE MORE!

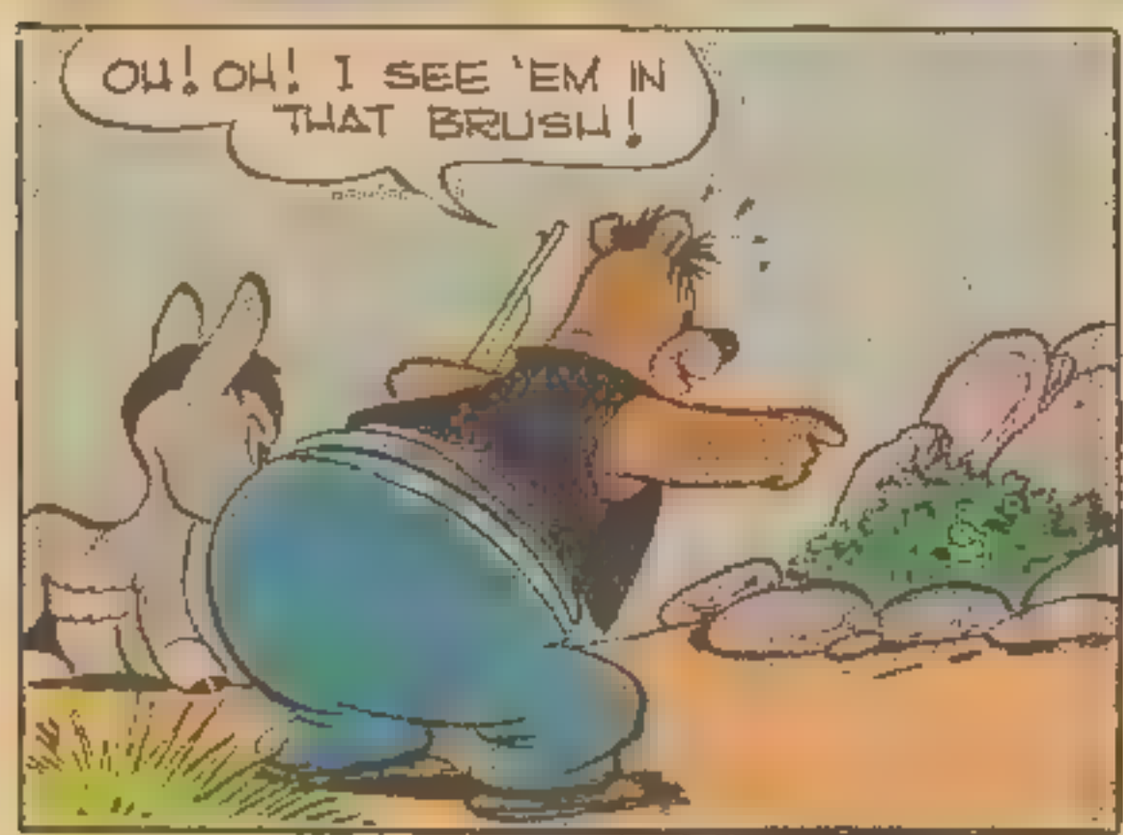

THERE BETTER BE! I'LL SEE WHAT'S IN THIS FIELD!

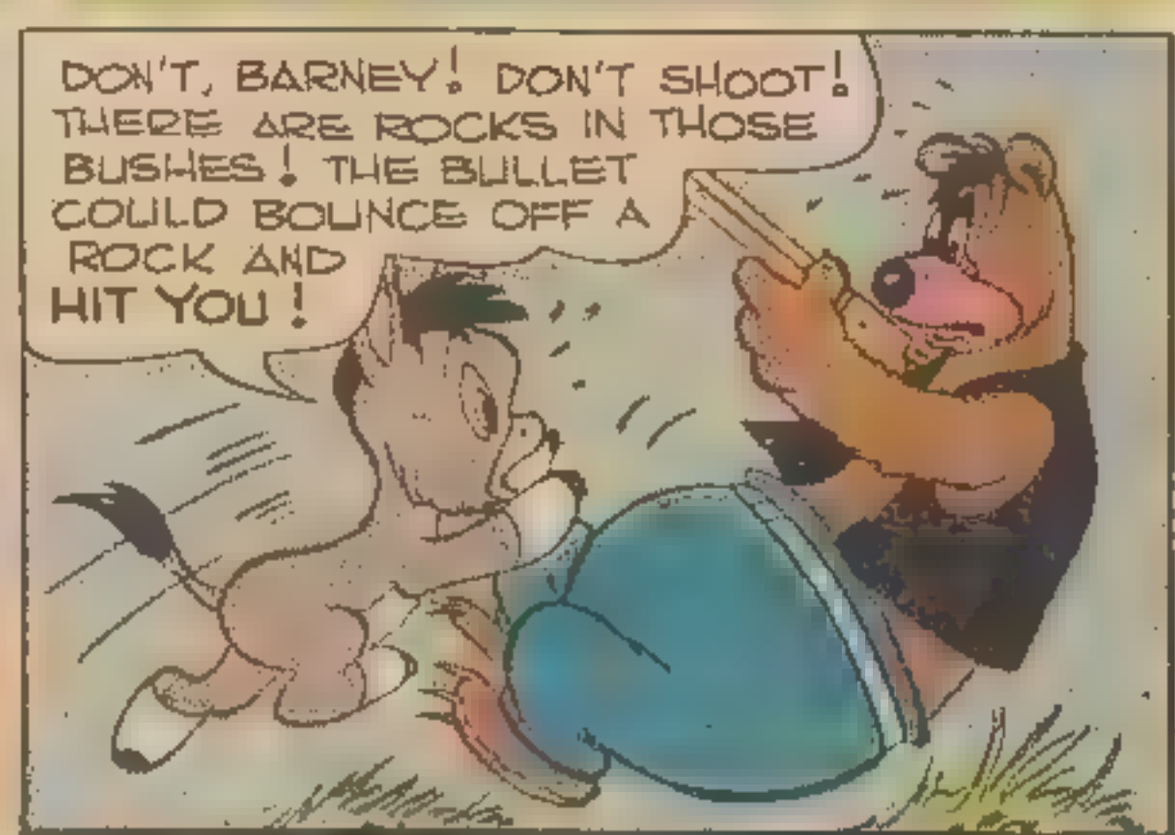

STOP! STOP! DON'T CLIMB THROUGH A FENCE WITH A LOADED GUN IN YOUR HAND!

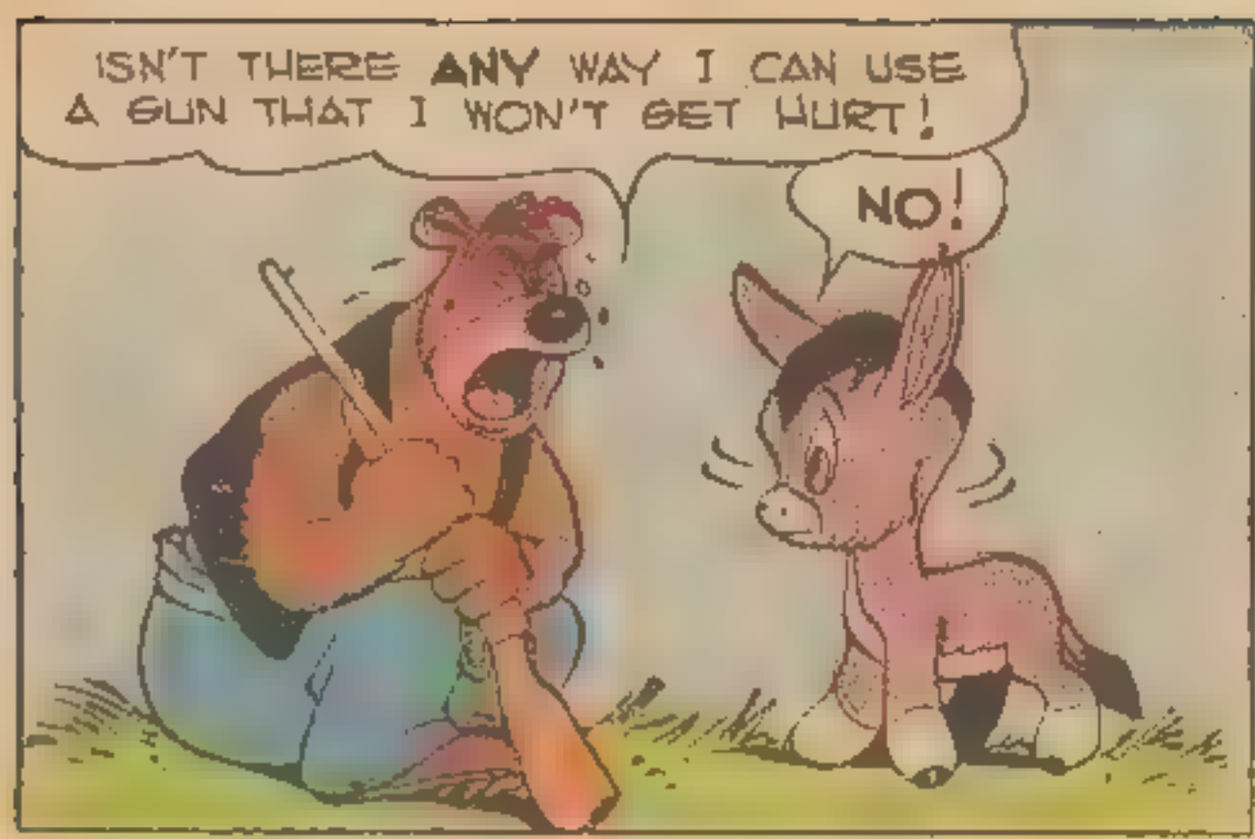

UNLOAD IT, CLIMB THROUGH THE FENCE, THEN RELOAD IT! IT'S THE ONLY SAFE WAY!

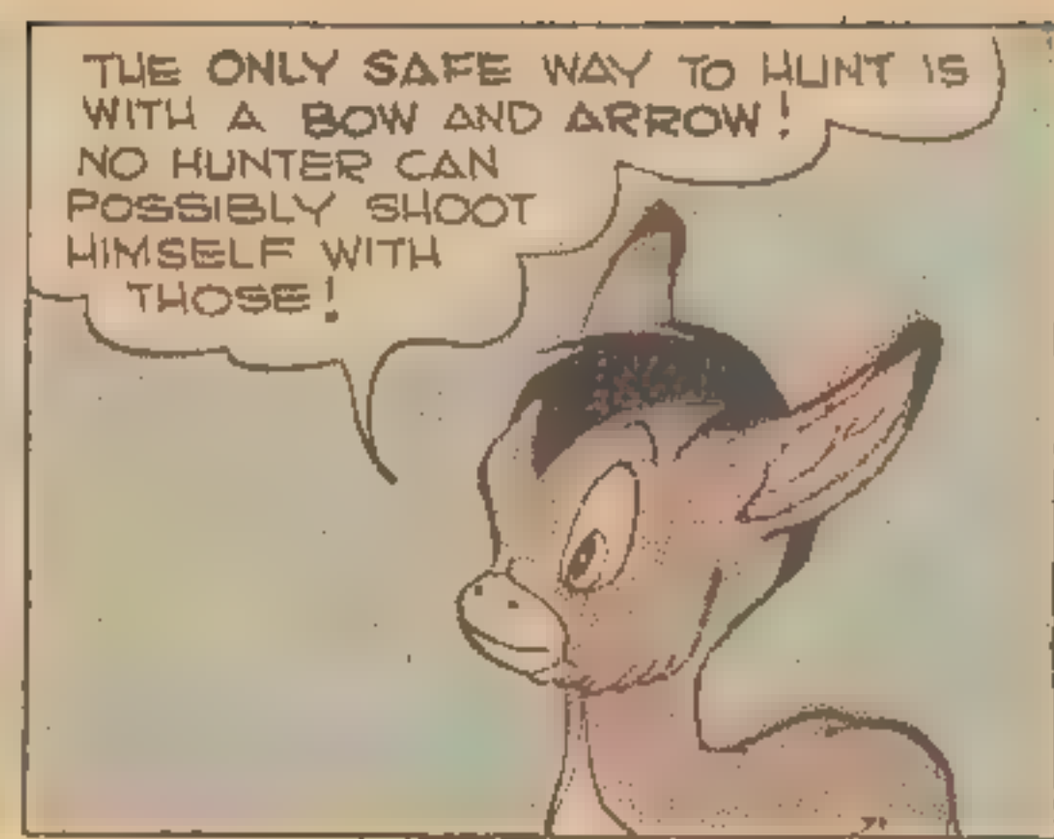

QUAILS! QUAILS! AND HERE I AM WITH AN EMPTY GUN!

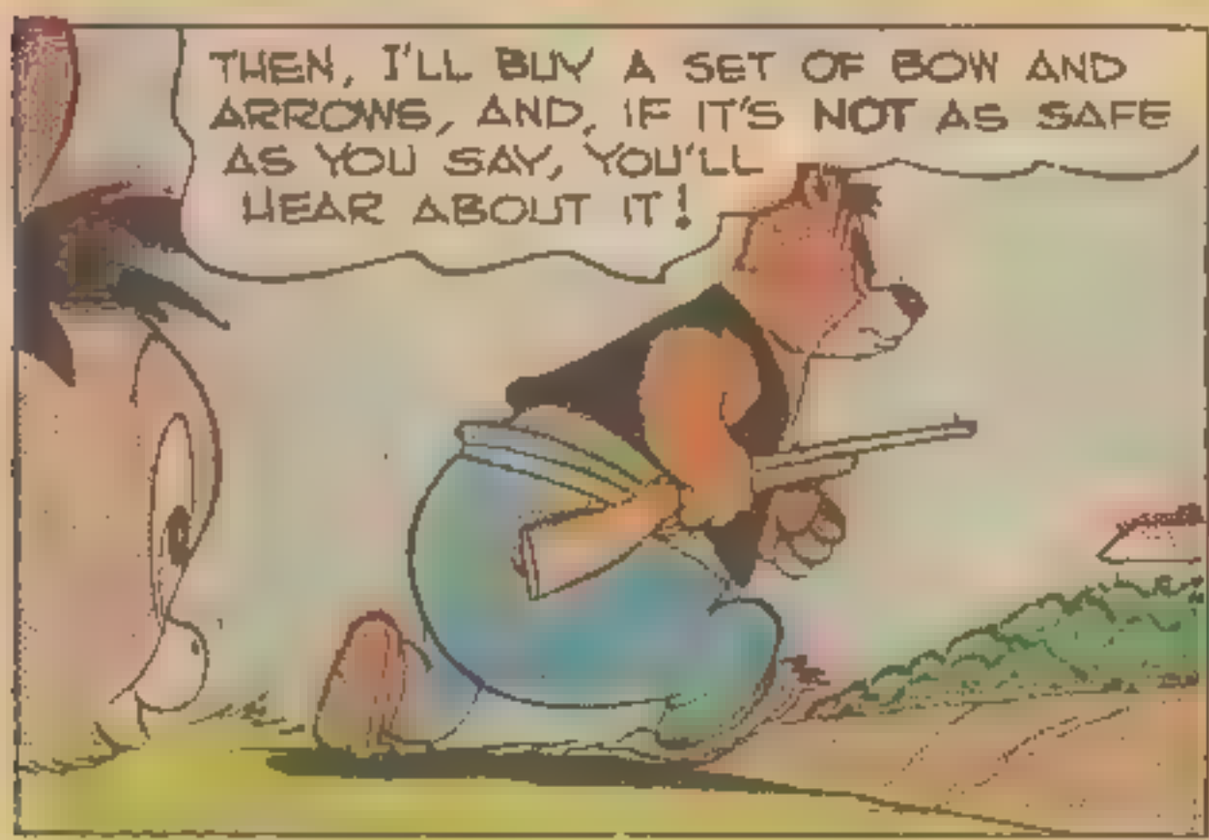

CHEER UP! YOU'RE THROUGH THE FENCE SAFE AND SOUND!
SO ARE THE QUAILS!

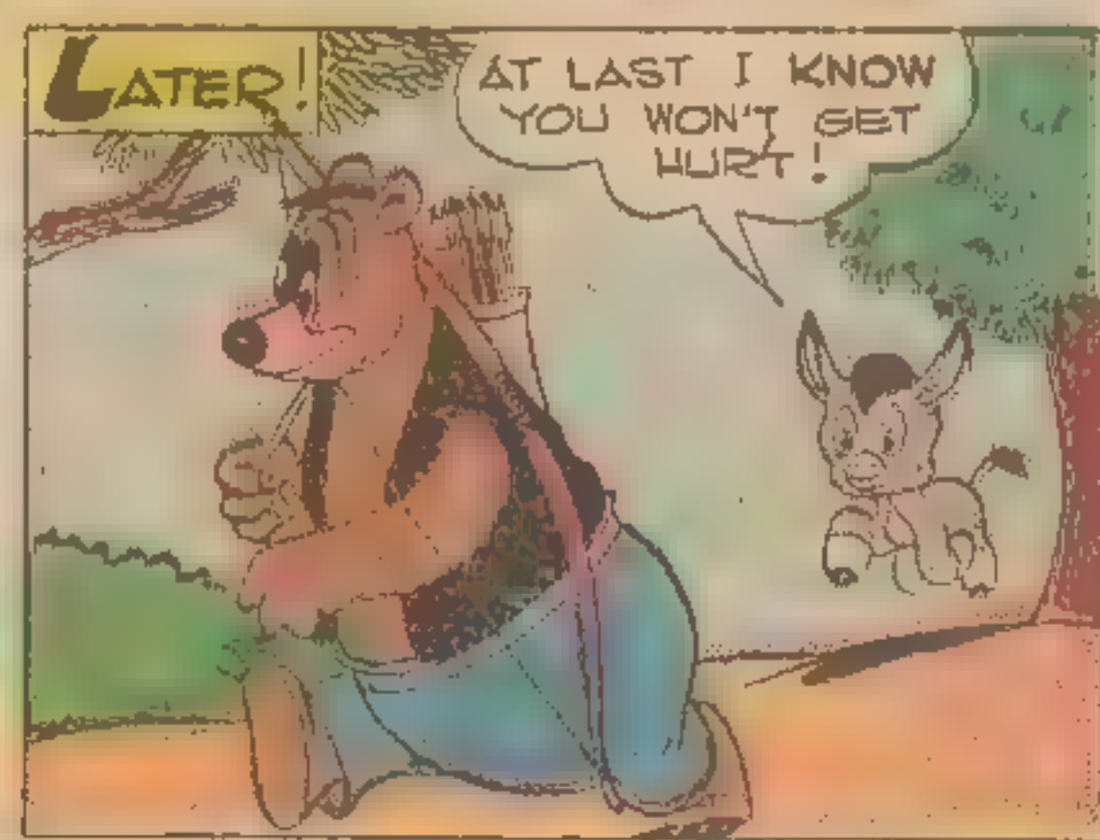

OH! OH! I SEE 'EM IN THAT BRUSH!

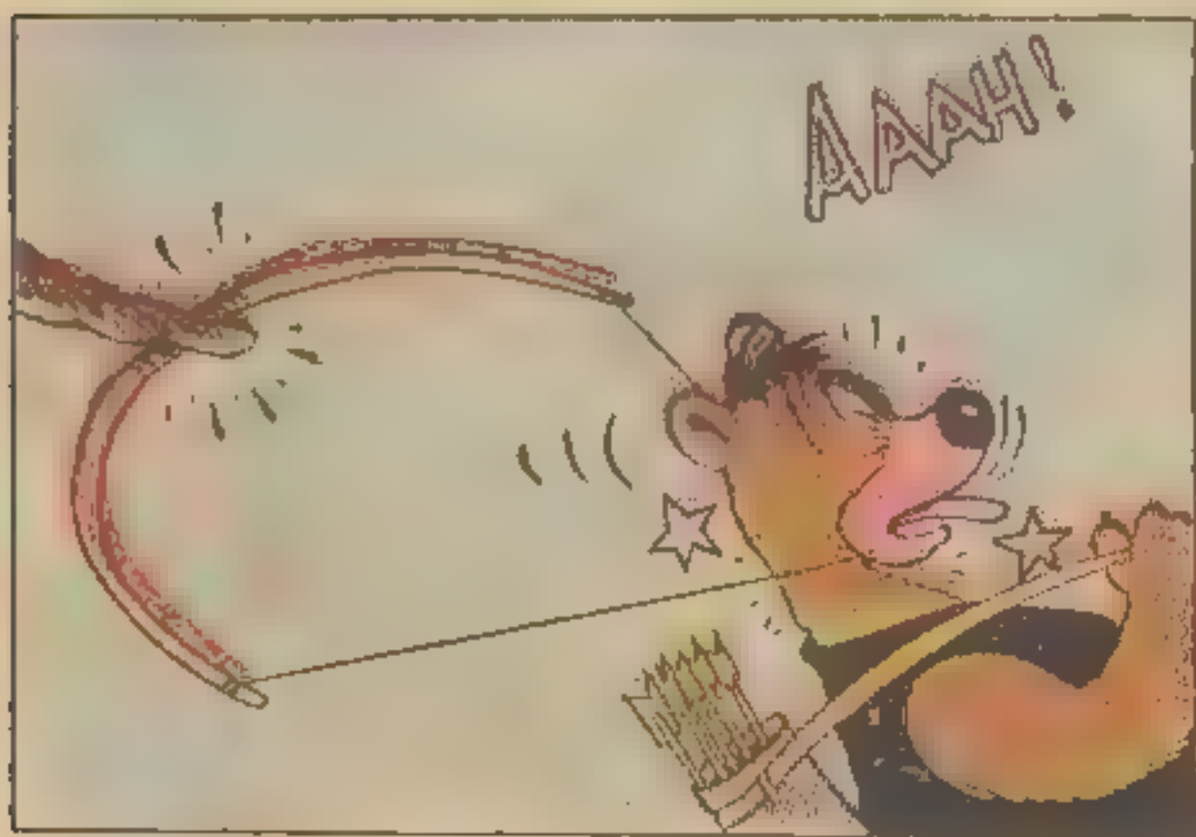

DON'T, BARNEY! DON'T SHOOT! THERE ARE ROCKS IN THOSE BUSHES! THE BULLET COULD BOUNCE OFF A ROCK AND HIT YOU!


ISN'T THERE ANY WAY I CAN USE A GUN THAT I WON'T GET HURT!
NO!

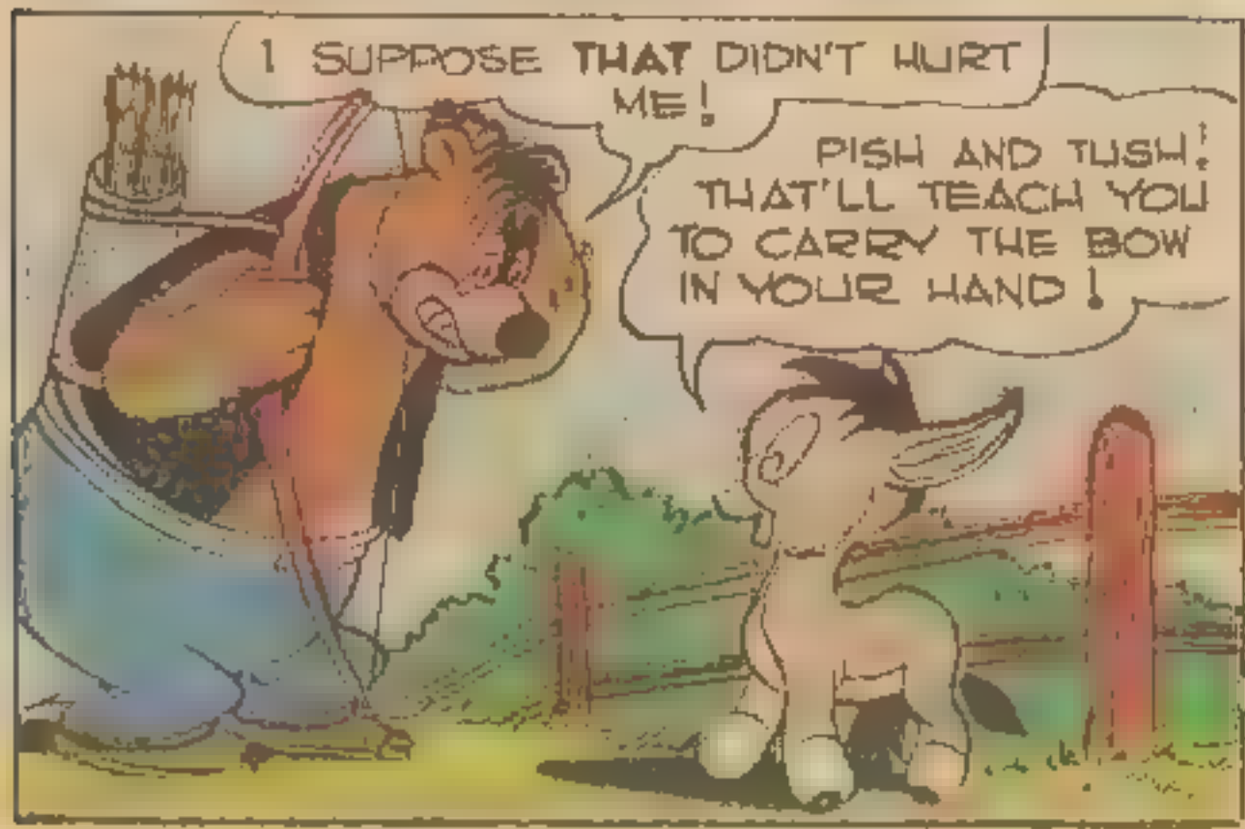

THE ONLY SAFE WAY TO HUNT IS WITH A BOW AND ARROW! NO HUNTER CAN POSSIBLY SHOOT HIMSELF WITH THOSE!

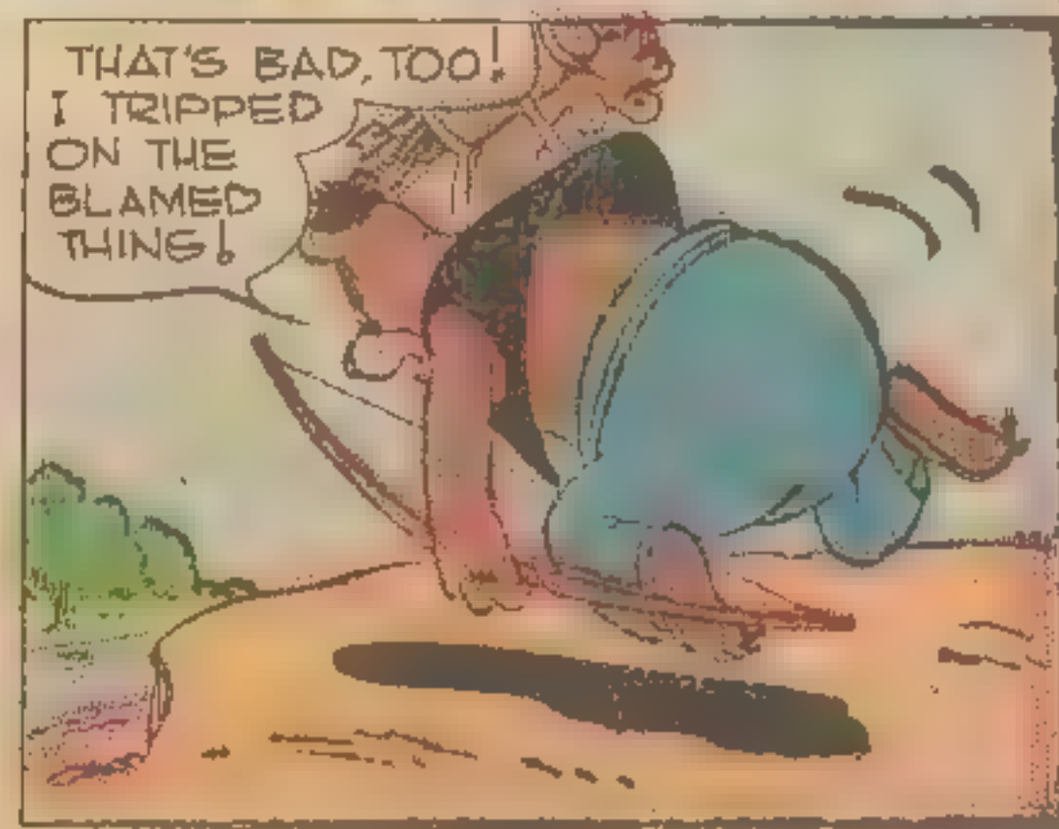

THEN, I'LL BUY A SET OF BOW AND ARROWS, AND, IF IT'S NOT AS SAFE AS YOU SAY, YOU'LL HEAR ABOUT IT!


LATER!
AT LAST I KNOW YOU WON'T GET HURT!

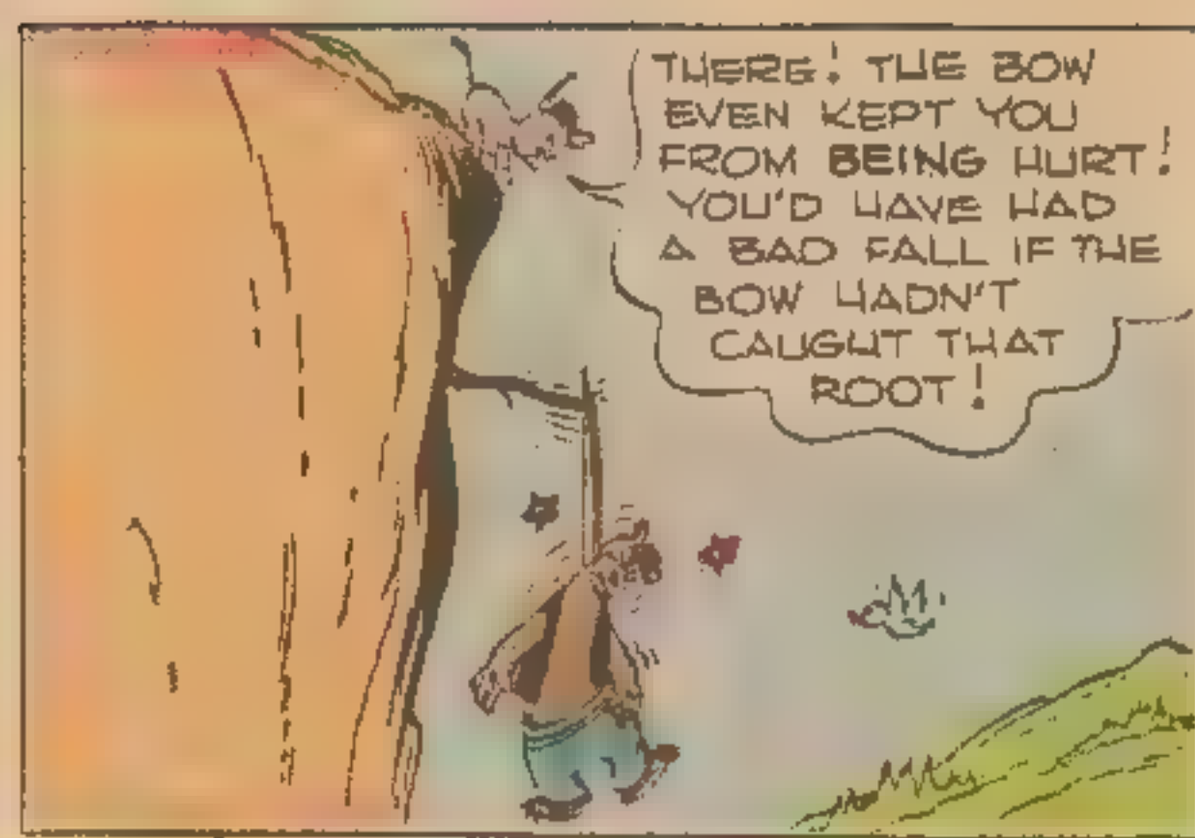

AAAH!

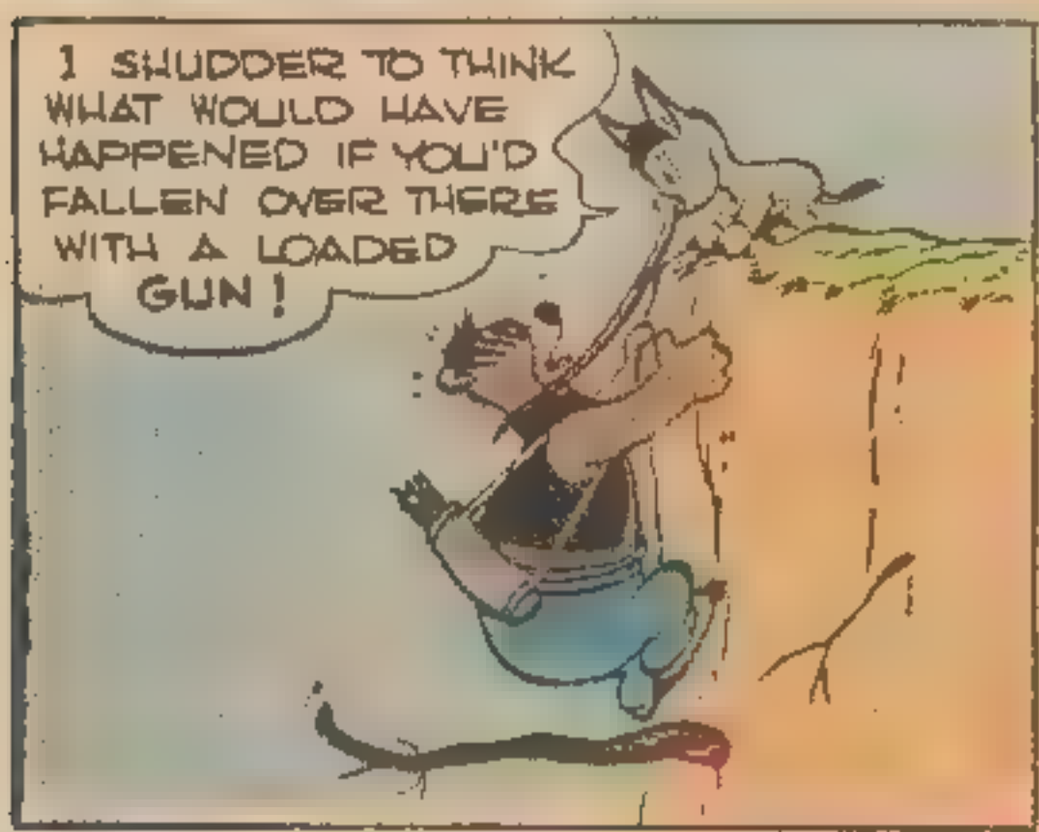
THUNK!

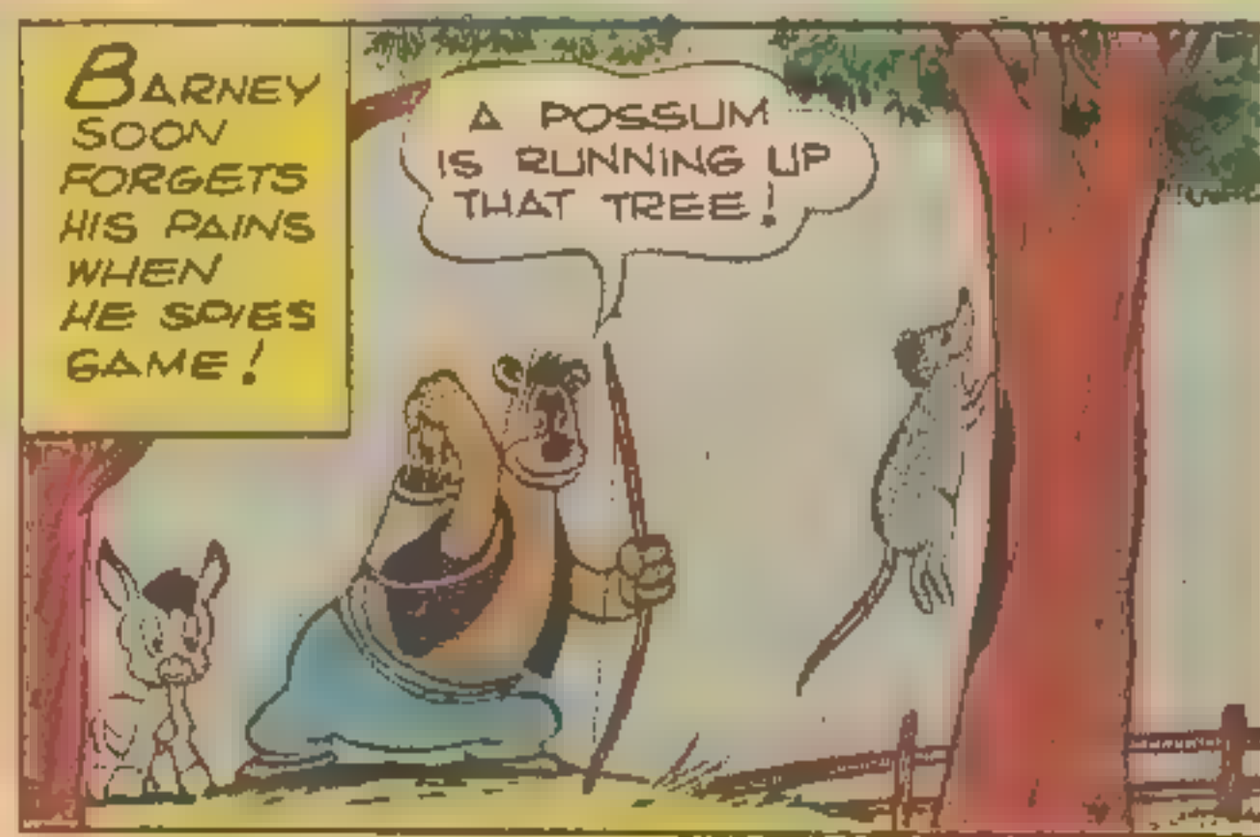

I SUPPOSE THAT DIDN'T HURT ME!
PISH AND TUSH! THAT'LL TEACH YOU TO CARRY THE BOW IN YOUR HAND!


THAT'S BAD, TOO! I TRIPPED ON THE BLAMED THING!

HELP!

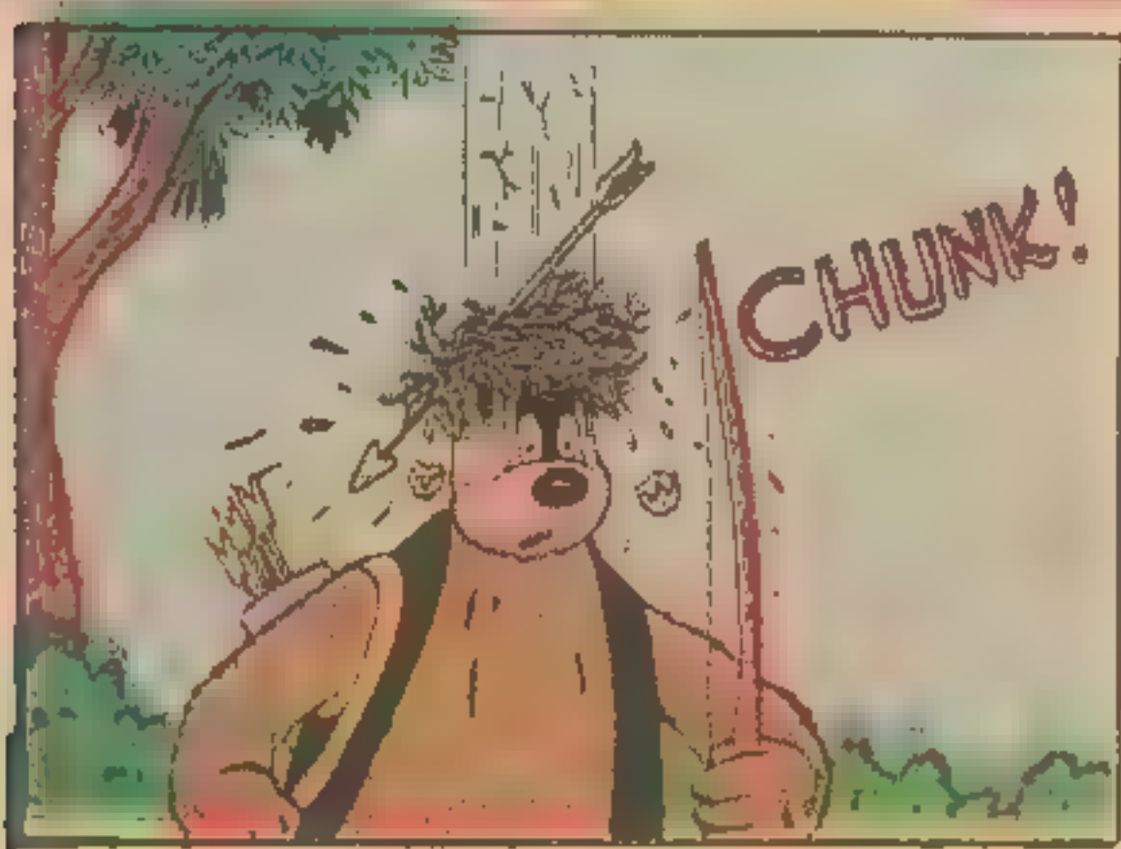

THERE! THE BOW EVEN KEPT YOU FROM BEING HURT! YOU'D HAVE HAD A BAD FALL IF THE BOW HADN'T CAUGHT THAT ROOT!


I SHUDDER TO THINK WHAT WOULD HAVE HAPPENED IF YOU'D FALLEN OVER THERE WITH A LOADED GUN!

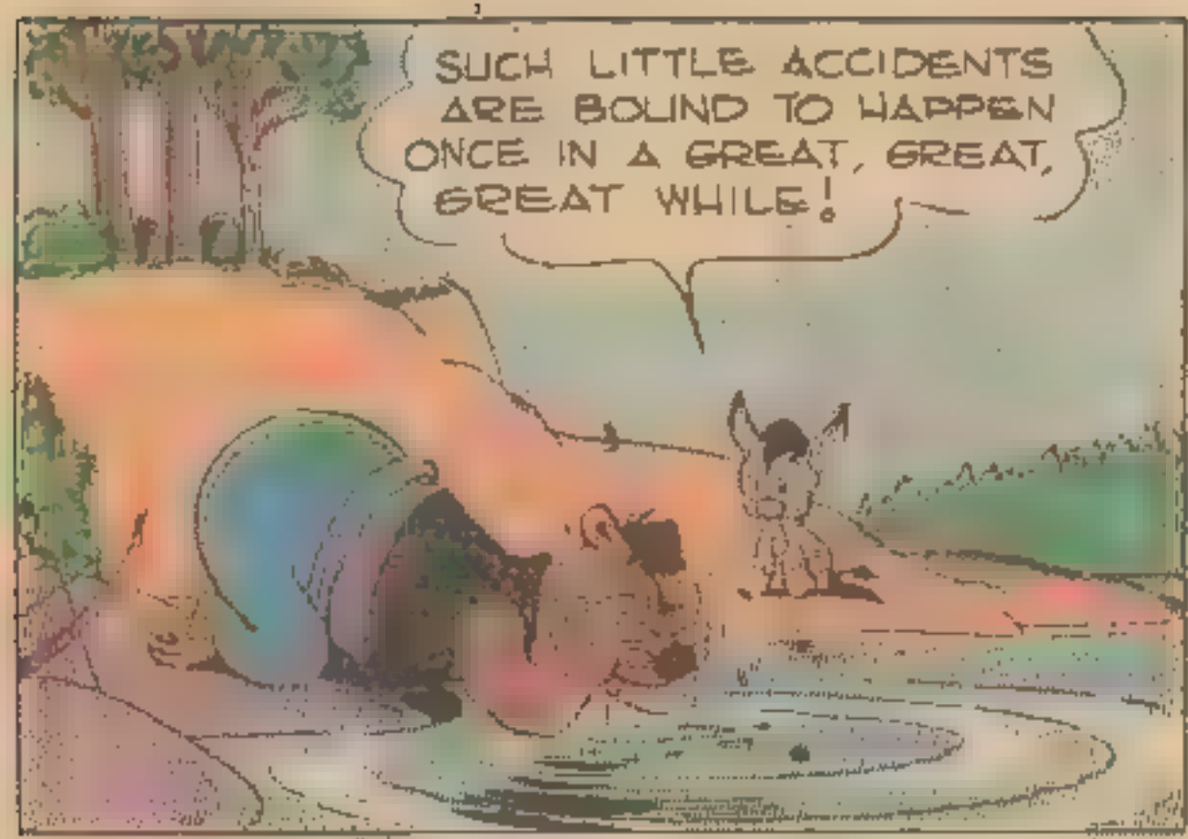

BARNEY SOON FORGETS HIS PAINS WHEN HE SPIES GAME!
A POSSUM IS RUNNING UP THAT TREE!

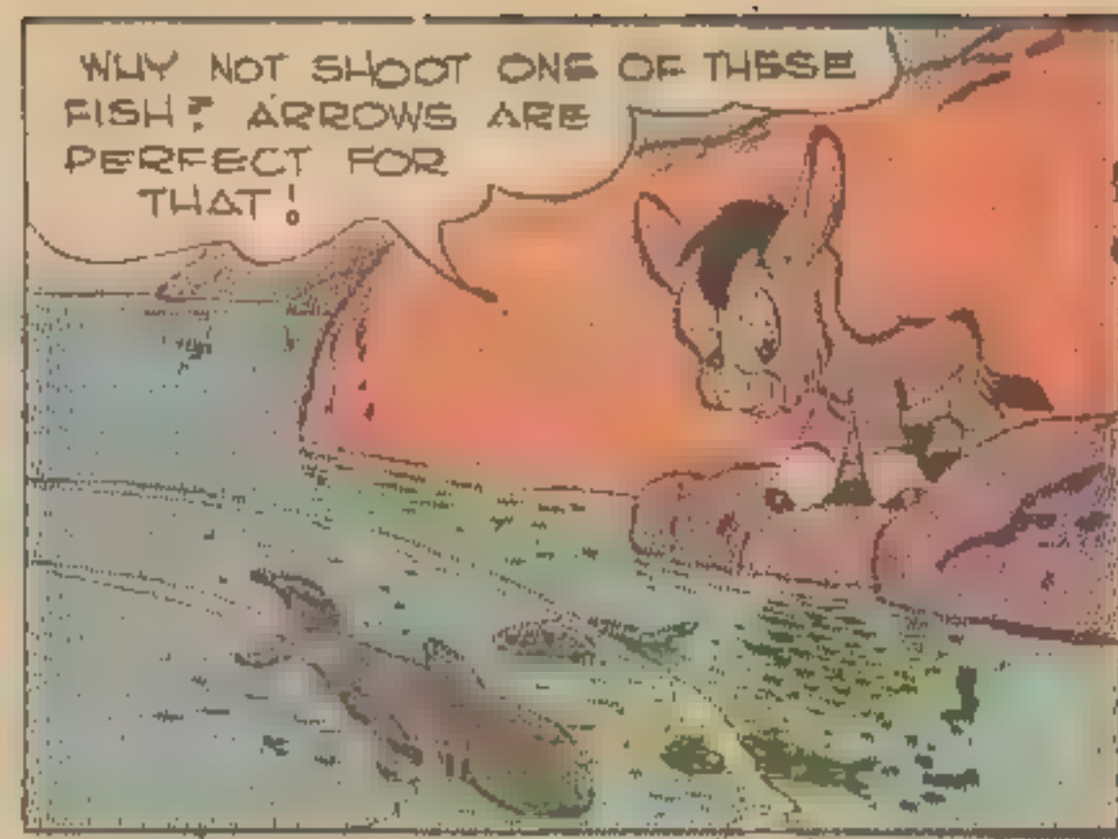
MISSED HIM!

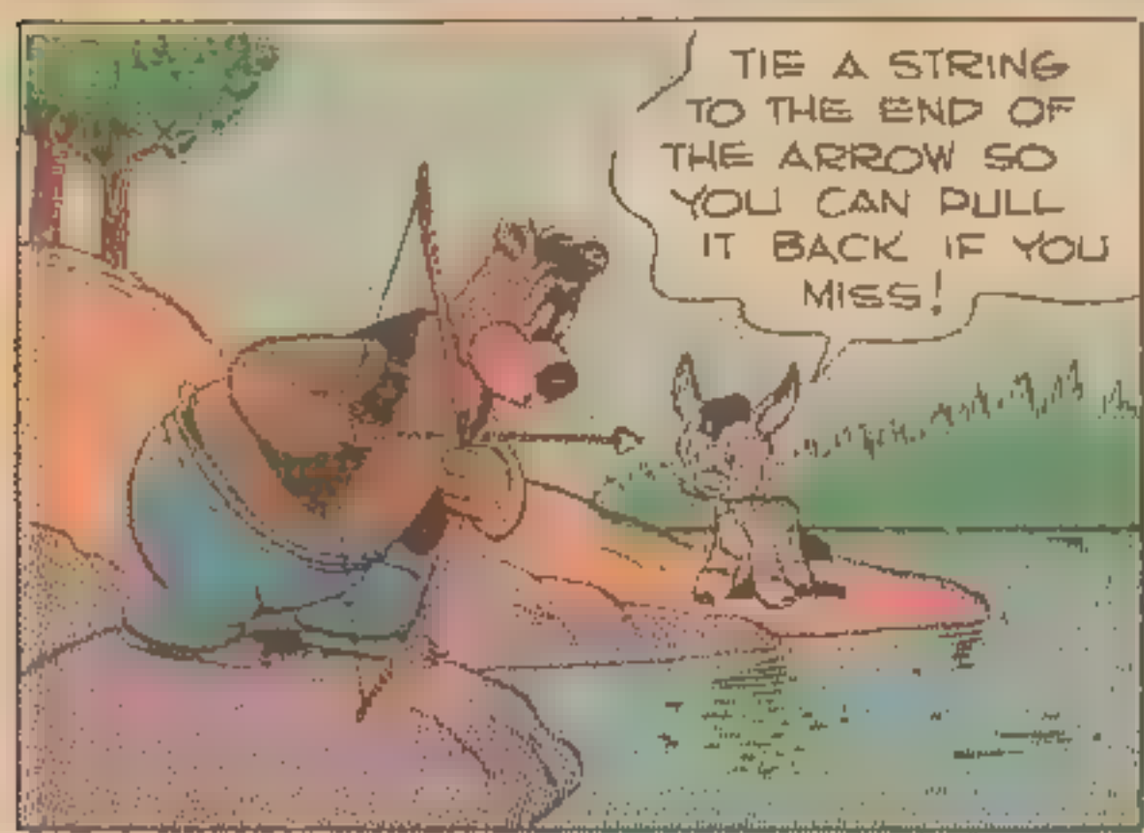
THUNK!

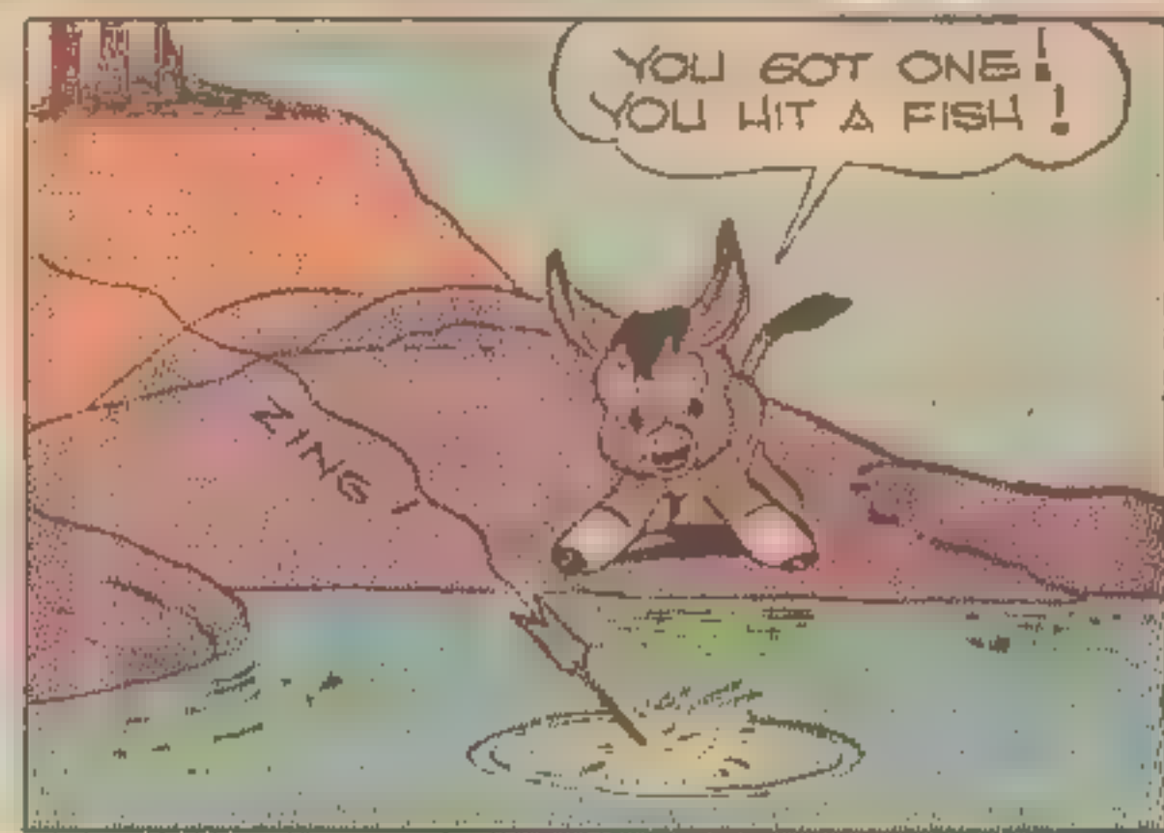

CHUNK!

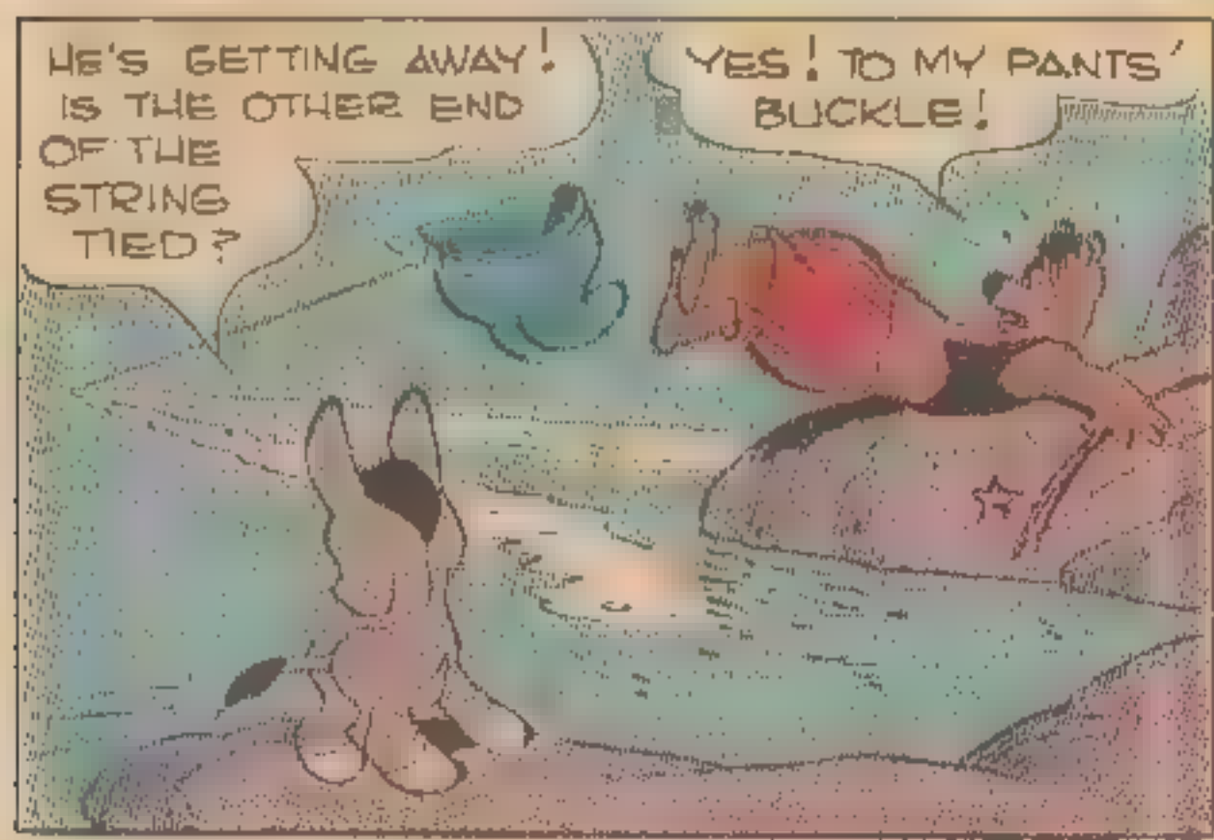
YEAH! HUNTIN' WITH A BOW AND ARROW ISN'T A BIT DANGEROUS! OH, NO!
PECK!
PECK!



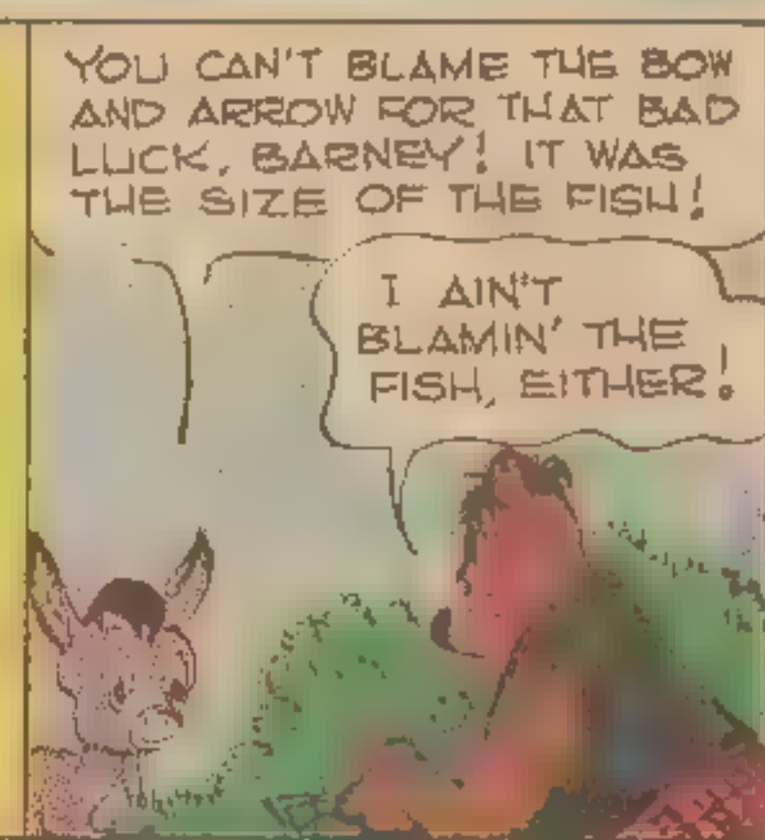


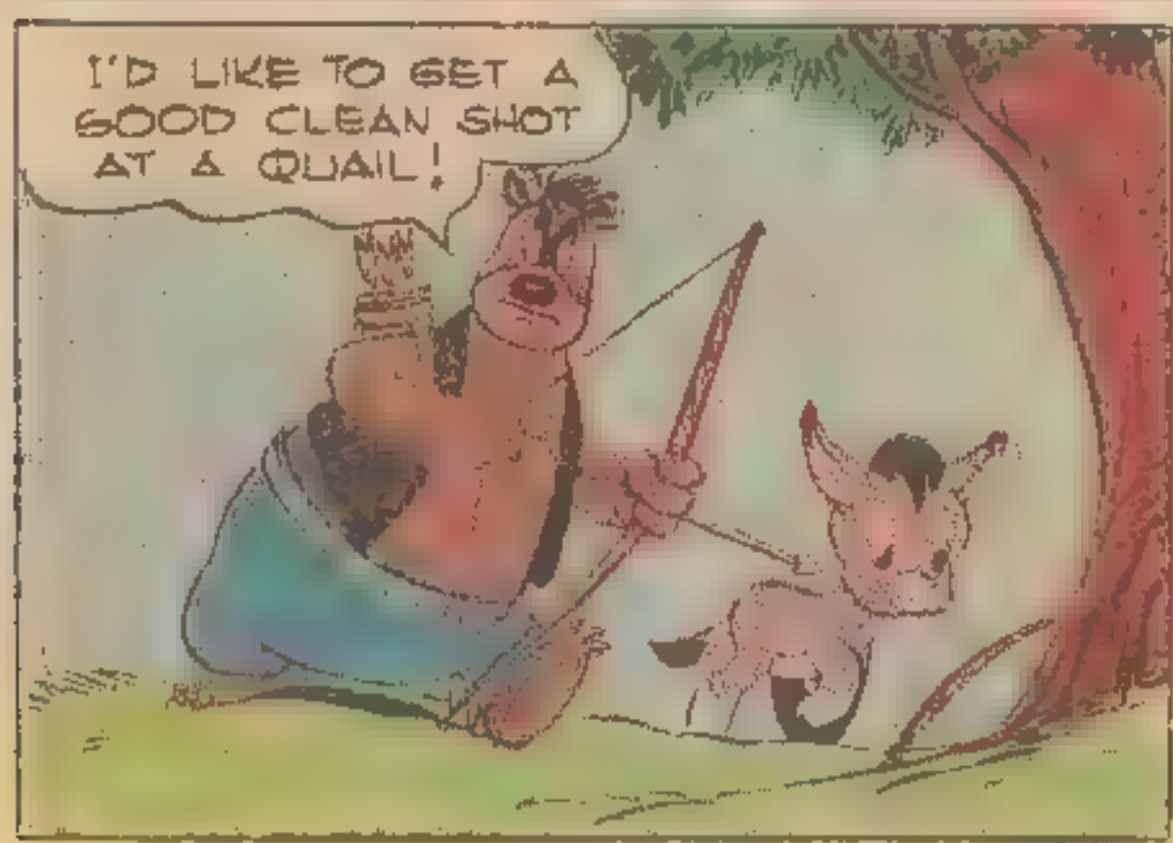






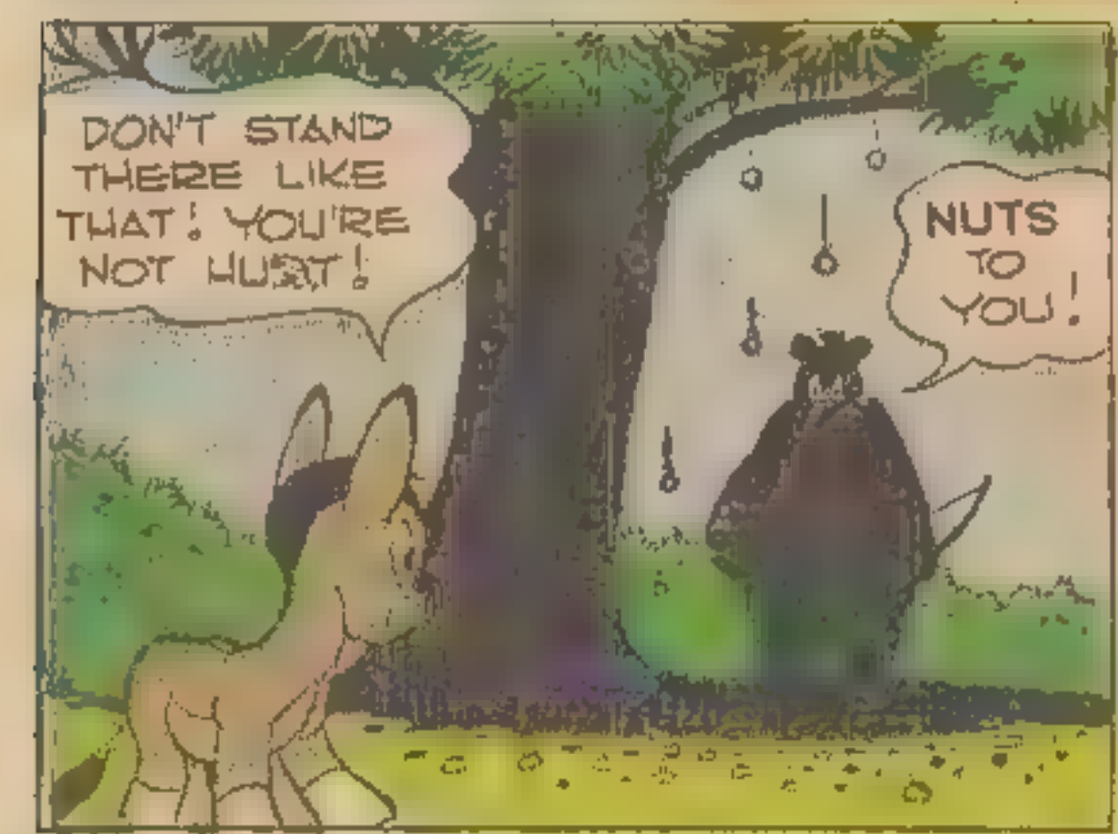
TIME OUT WHILE BENNY GOES HOME FOR BARNEY'S OTHER PANTS!

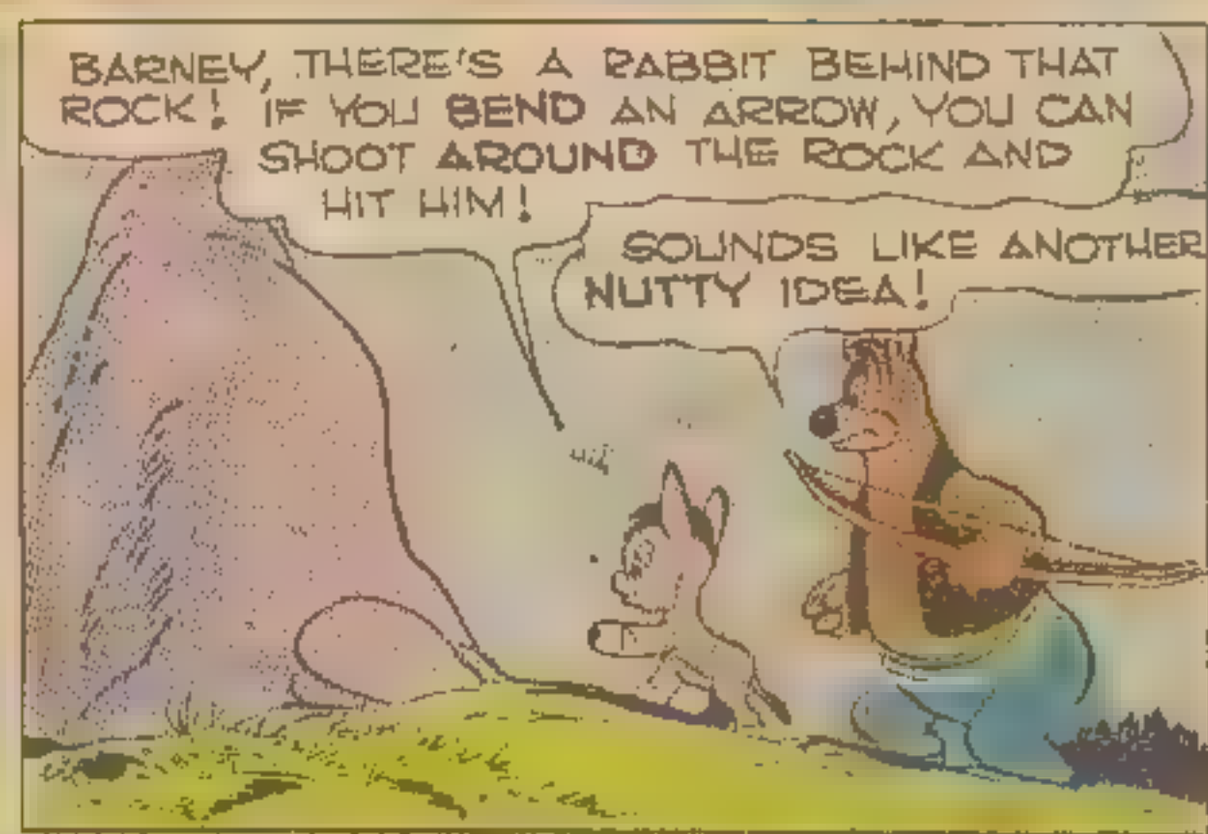


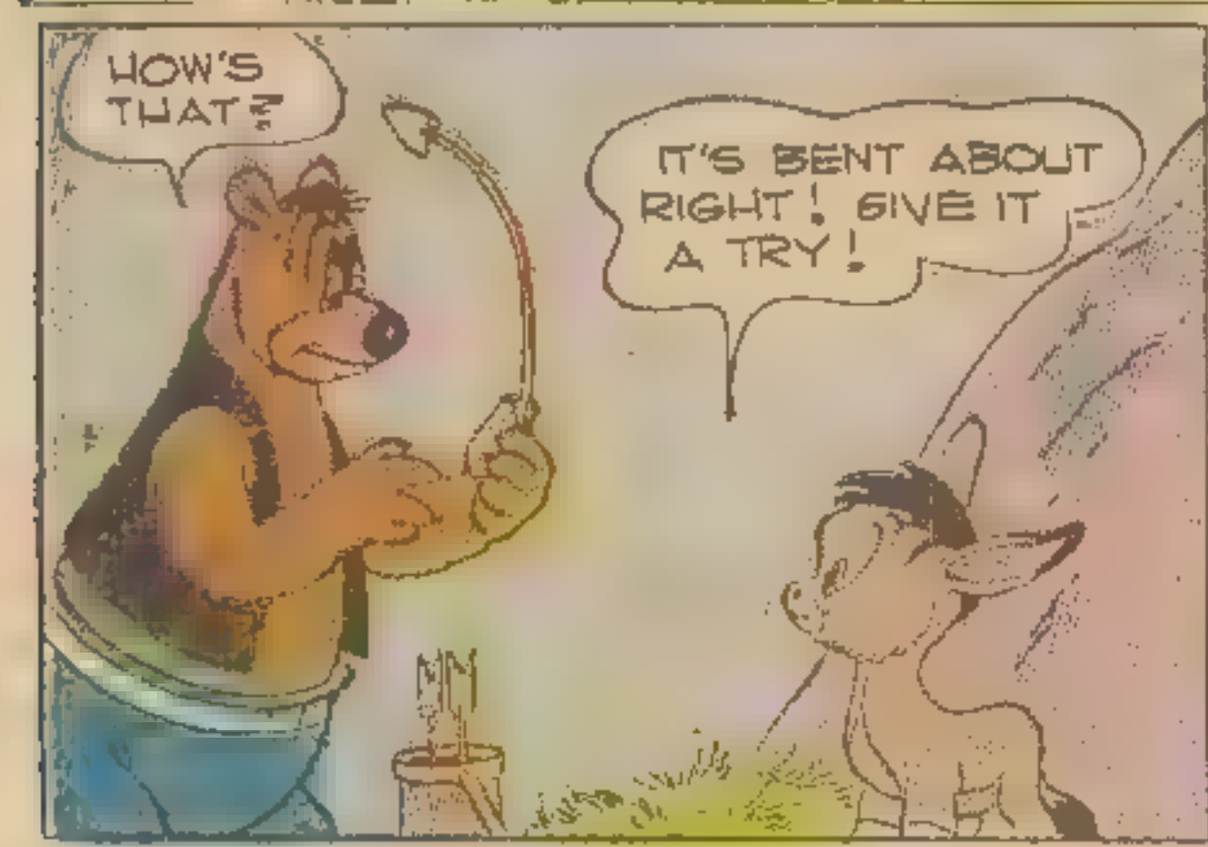


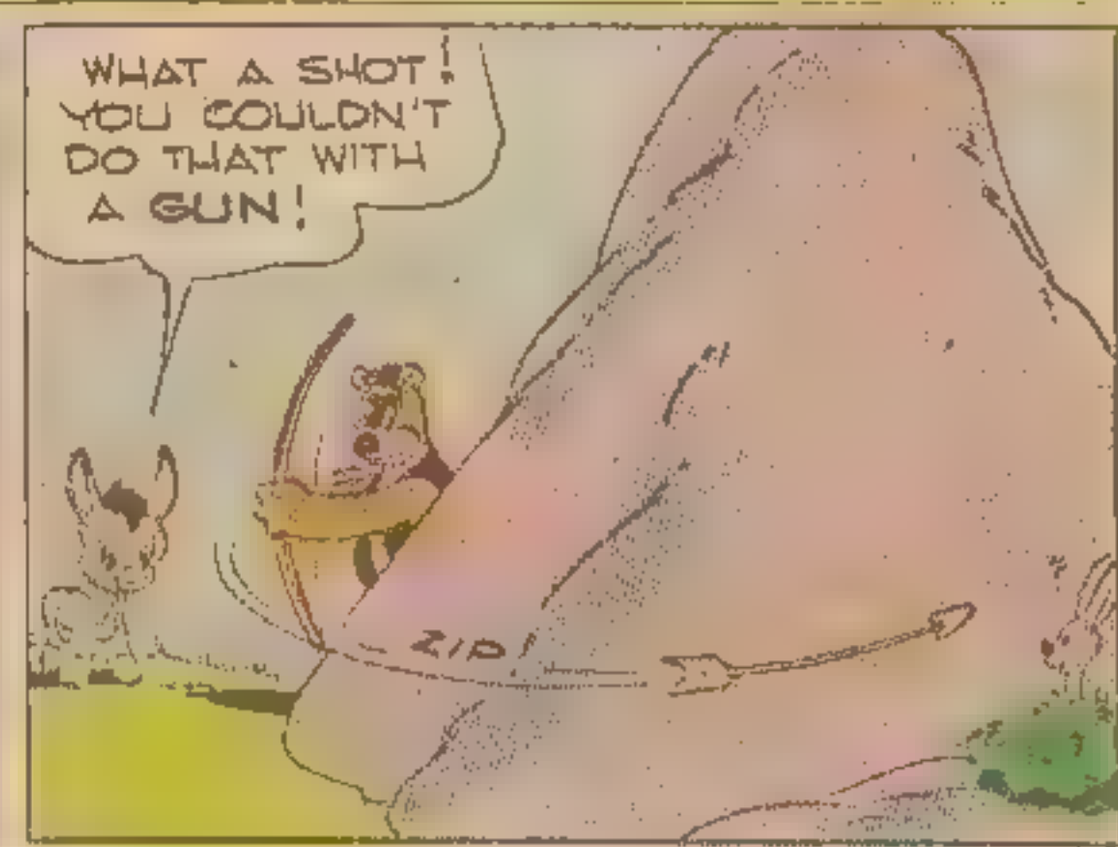
THAT LIMB WAS IN THE WAY!
THUD!

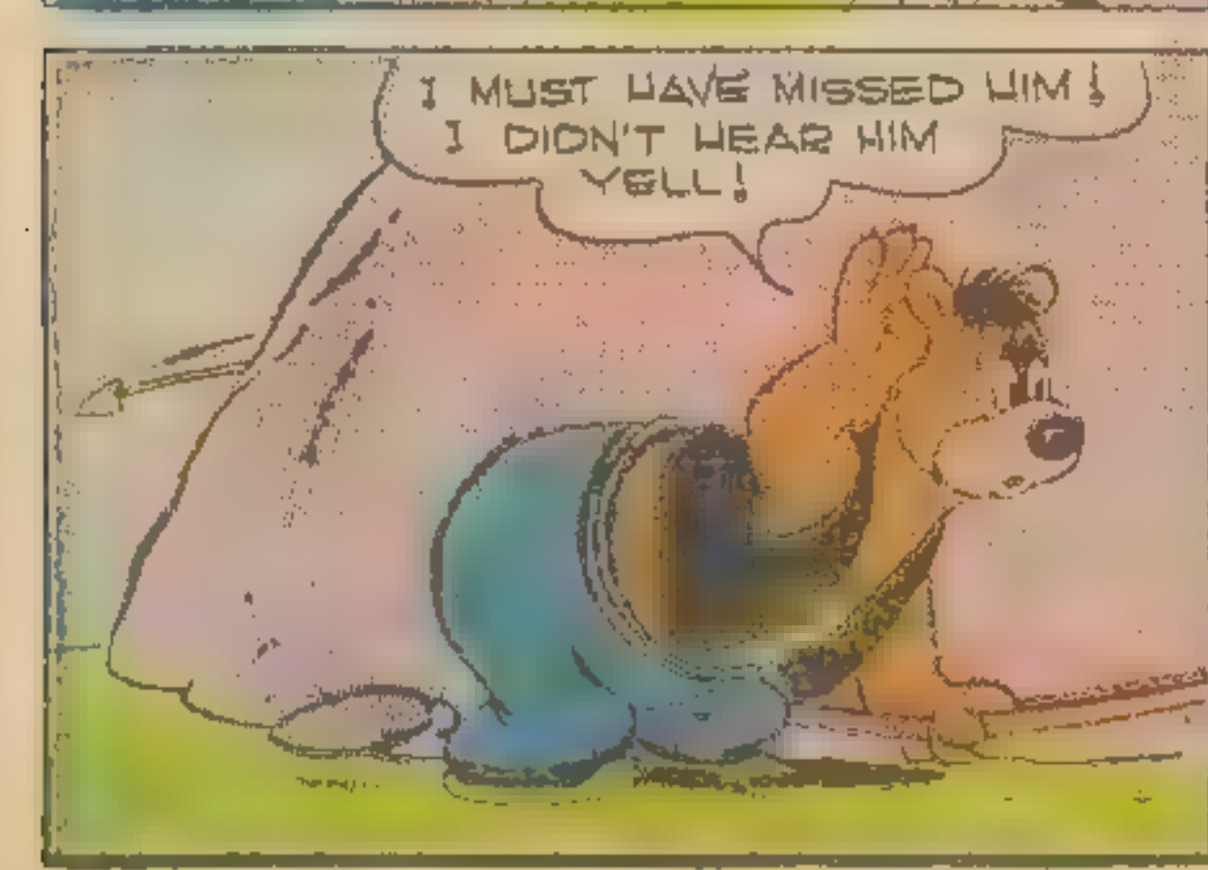
AND THE LIMB HAD TO BE ON A DARN CHESTNUT TREE!
PLINK!
PLONK!
PLUNK!

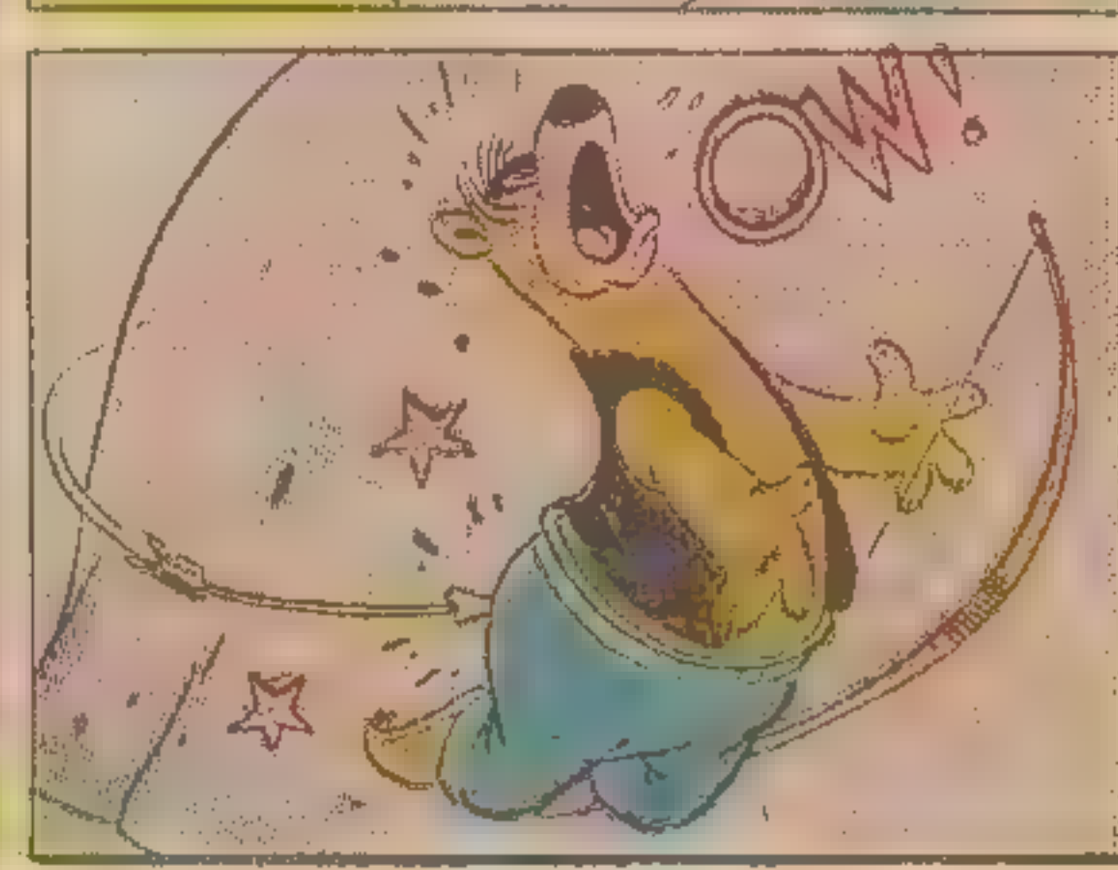

DON'T STAND THERE LIKE THAT! YOU'RE NOT HURT!
NUTS TO YOU!

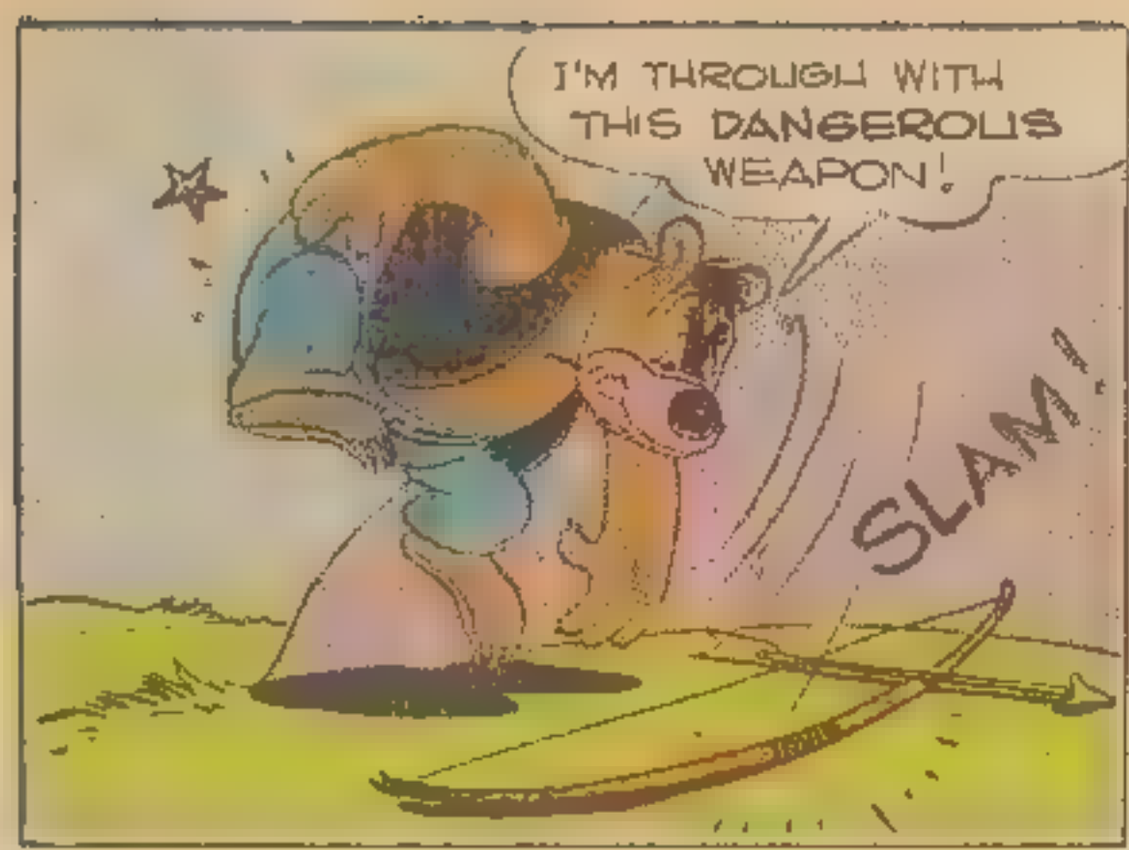

BARNEY, THERE'S A RABBIT BEHIND THAT ROCK! IF YOU BEND AN ARROW, YOU CAN SHOOT AROUND THE ROCK AND HIT HIM!
SOUNDS LIKE ANOTHER NUTTY IDEA!

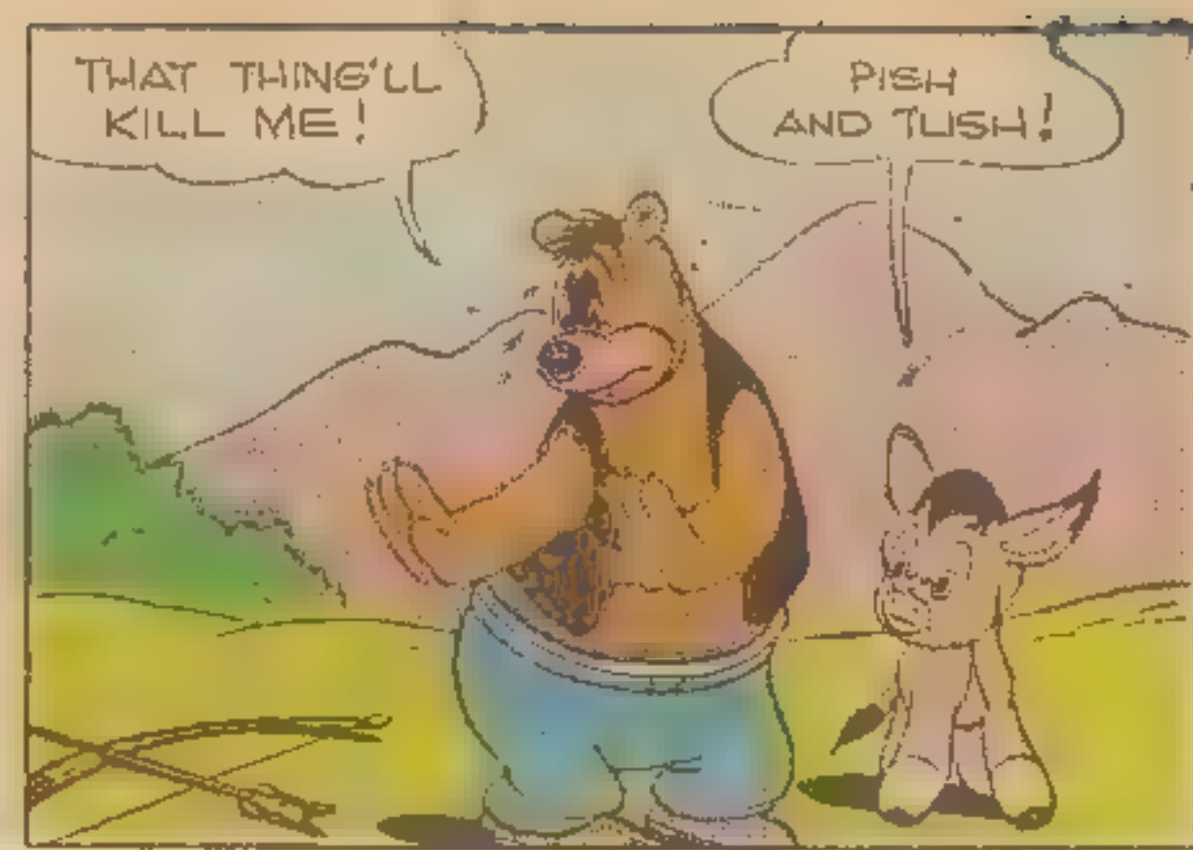

HOW'S THAT?
IT'S BENT ABOUT RIGHT! GIVE IT A TRY!

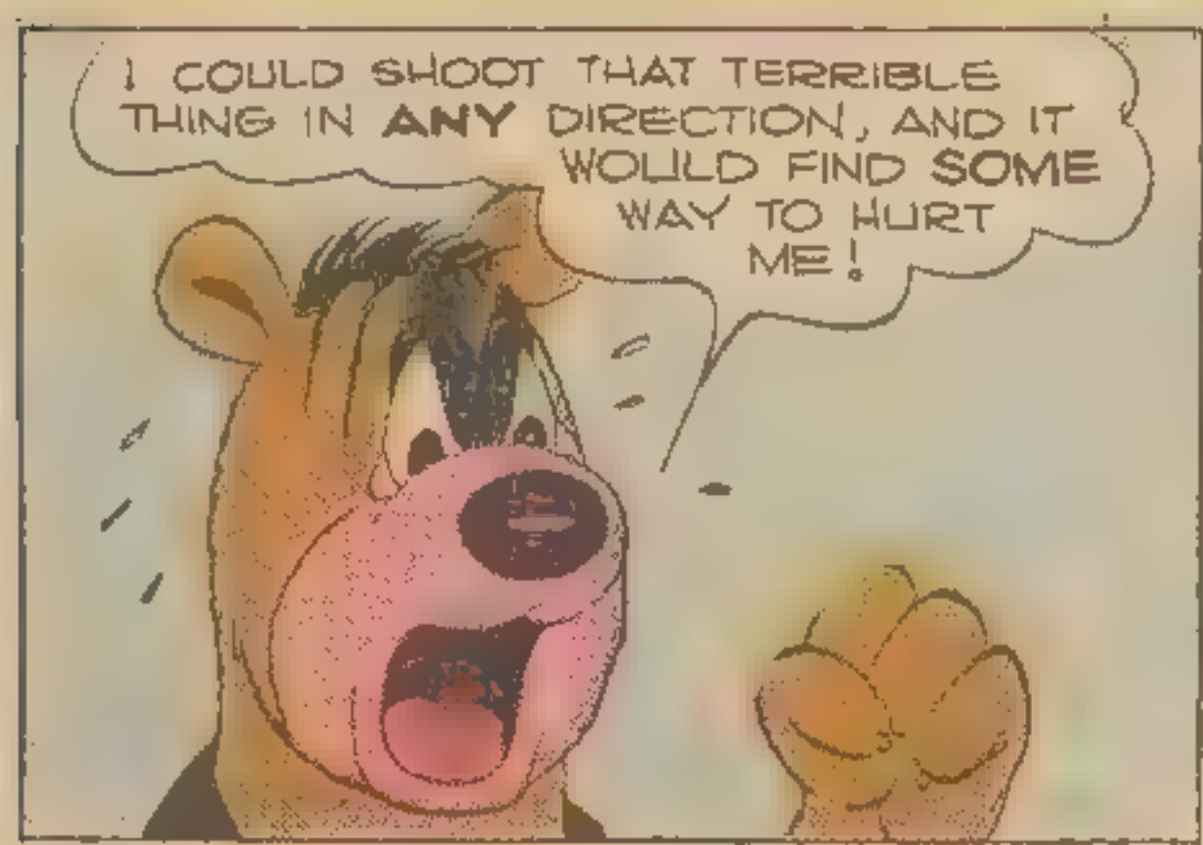

WHAT A SHOT! YOU COULDN'T DO THAT WITH A GUN!
ZIP!


I MUST HAVE MISSED HIM! I DIDN'T HEAR HIM YELL!

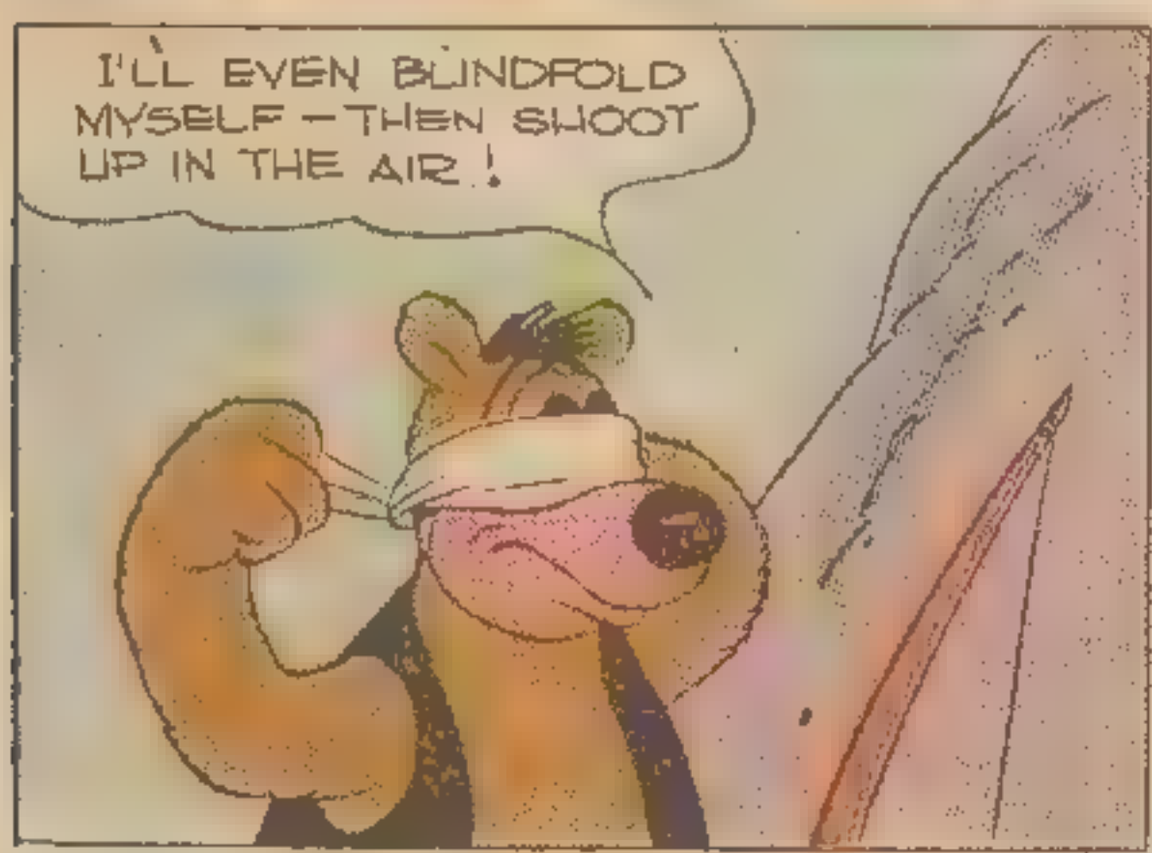

OW!


I'M THROUGH WITH THIS DANGEROUS WEAPON!
SLAM!

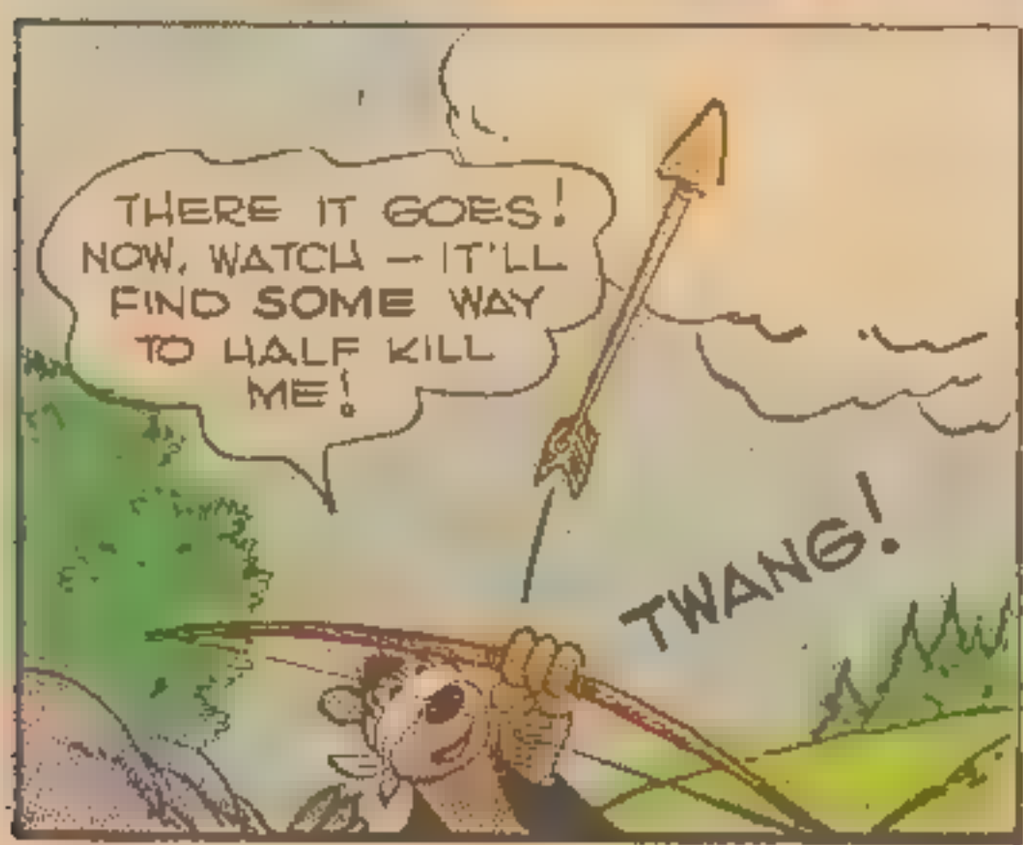

THAT THING'LL KILL ME!
PISH AND TUSH!

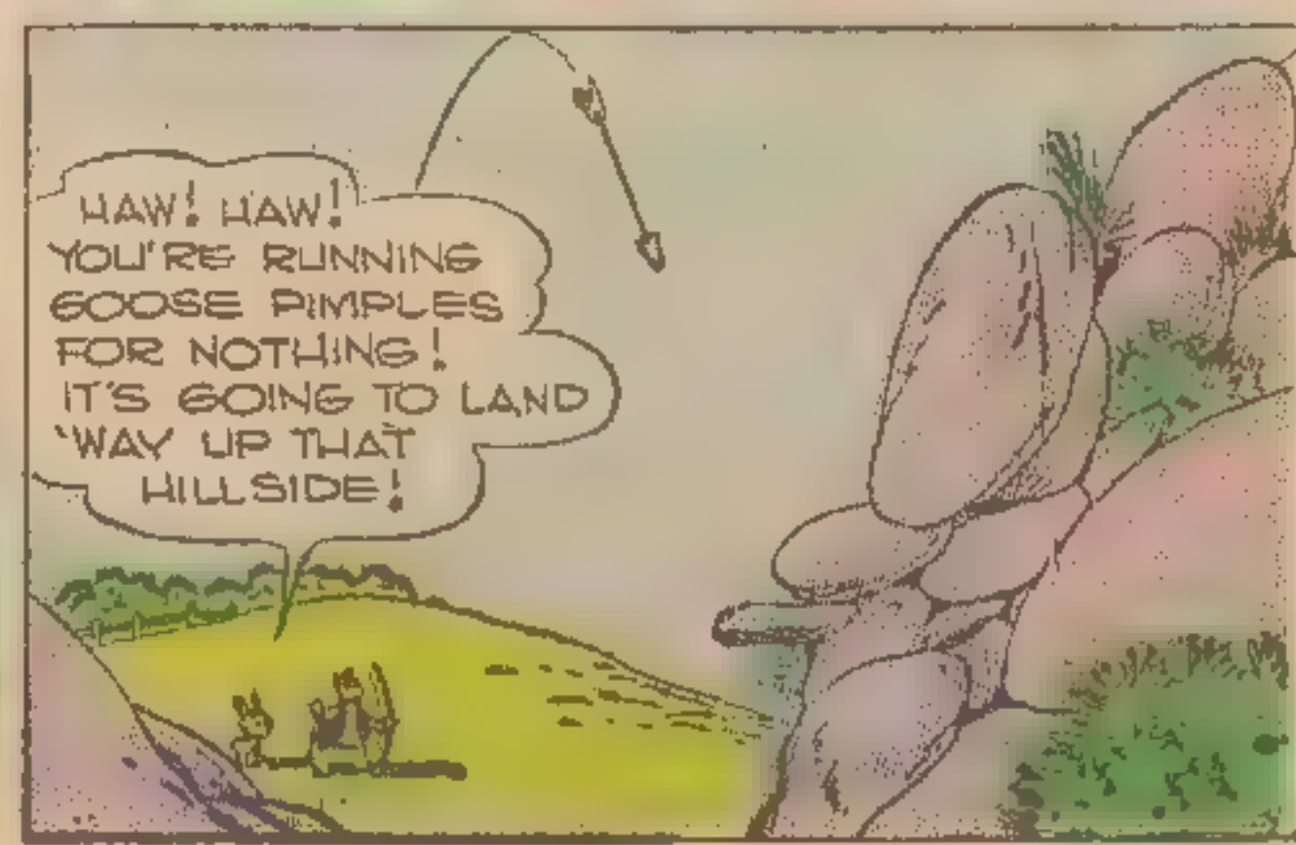

I COULD SHOOT THAT TERRIBLE THING IN ANY DIRECTION, AND IT WOULD FIND SOME WAY TO HURT ME!

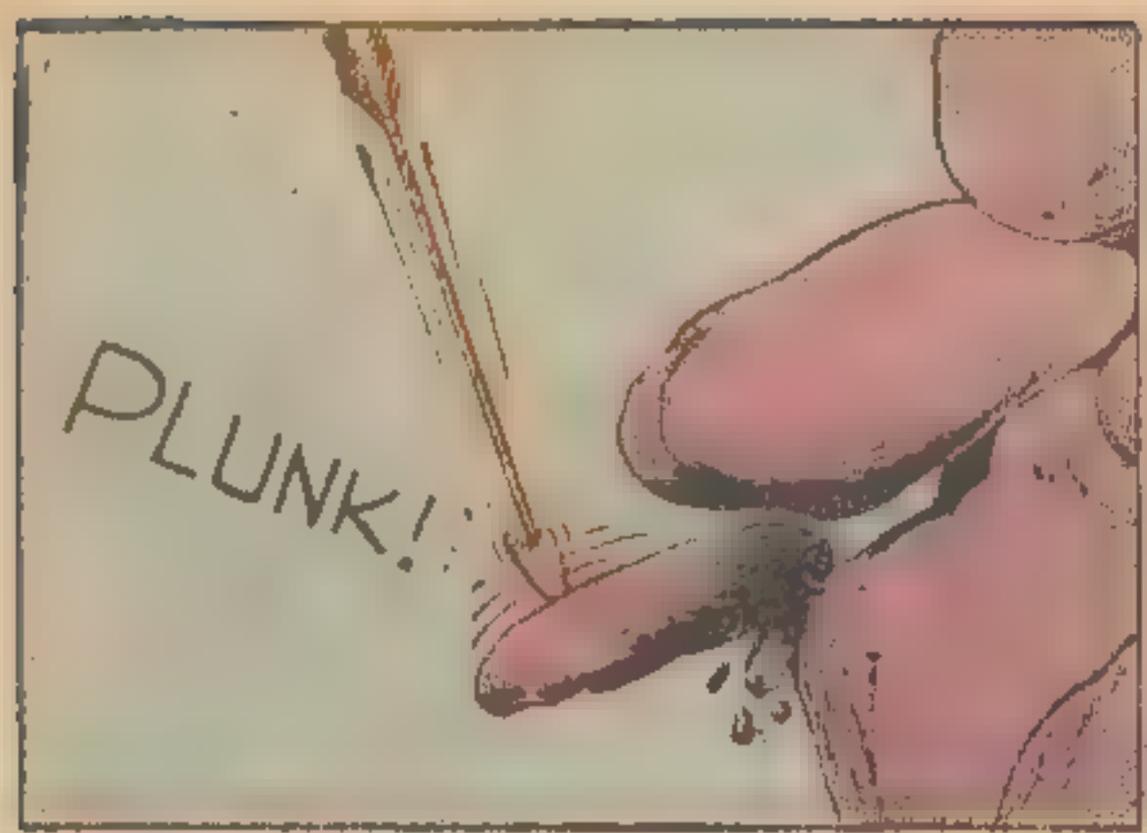
I DON'T BELIEVE IT! I DARE YOU TO TRY!
OKAY! I WILL!

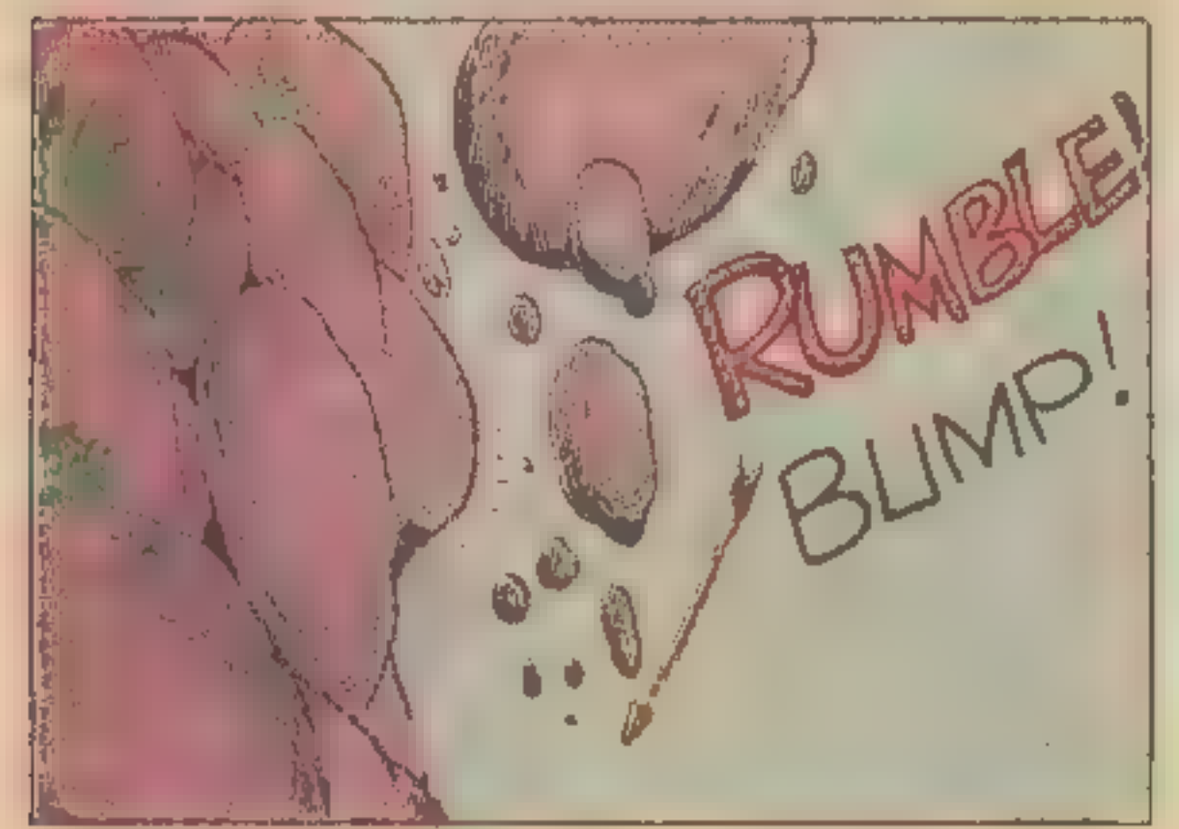

I'LL EVEN BLINDFOLD MYSELF — THEN SHOOT UP IN THE AIR!

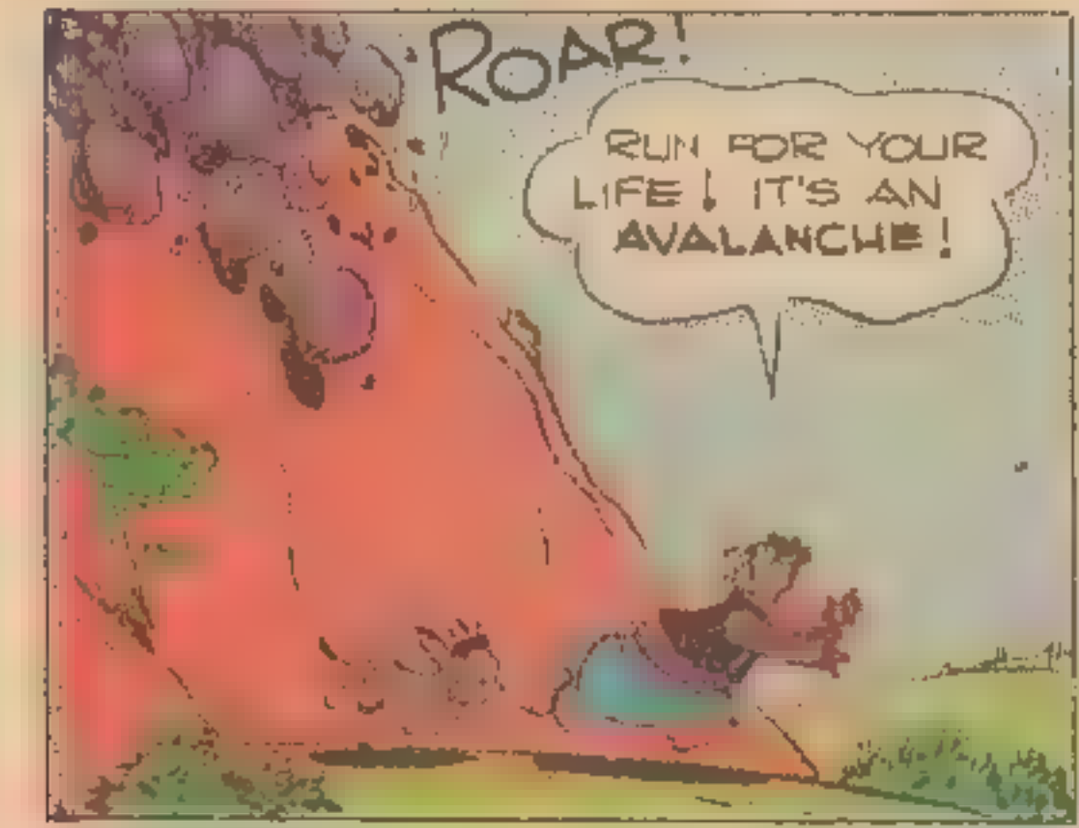
YEAH! AND I'LL EVEN SPIN AROUND SO I CAN'T TELL WHAT DIRECTION I'M SHOOTIN'!

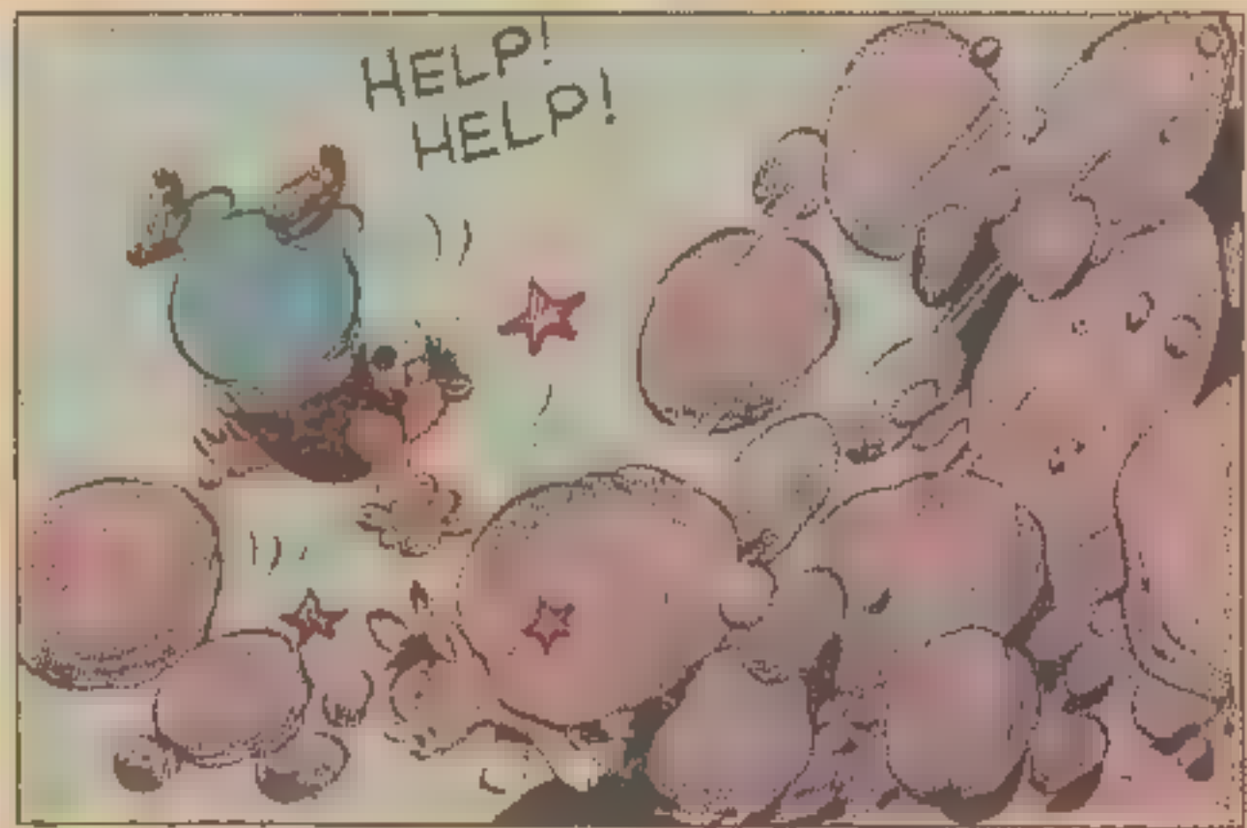

THERE IT GOES! NOW, WATCH — IT'LL FIND SOME WAY TO HALF KILL ME!
TWANG!

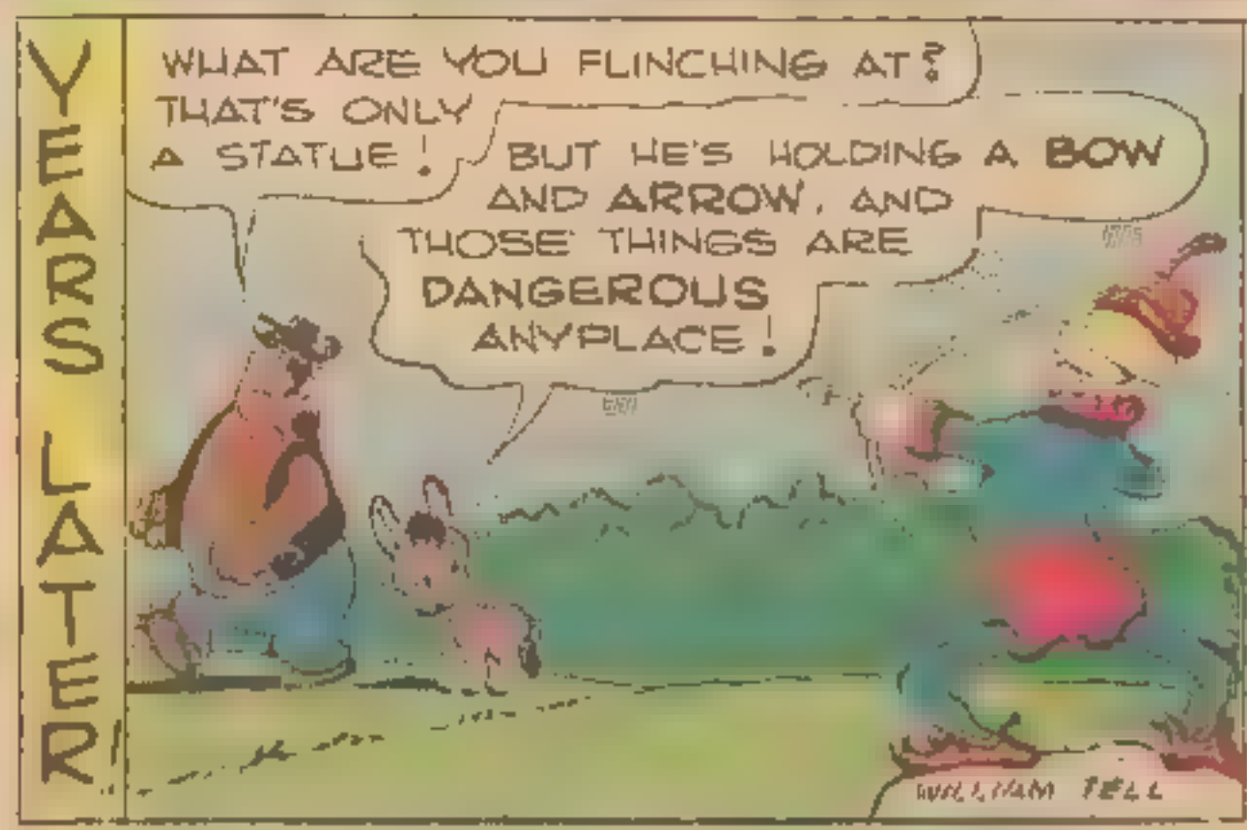

HAW! HAW! YOU'RE RUNNING GOOSE PIMPLES FOR NOTHING! IT'S GOING TO LAND 'WAY UP THAT HILLSIDE!



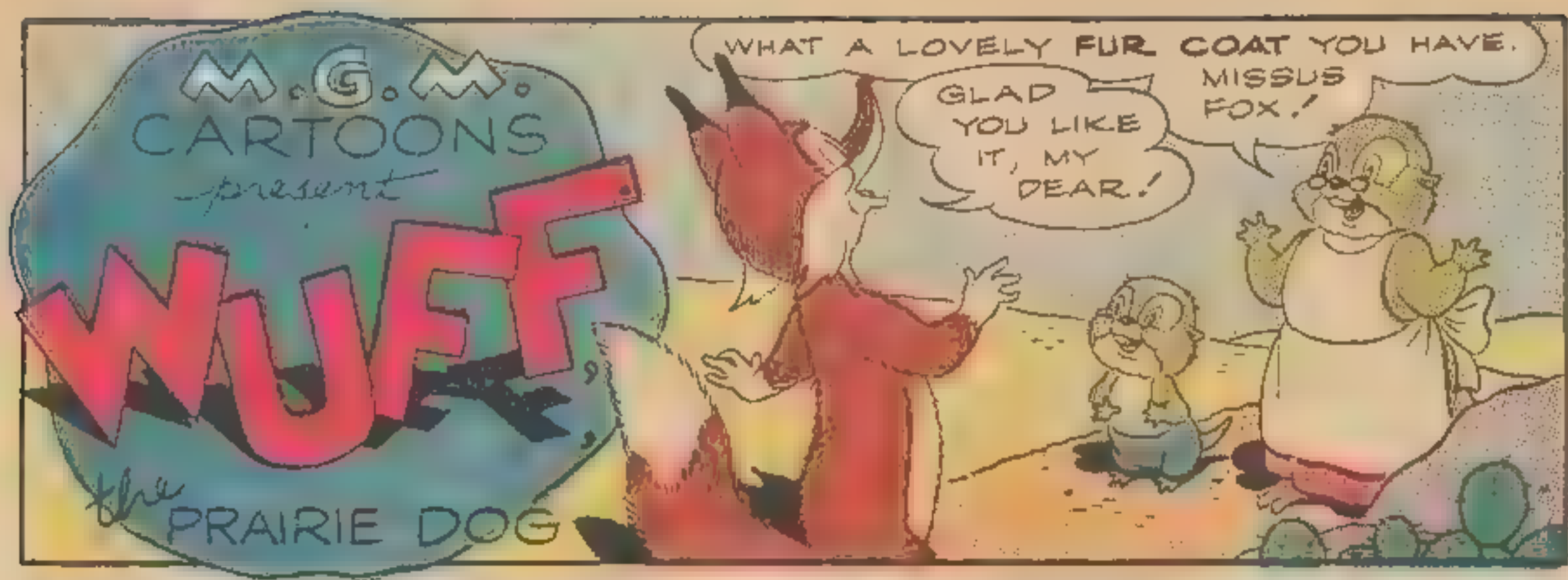


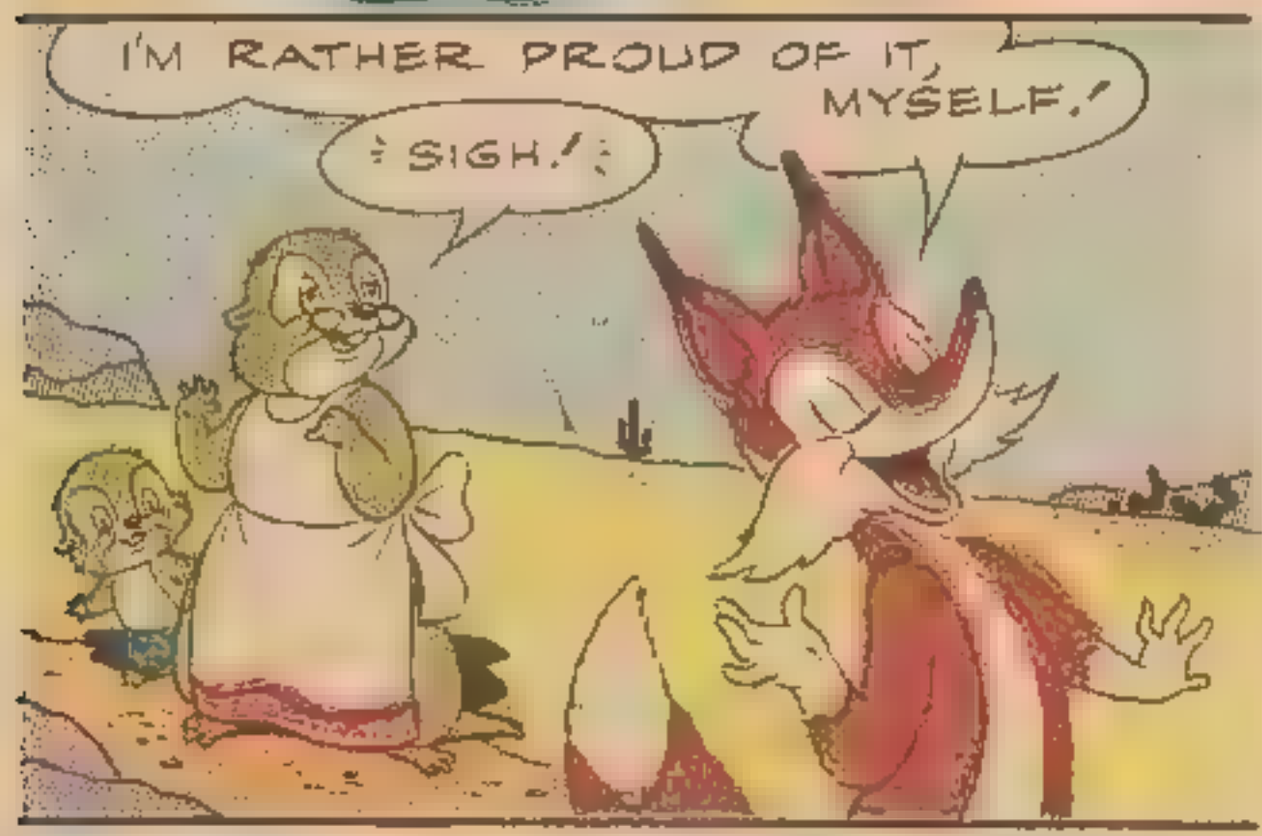


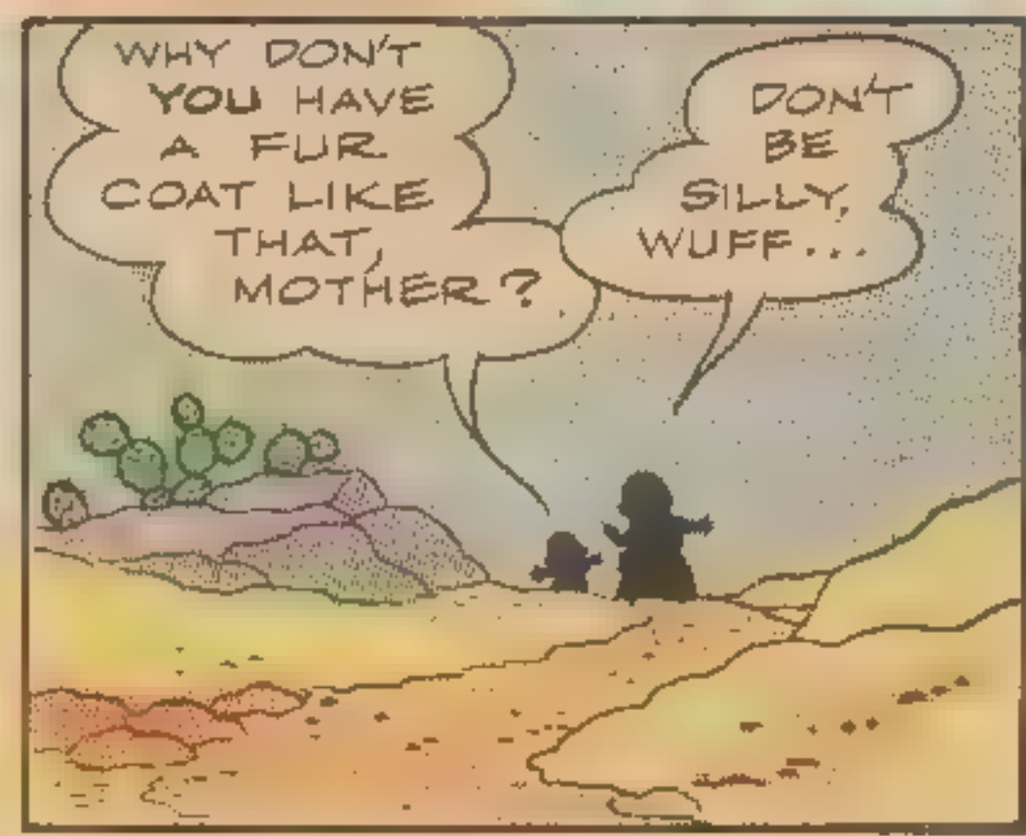


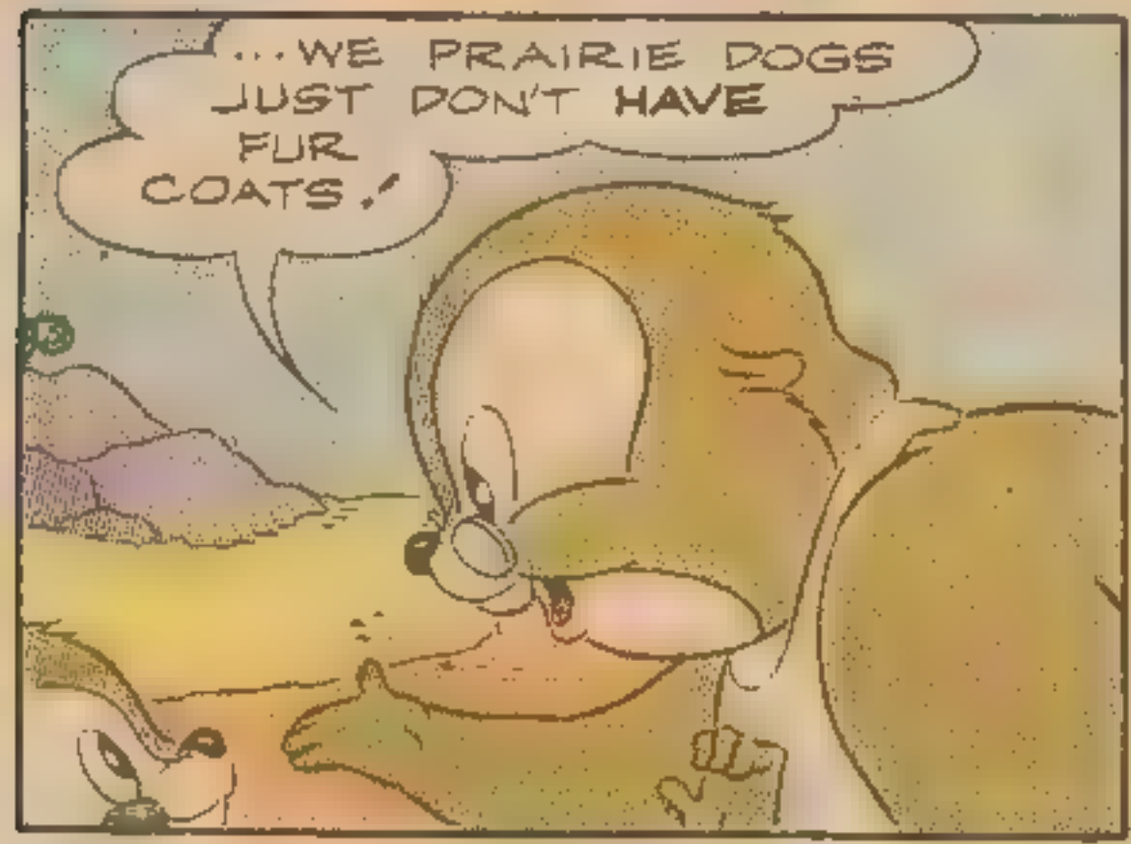


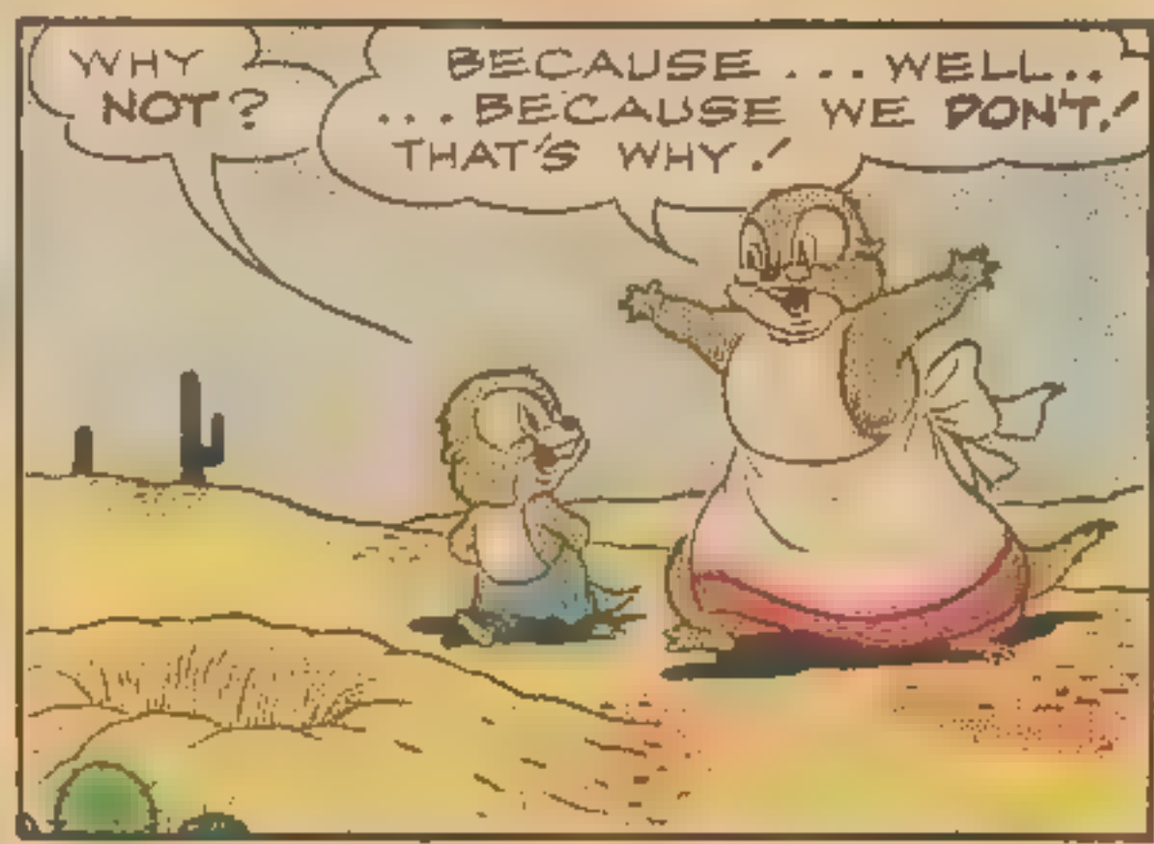
BARNEY BEAR and BENNY BURRO appearing in M-G-M pictures

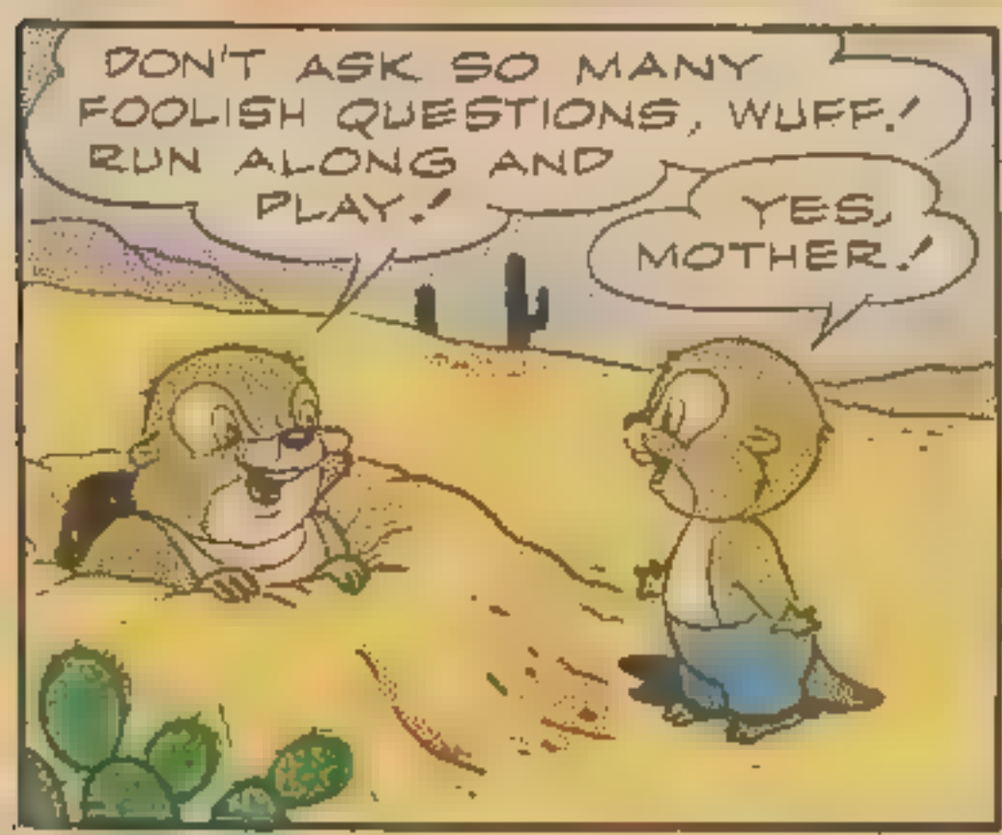

M.G.M. CARTOONS present
WUFF, the PRAIRIE DOG
WHAT A LOVELY FUR COAT YOU HAVE, MISSUS FOX!
GLAD YOU LIKE IT, MY DEAR!

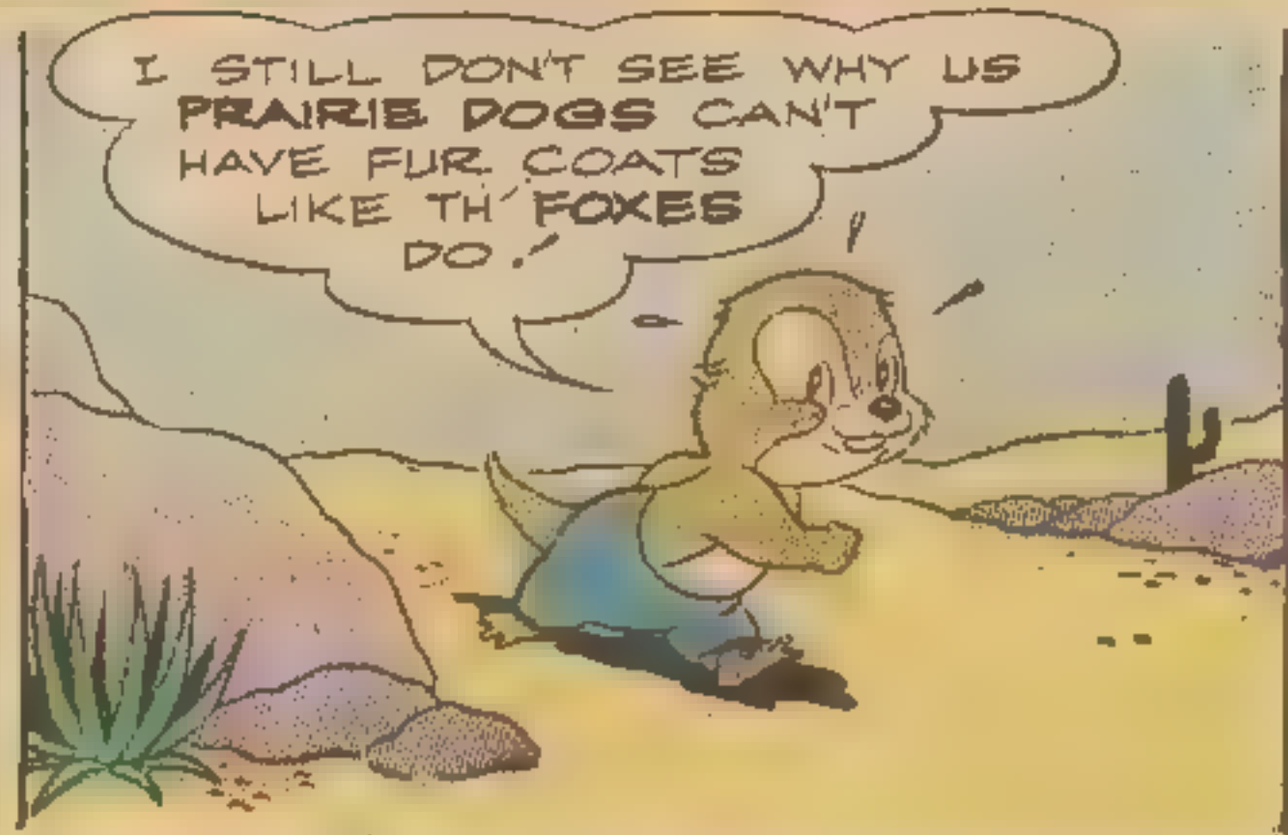

I'M RATHER PROUD OF IT, MYSELF!
SIGH!

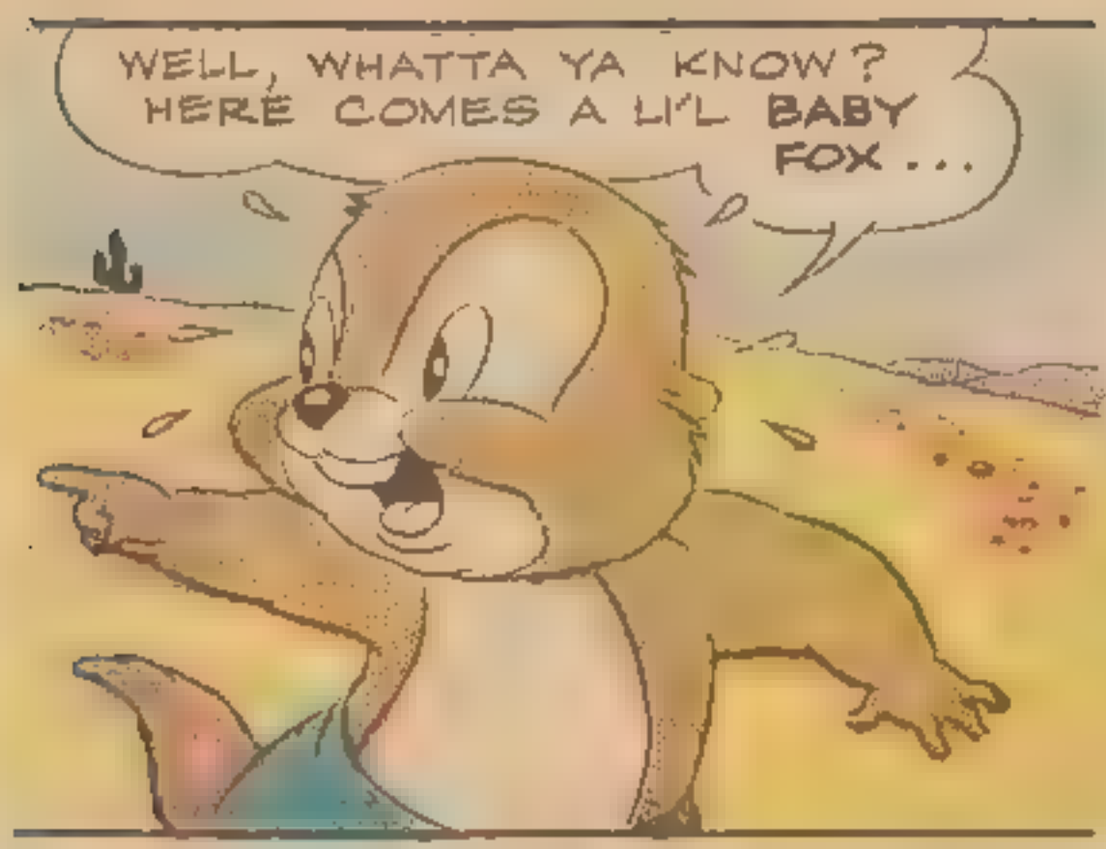

WHY DON'T YOU HAVE A FUR COAT LIKE THAT, MOTHER?
DON'T BE SILLY, WUFF...

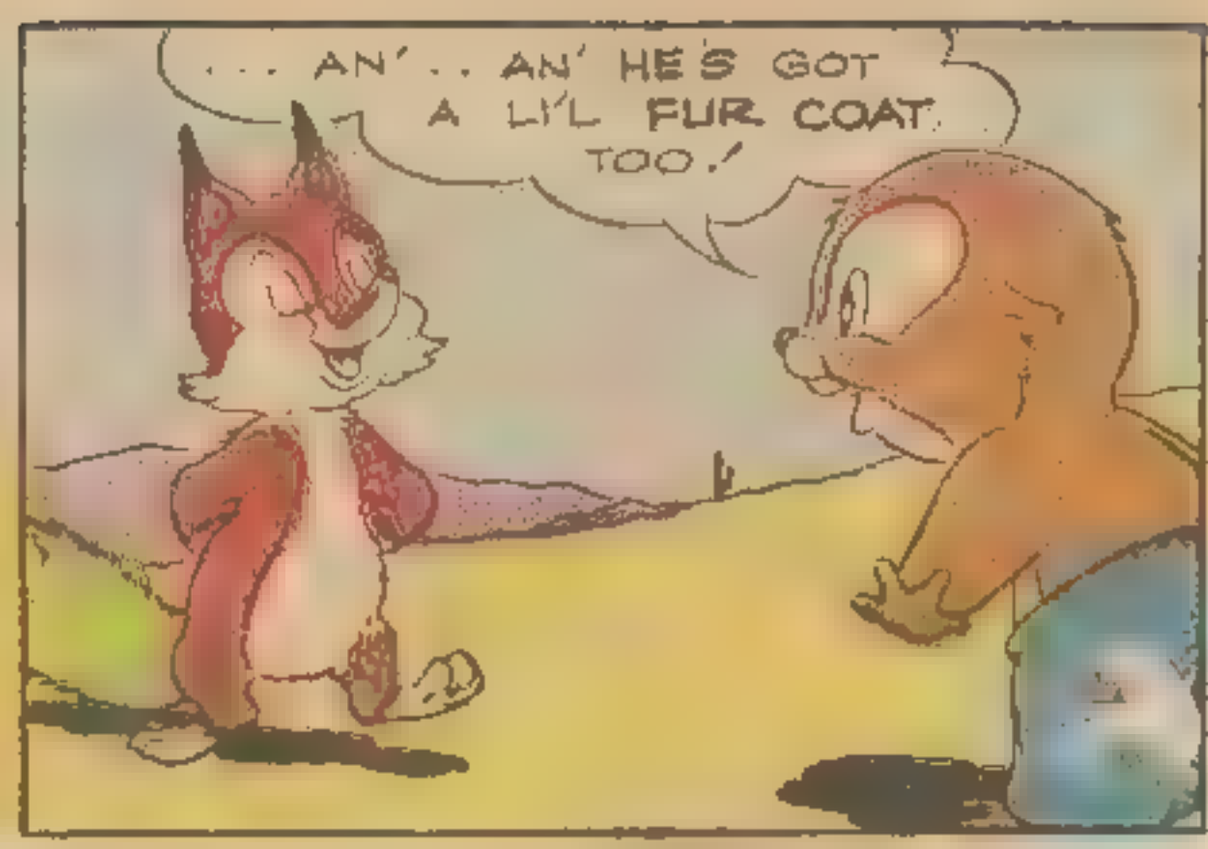

...WE PRAIRIE DOGS JUST DON'T HAVE FUR COATS!

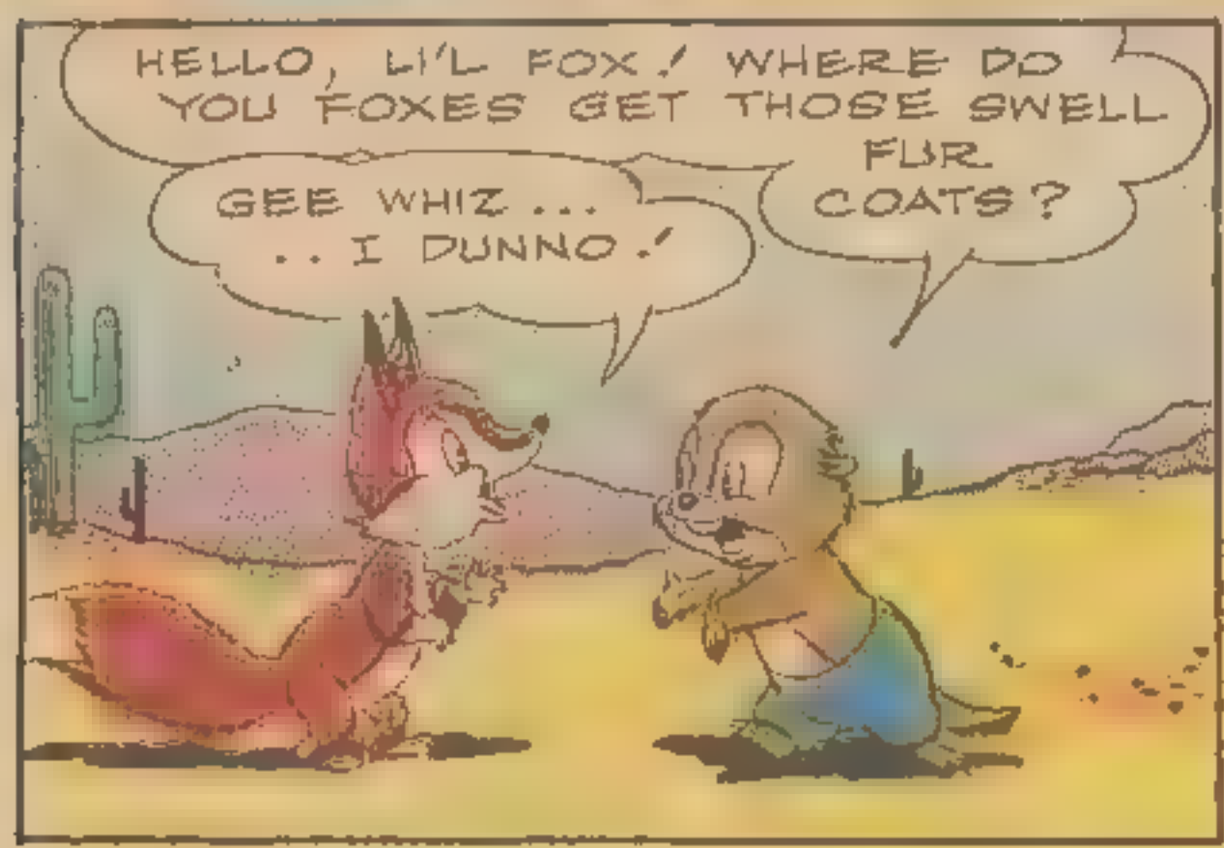

WHY NOT?
BECAUSE...WELL... ...BECAUSE WE DON'T! THAT'S WHY!

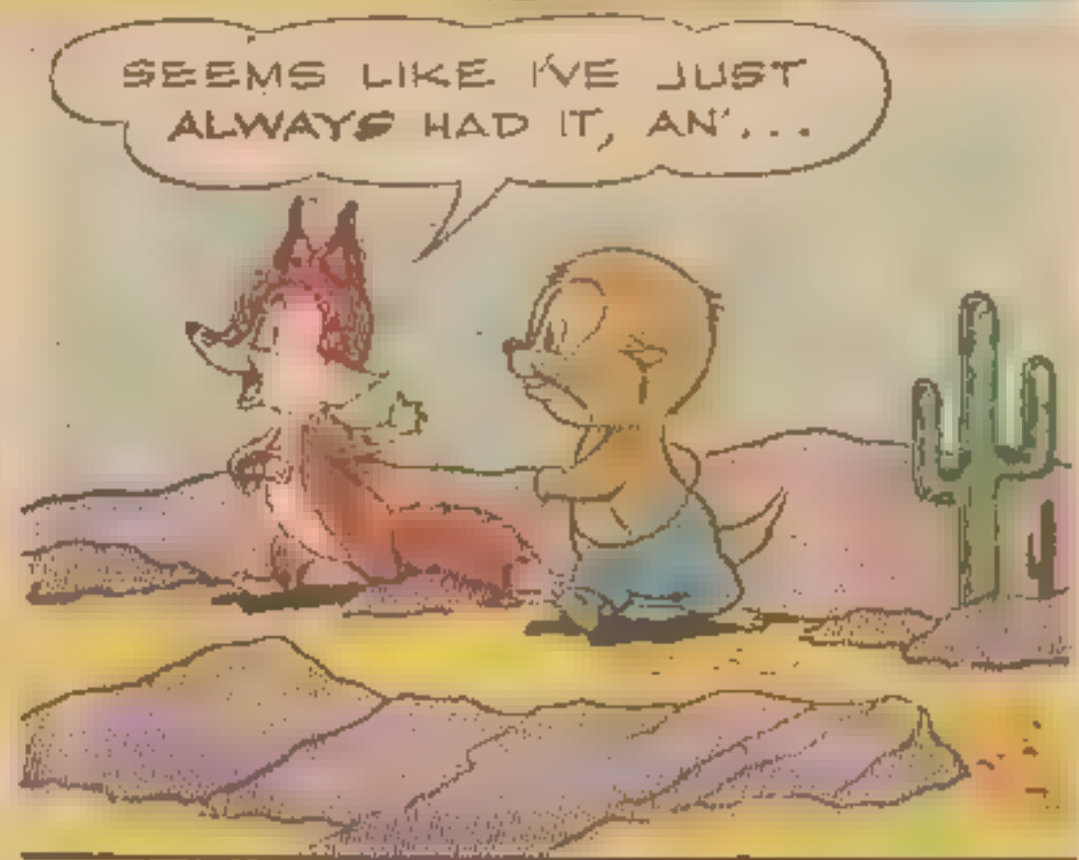

DON'T ASK SO MANY FOOLISH QUESTIONS, WUFF! RUN ALONG AND PLAY!
YES, MOTHER!

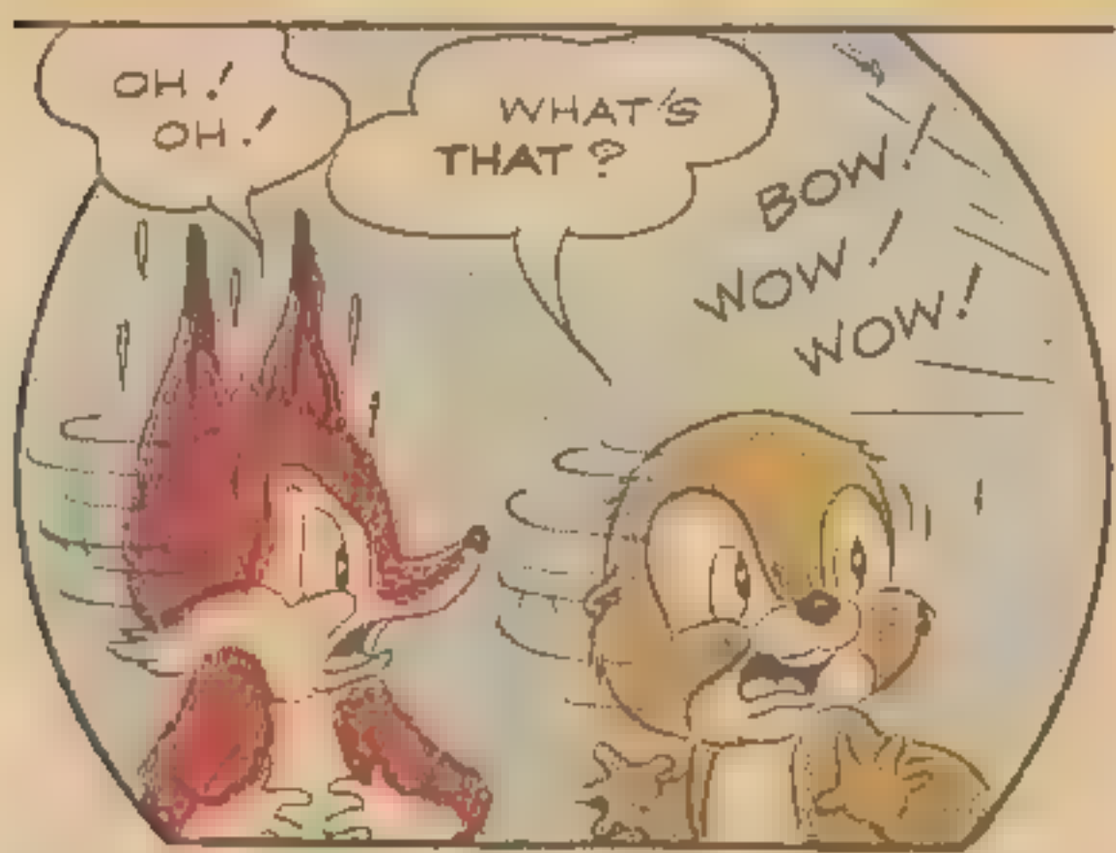

I STILL DON'T SEE WHY US PRAIRIE DOGS CAN'T HAVE FUR COATS LIKE TH' FOXES DO!

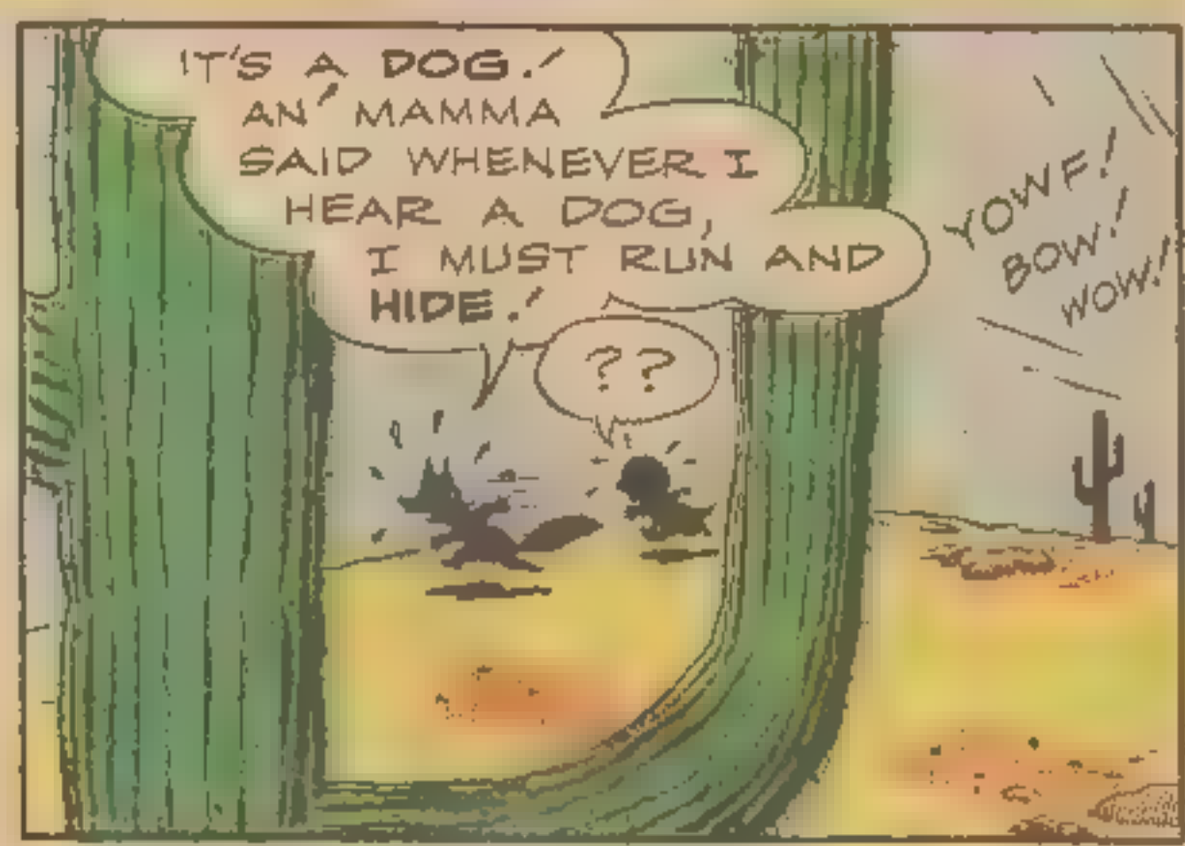

WELL, WHATTA YA KNOW? HERE COMES A LI'L BABY FOX...

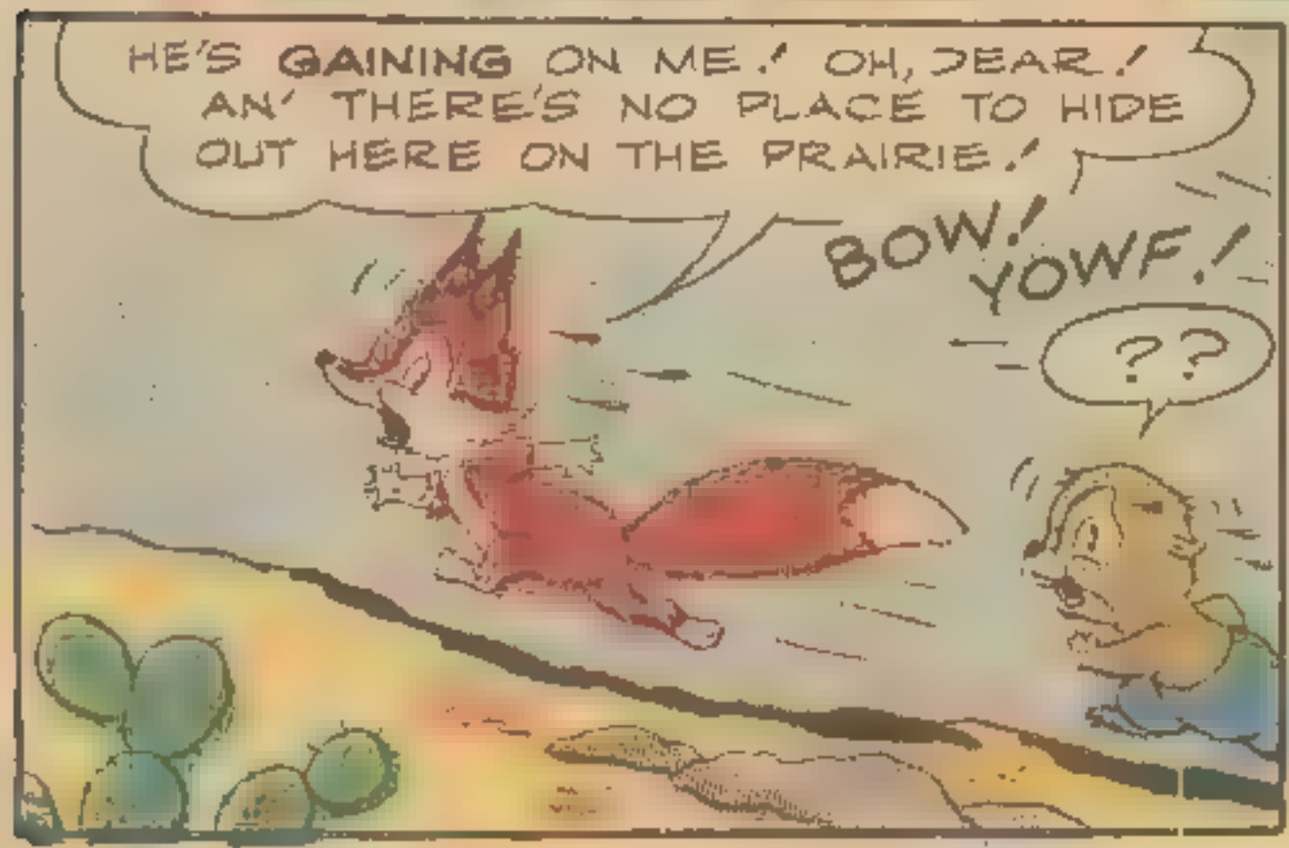

... AN' .. AN' HE'S GOT A LI'L FUR COAT TOO!

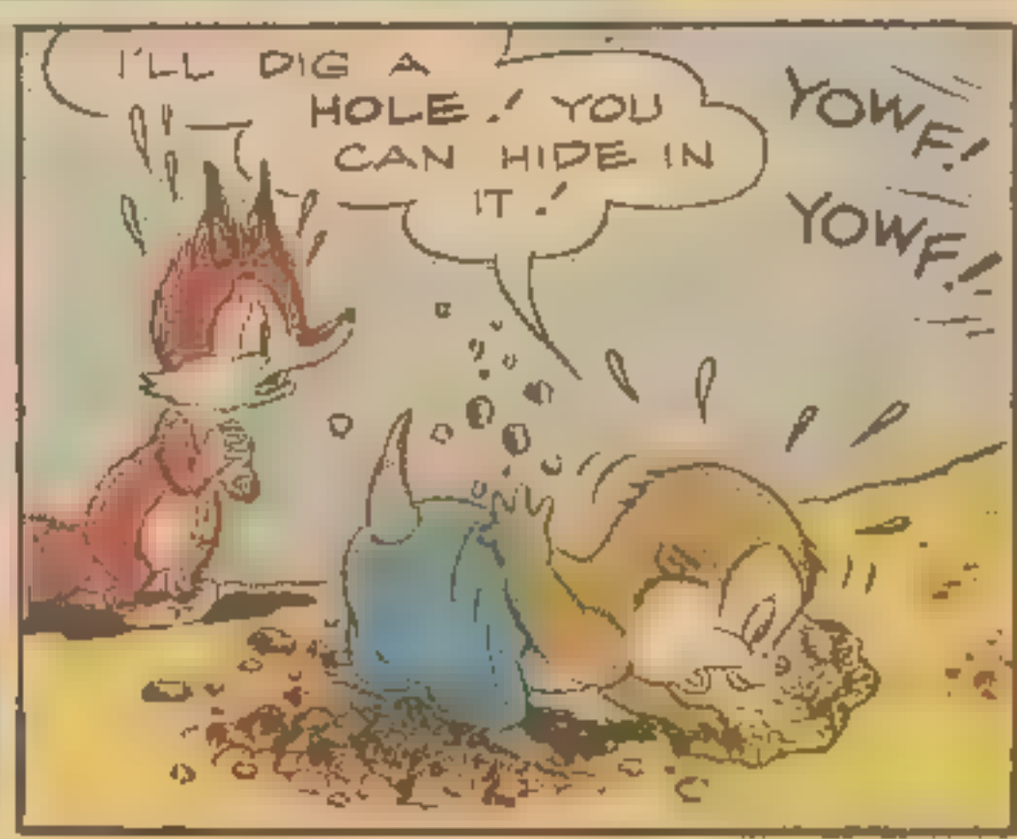

HELLO, LI'L FOX! WHERE DO YOU FOXES GET THOSE SWELL FUR COATS?
GEE WHIZ... .. I DUNNO!

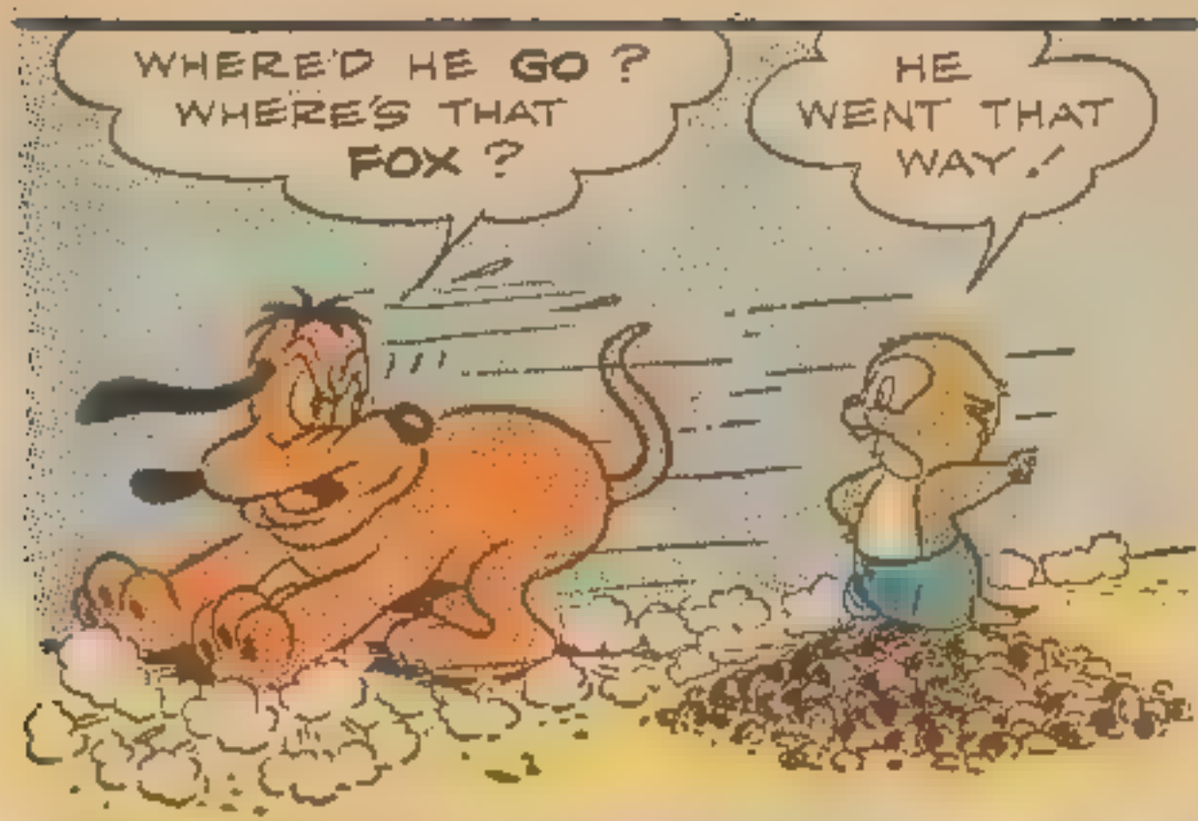

SEEMS LIKE I'VE JUST ALWAYS HAD IT, AN'...

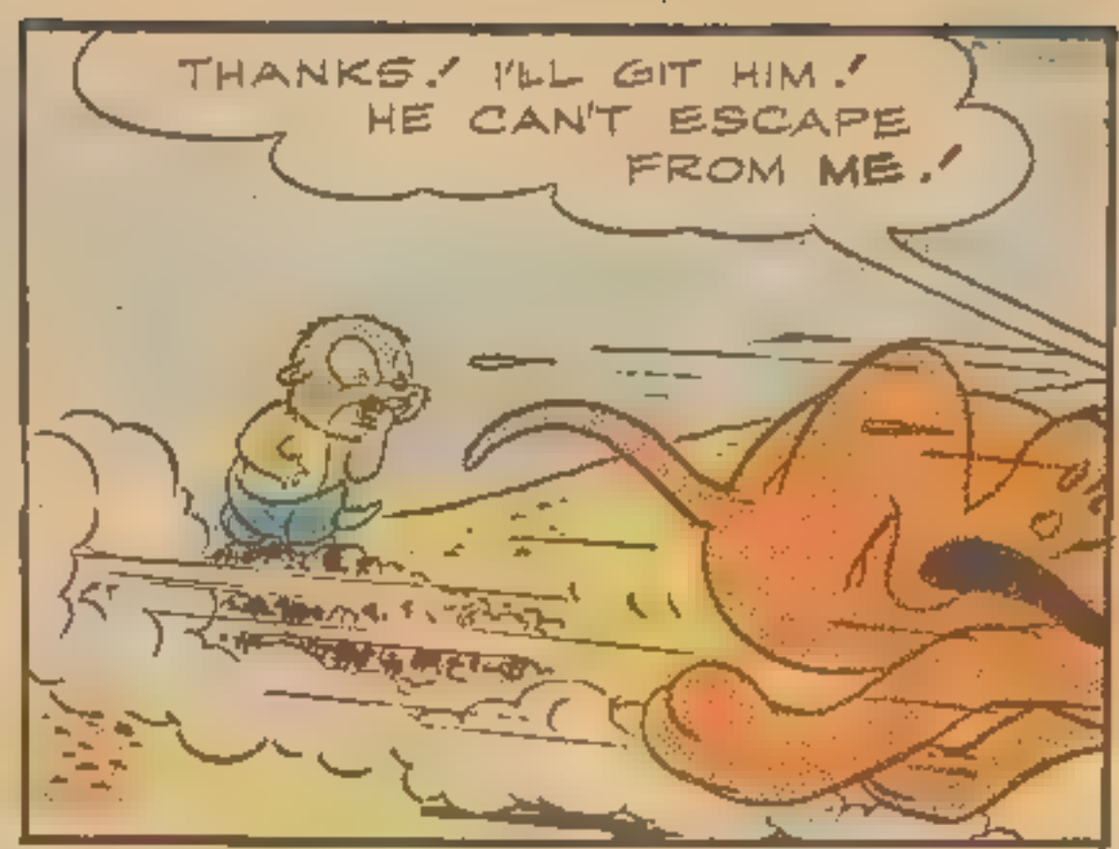

OH! OH!
WHAT'S THAT?
BOW! WOW! WOW!

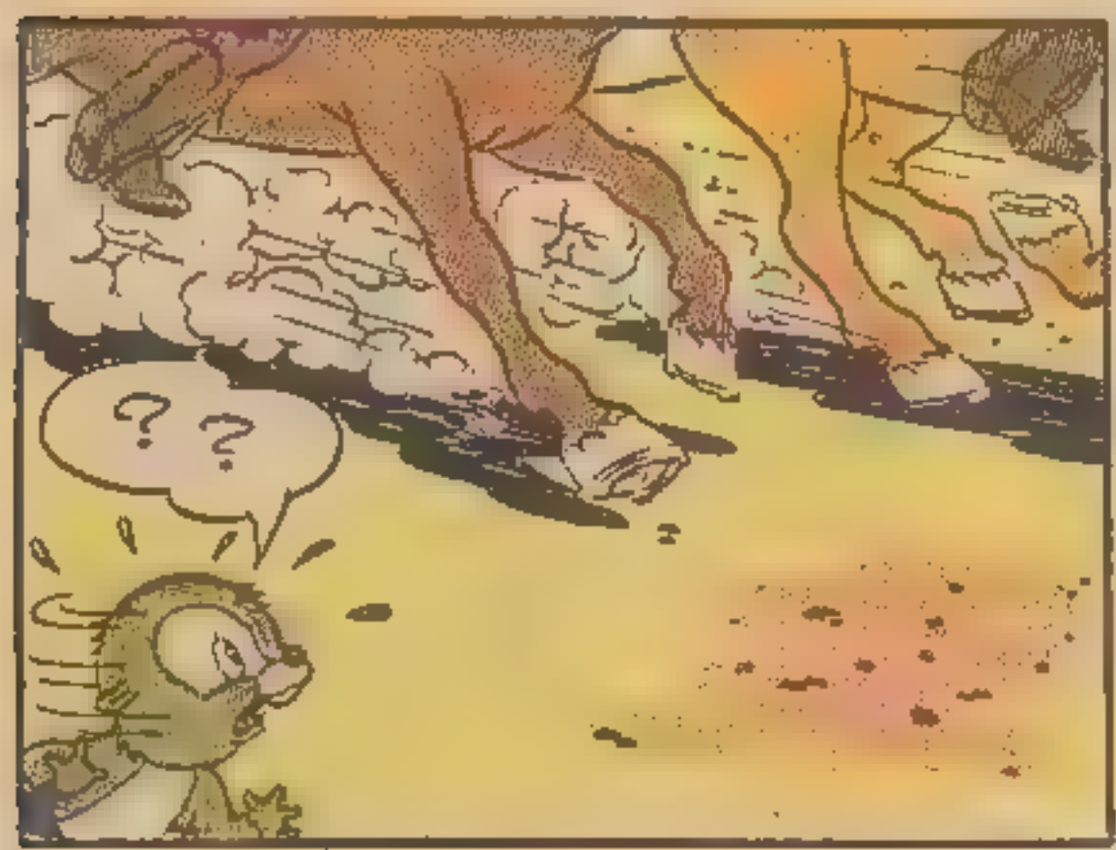

IT'S A DOG! AN' MAMMA SAID WHENEVER I HEAR A DOG, I MUST RUN AND HIDE!
??
YOWF! BOW! WOW!

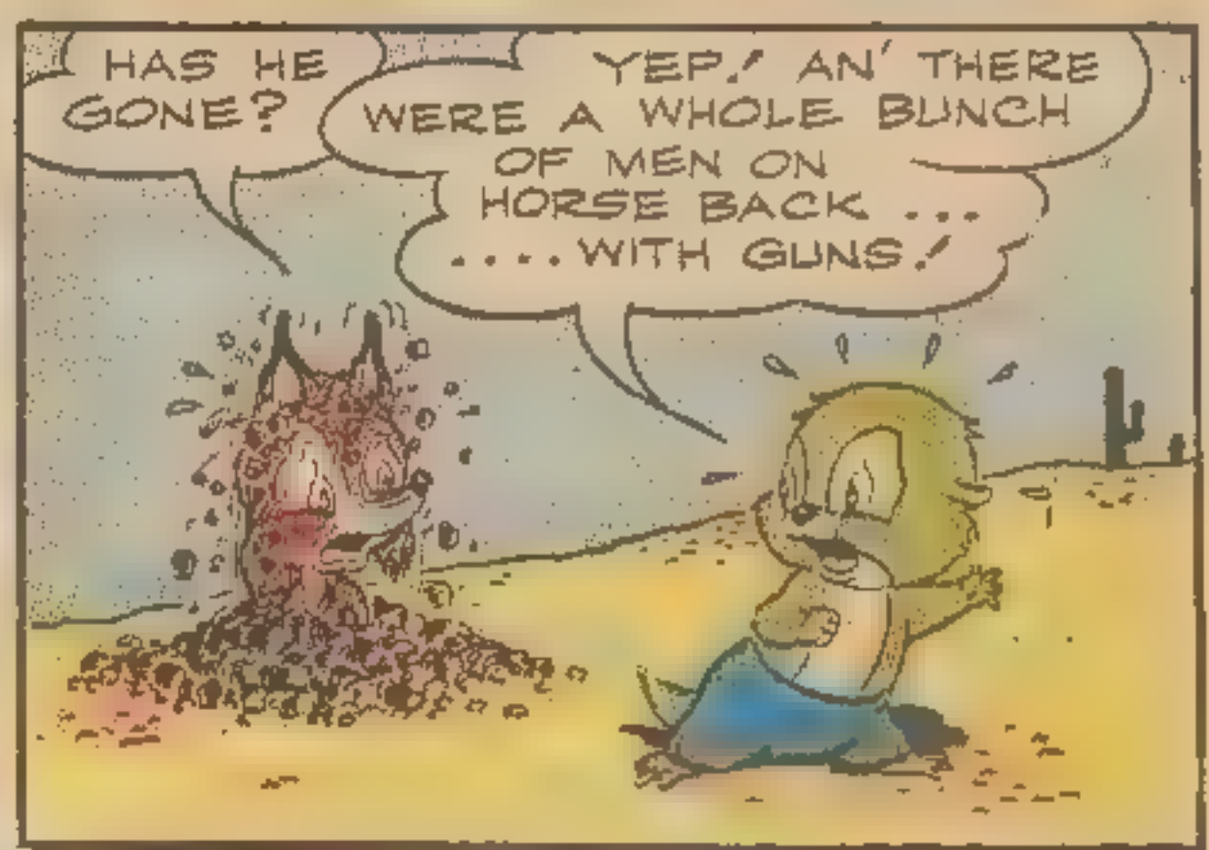

HE'S GAINING ON ME! OH, DEAR! AN' THERE'S NO PLACE TO HIDE OUT HERE ON THE PRAIRIE!
BOW! YOWF!
??

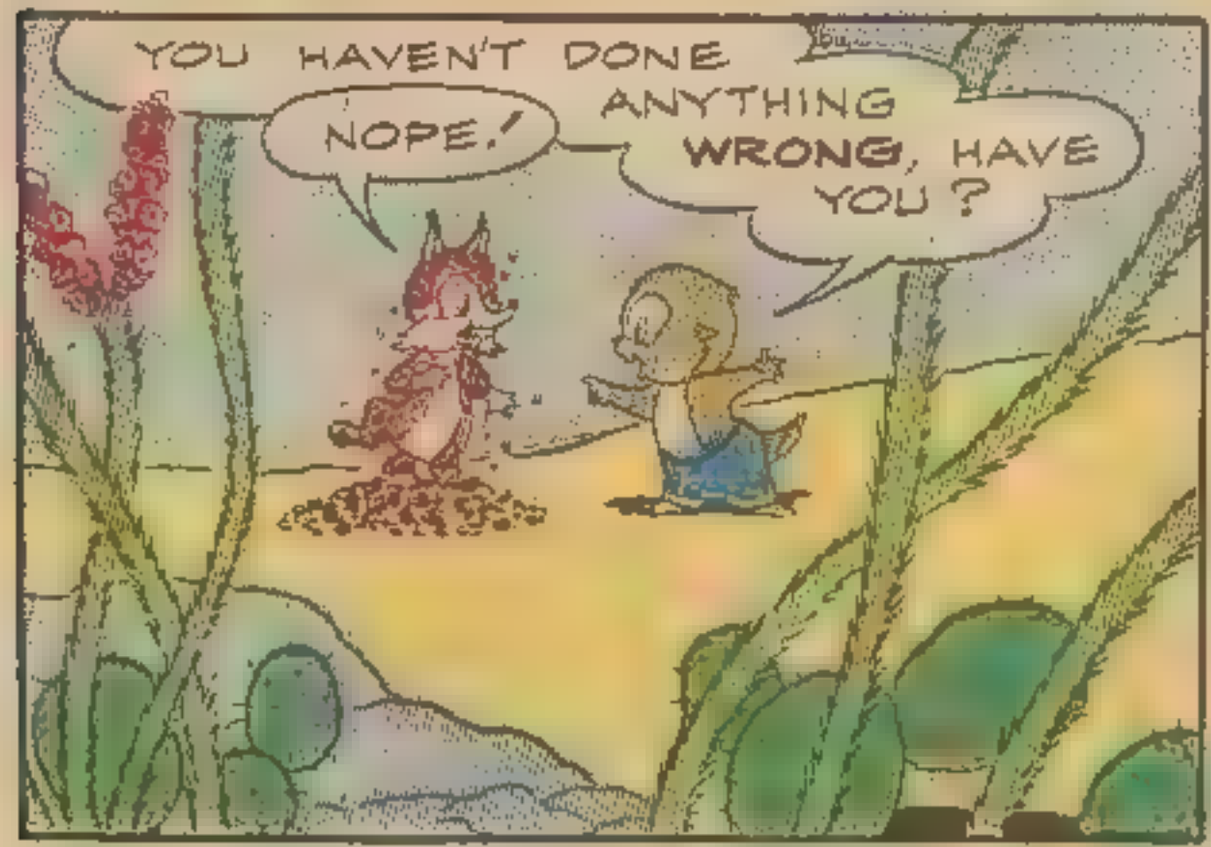

I'LL DIG A HOLE! YOU CAN HIDE IN IT!
YOWF! YOWF!

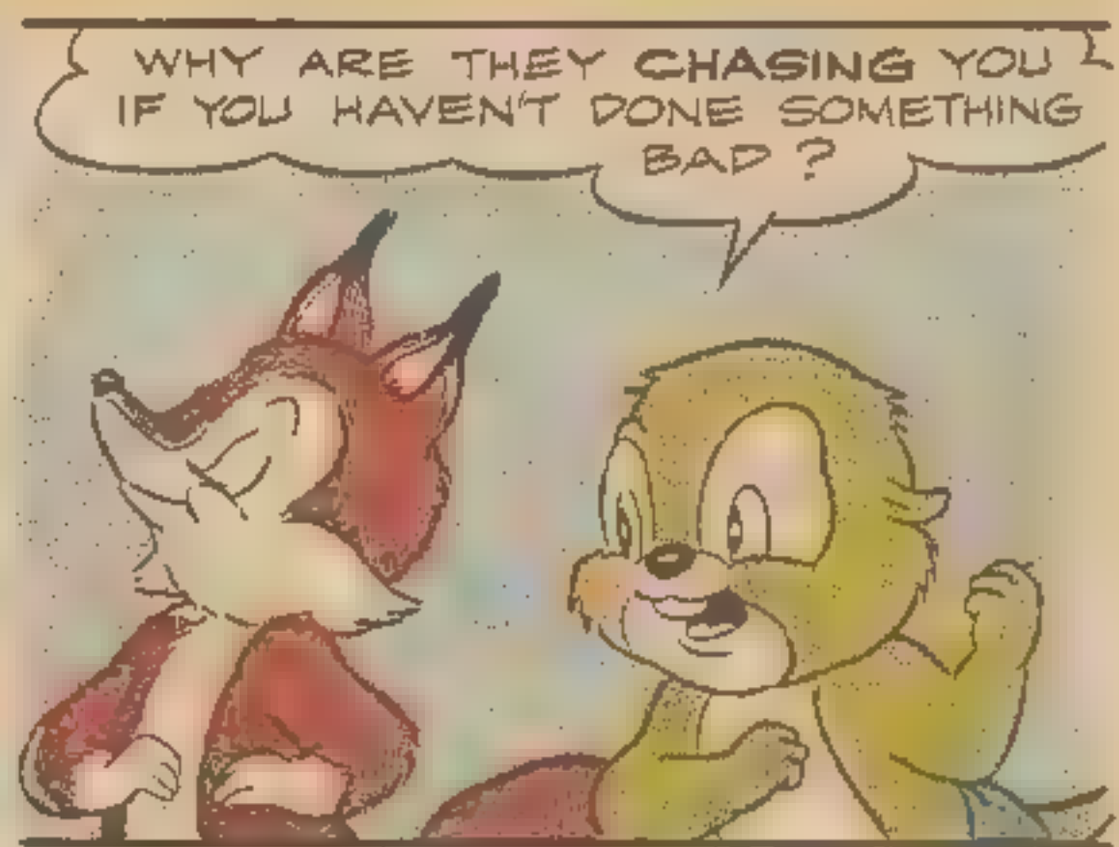

WHERE'D HE GO ? WHERE'S THAT FOX ?
HE WENT THAT WAY !

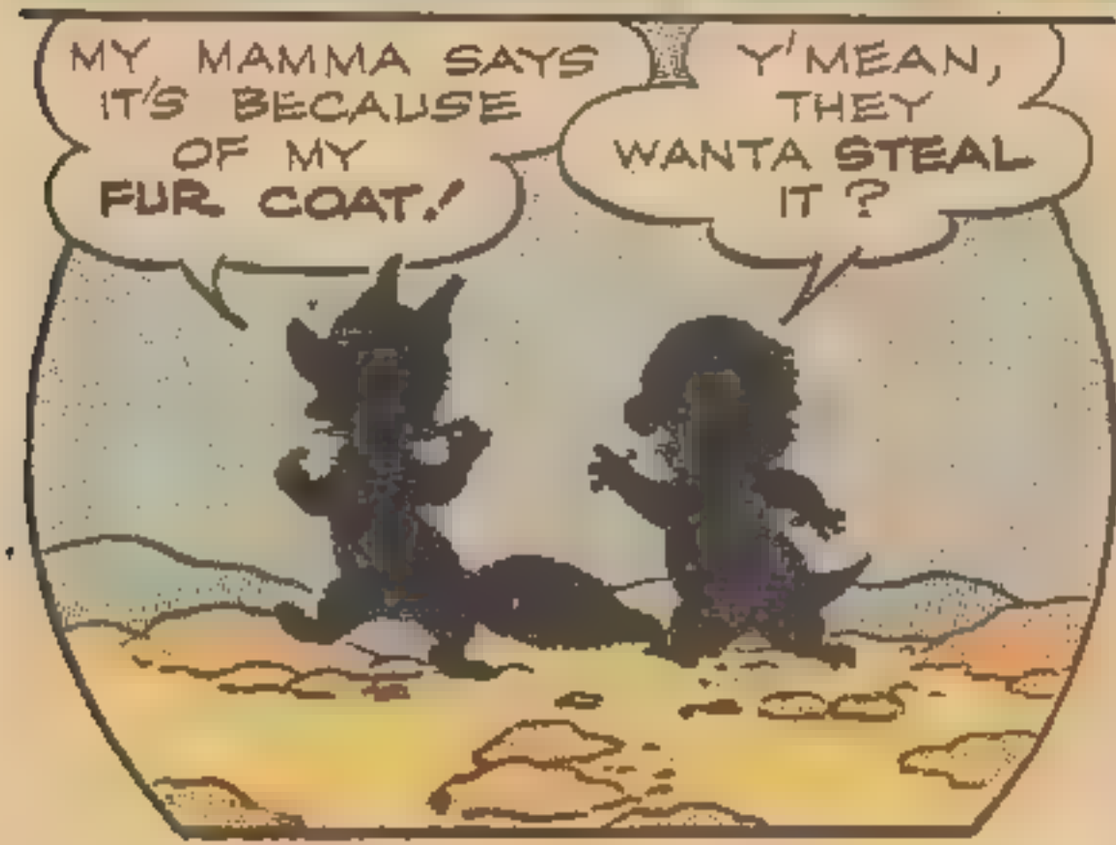

THANKS ! I'LL GIT HIM ! HE CAN'T ESCAPE FROM ME !

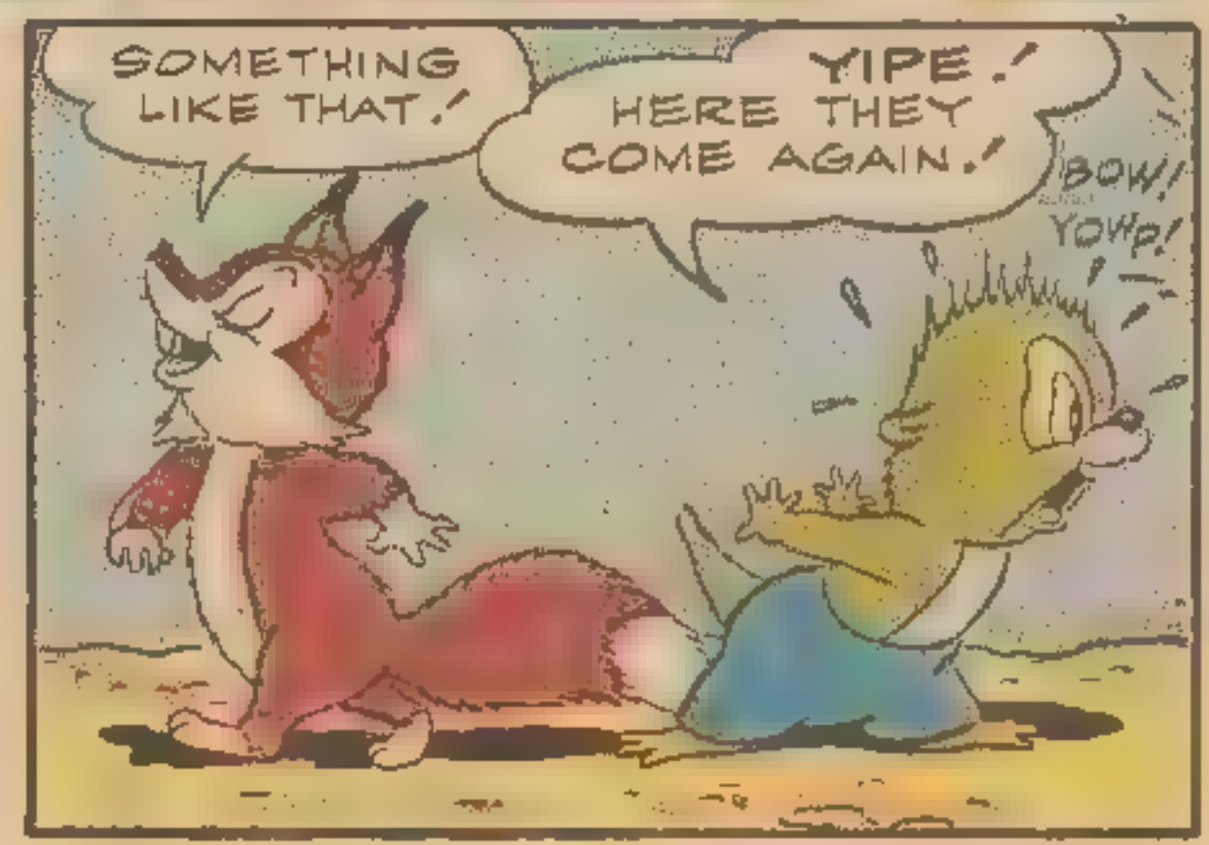

? ?

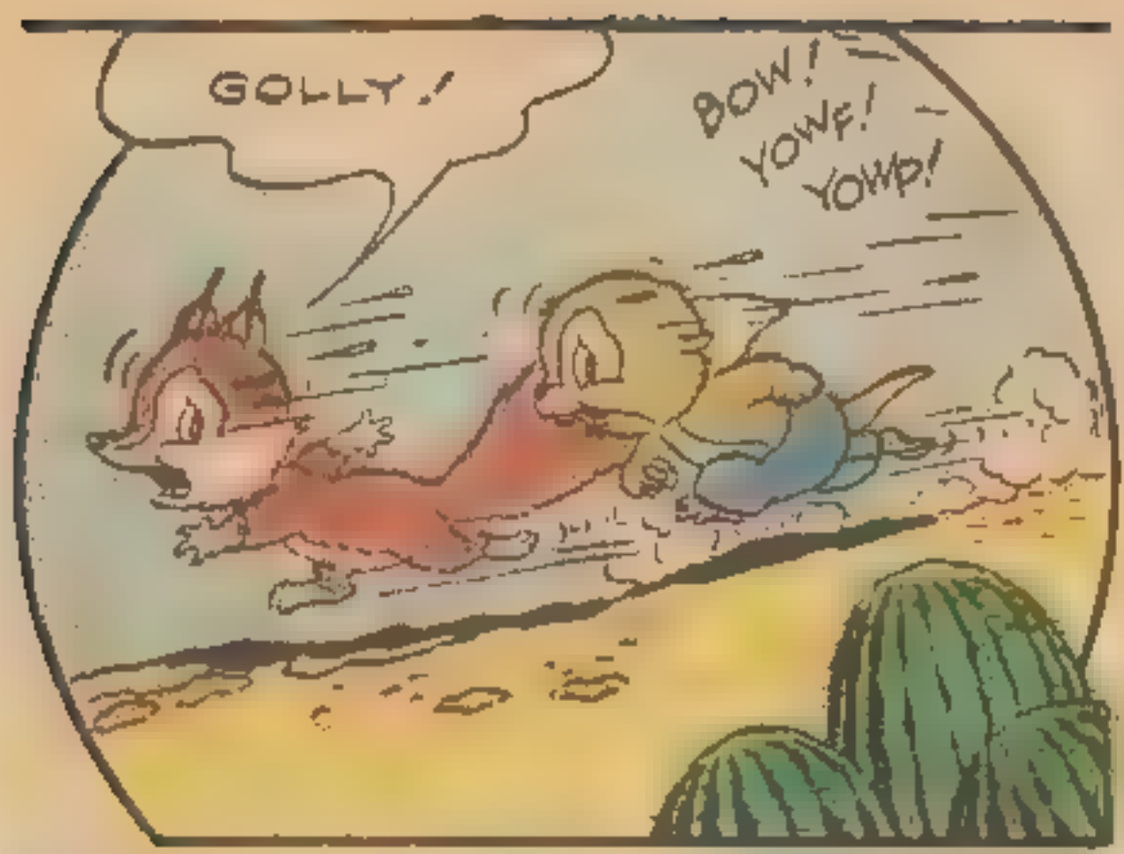

HAS HE GONE?
YEP ! AN' THERE WERE A WHOLE BUNCH OF MEN ON HORSE BACK ... . WITH GUNS !

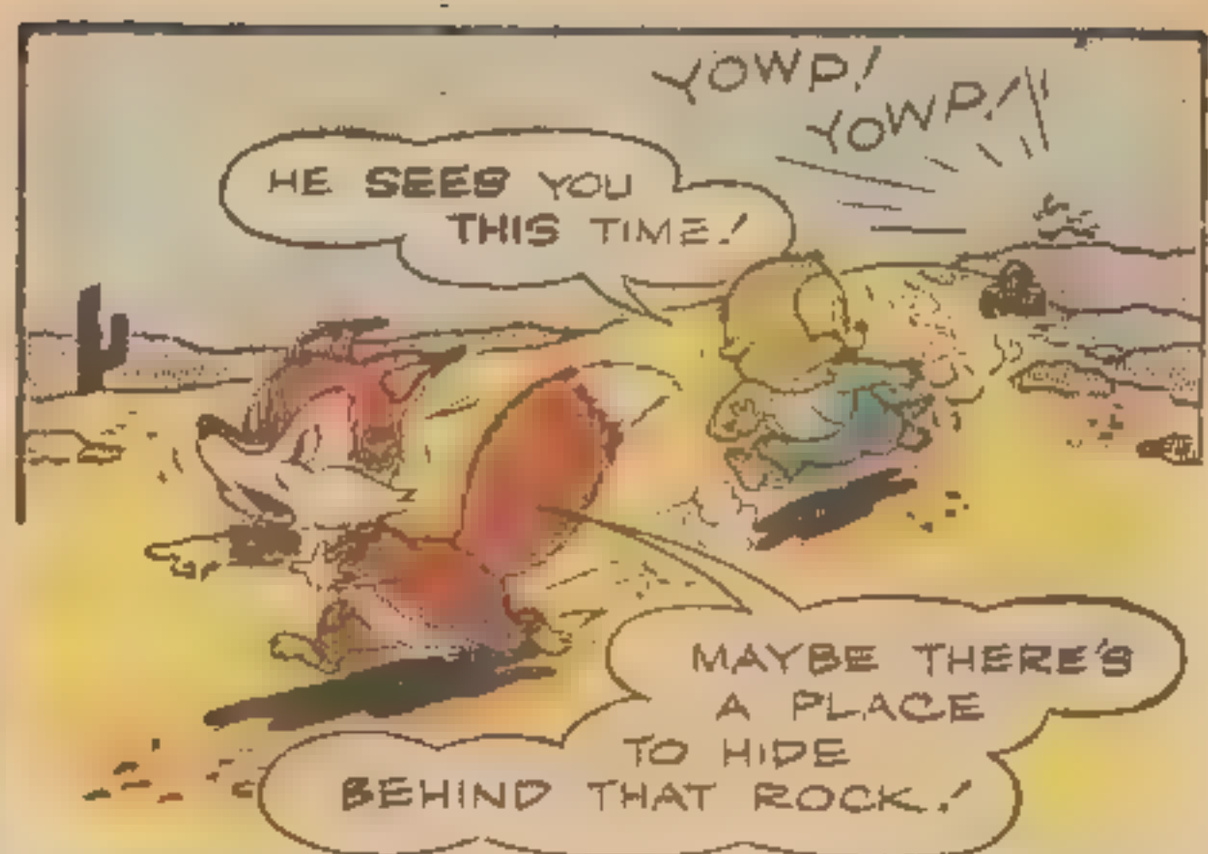

YOU HAVEN'T DONE ANYTHING WRONG, HAVE YOU ?
NOPE !

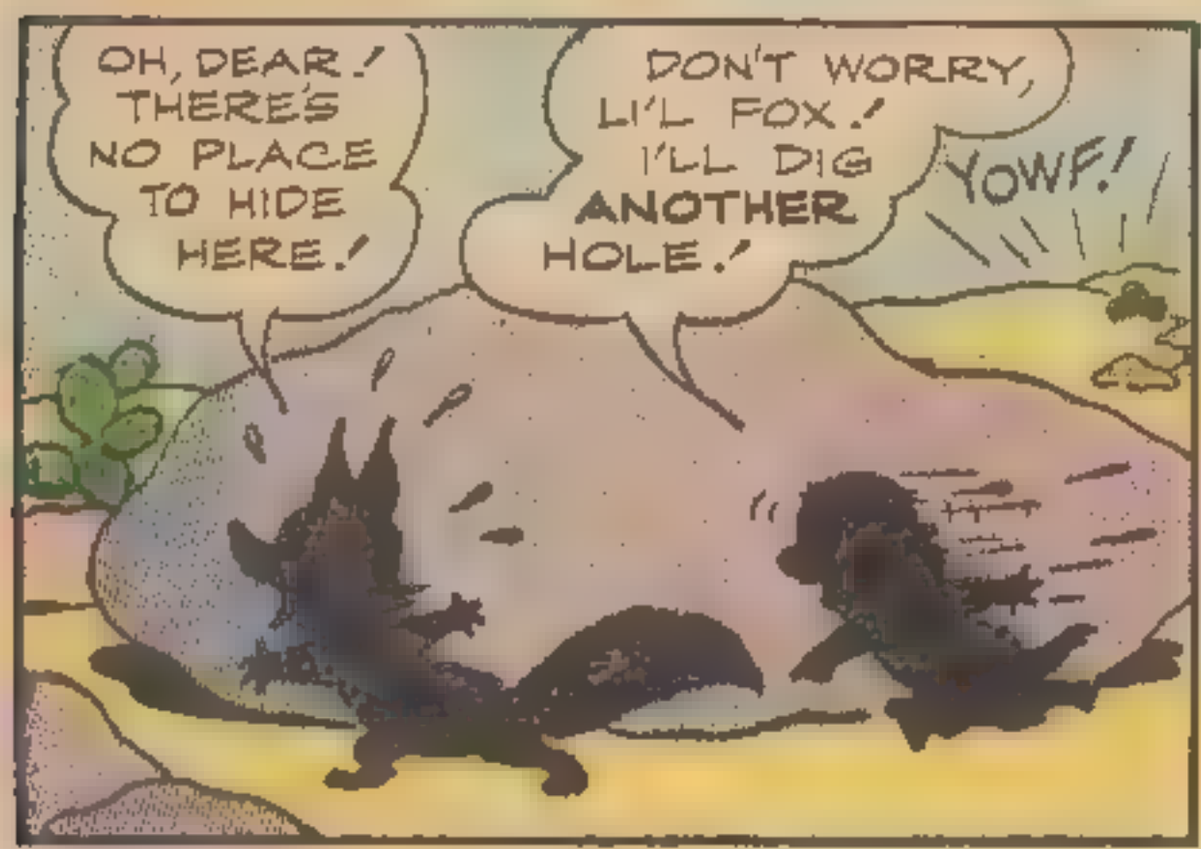

WHY ARE THEY CHASING YOU IF YOU HAVEN'T DONE SOMETHING BAD ?

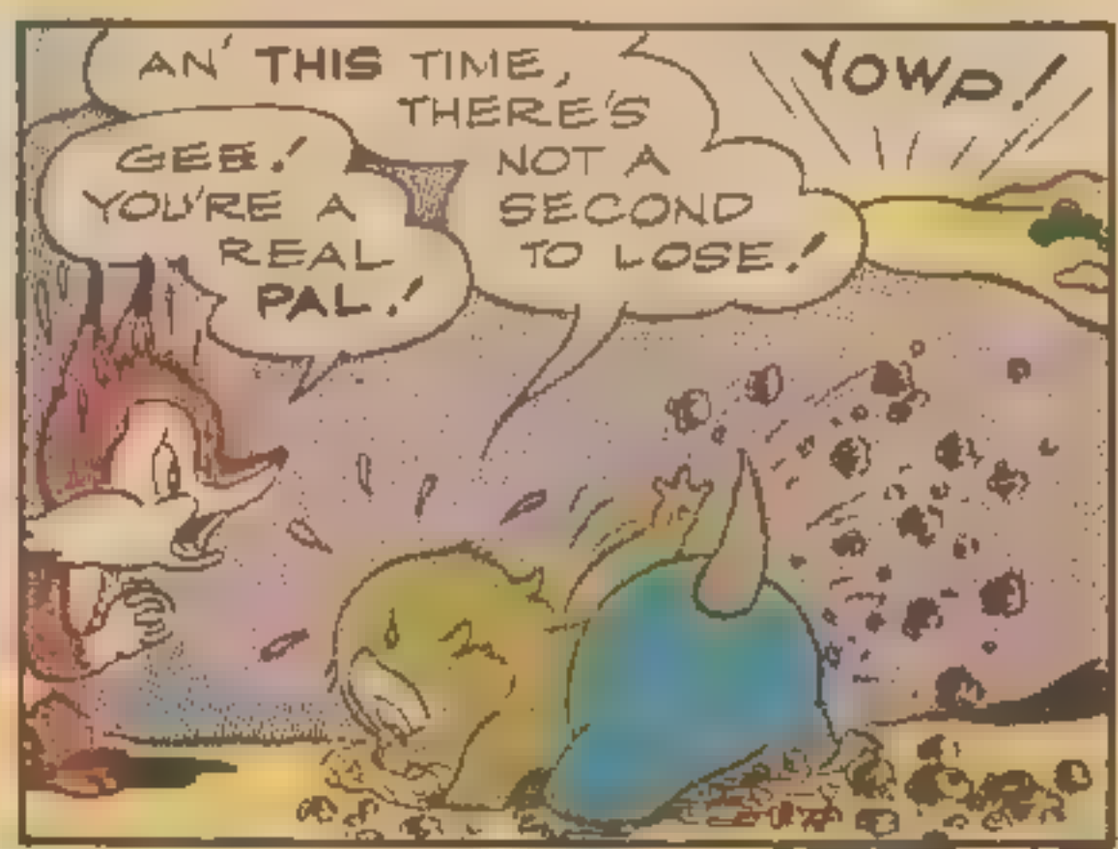

MY MAMMA SAYS IT'S BECAUSE OF MY FUR COAT !
Y'MEAN, THEY WANTA STEAL IT ?

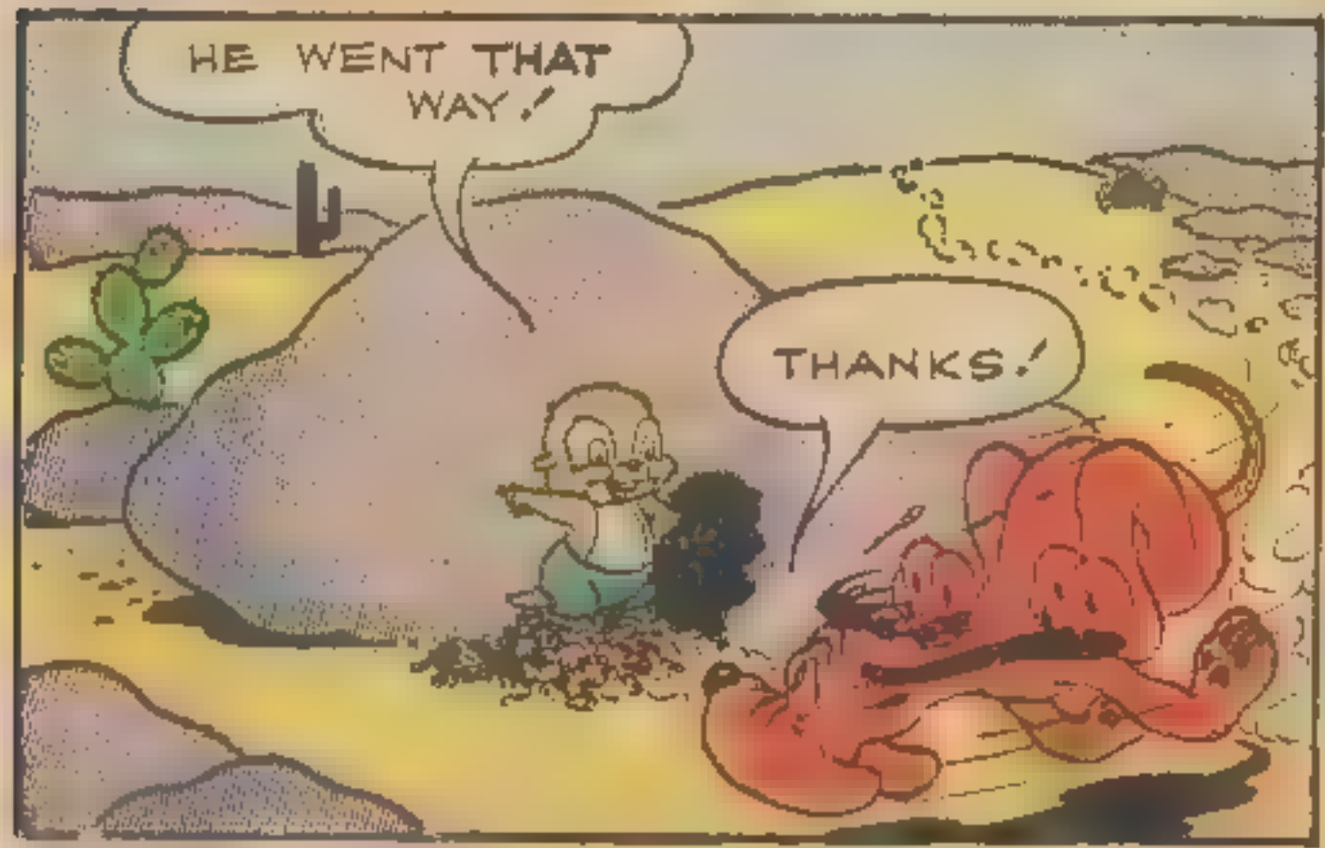

SOMETHING LIKE THAT !
YIPE ! HERE THEY COME AGAIN !
BOW ! YOWP !

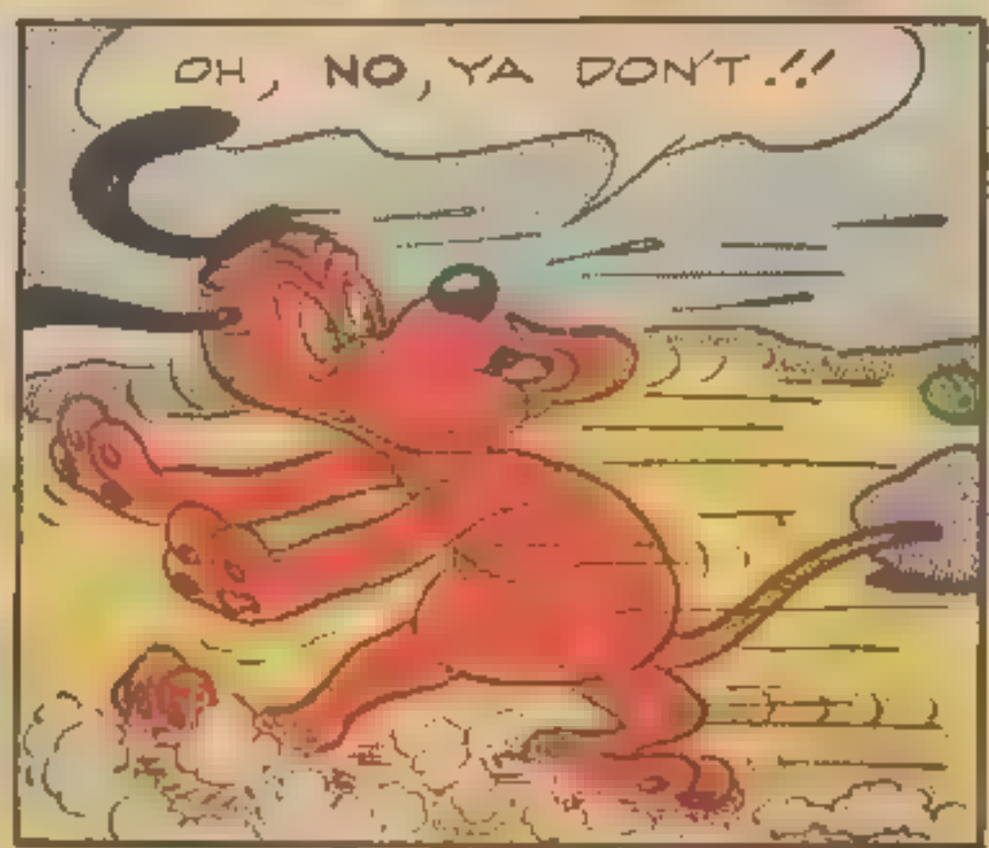

GOLLY!
BOW! YOWF! YOWP!

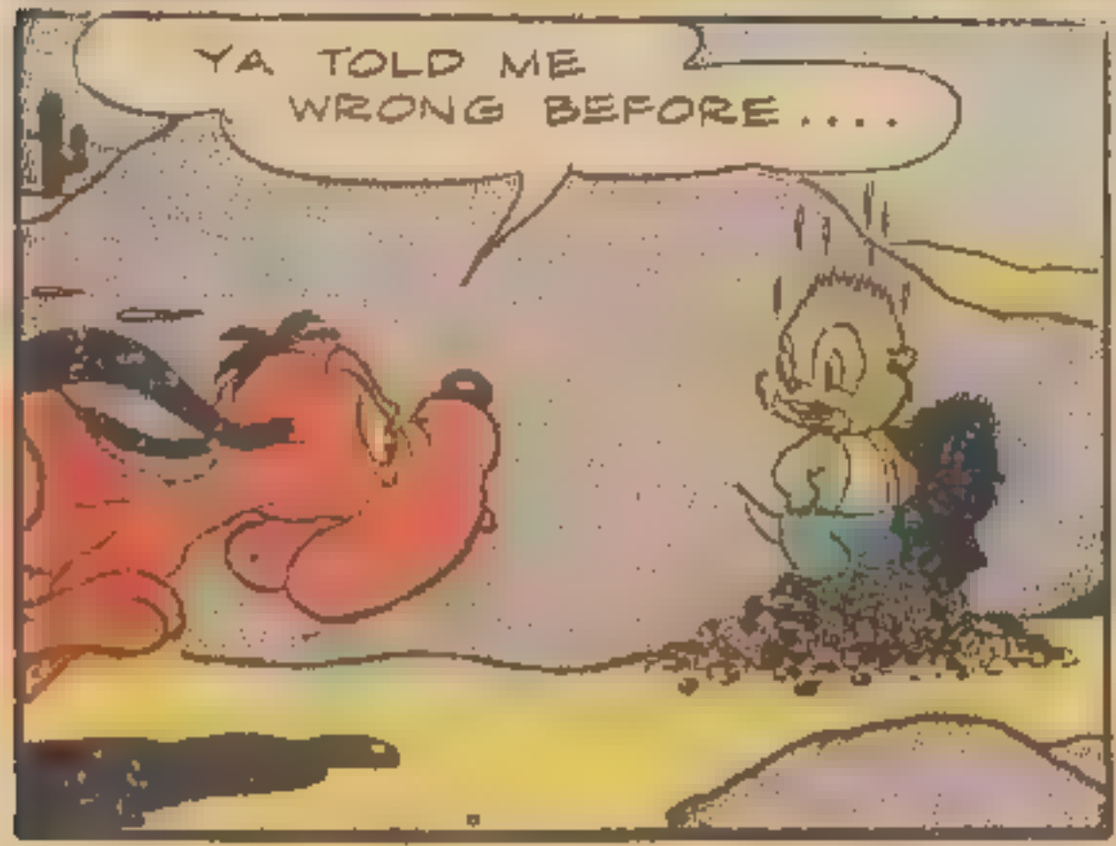

YOWP! YOWP!!
HE SEES YOU THIS TIME!
MAYBE THERE'S A PLACE TO HIDE BEHIND THAT ROCK!

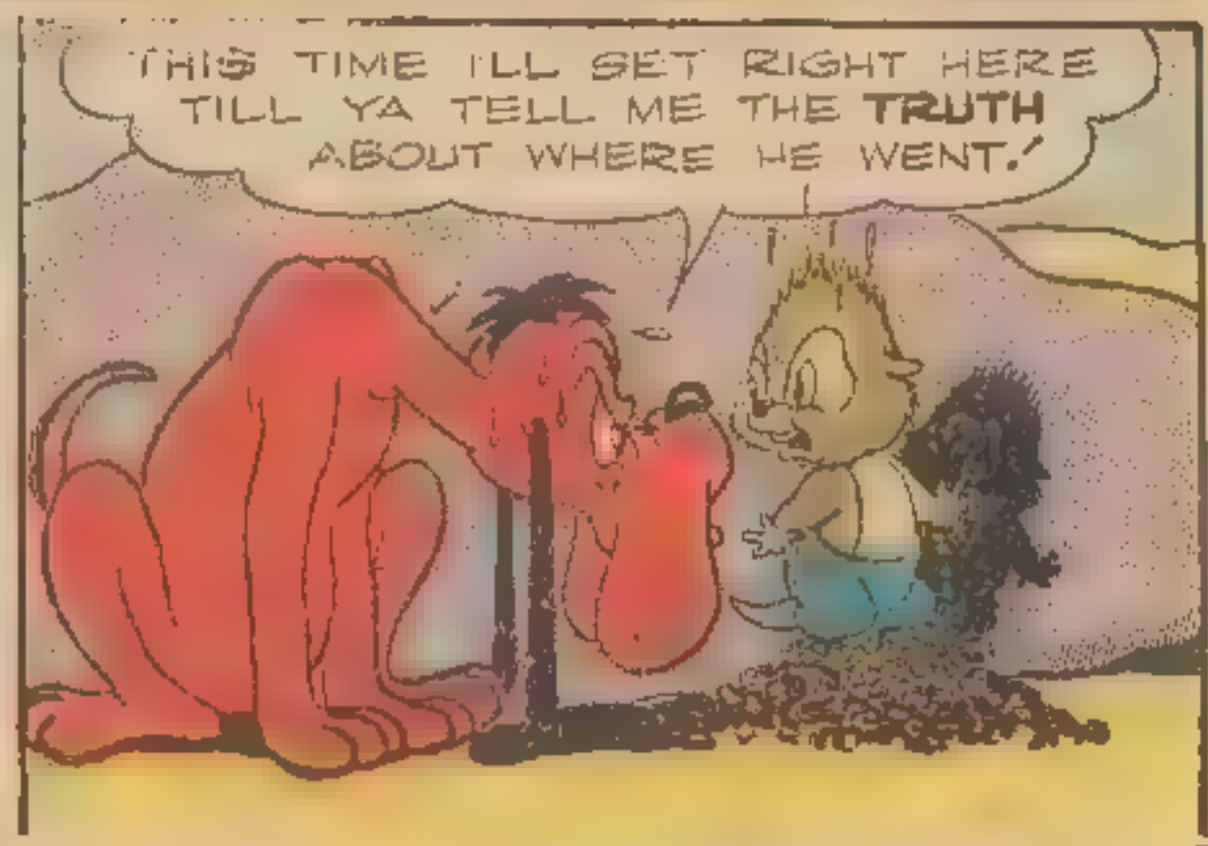

OH, DEAR! THERE'S NO PLACE TO HIDE HERE!
DON'T WORRY, LI'L FOX! I'LL DIG ANOTHER HOLE!
YOWF!


AN' THIS TIME, THERE'S NOT A SECOND TO LOSE!
YOWP!
GEE! YOU'RE A REAL PAL!

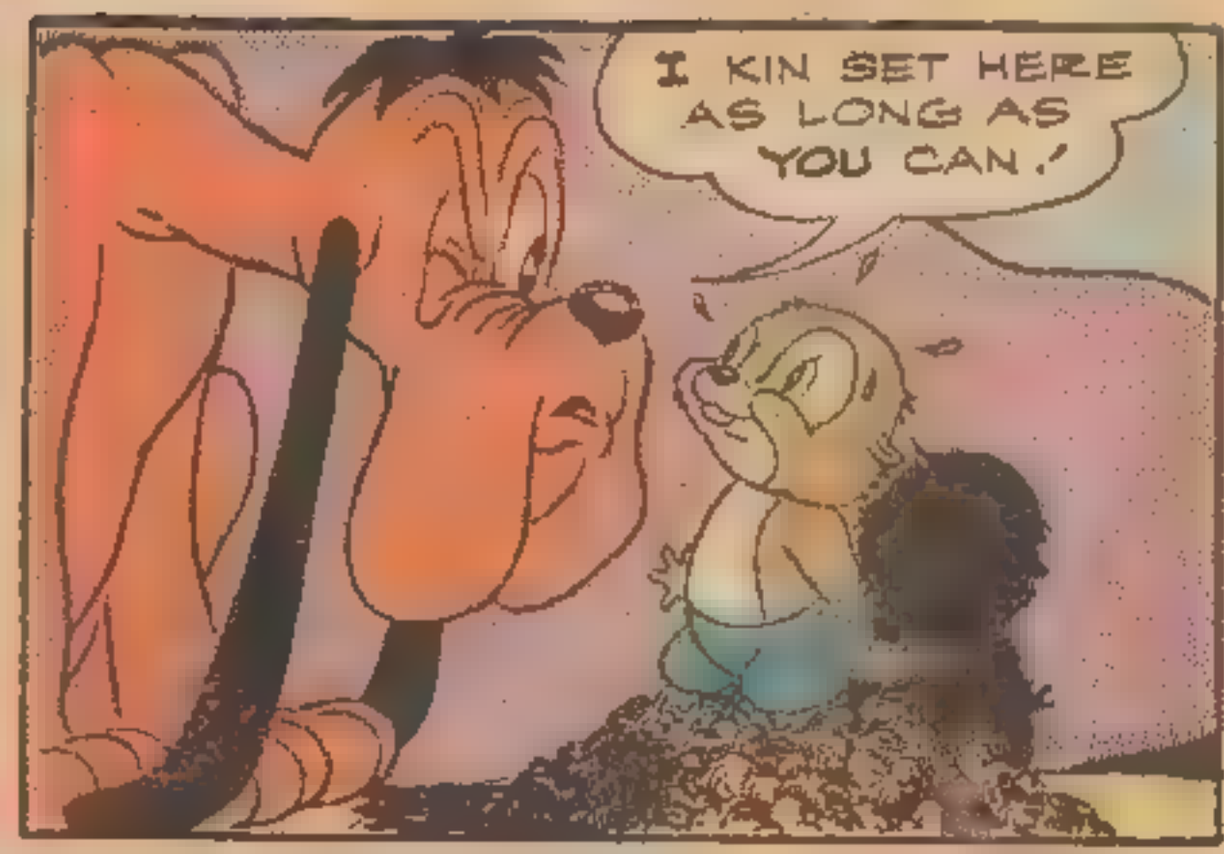

HE WENT THAT WAY!
THANKS!

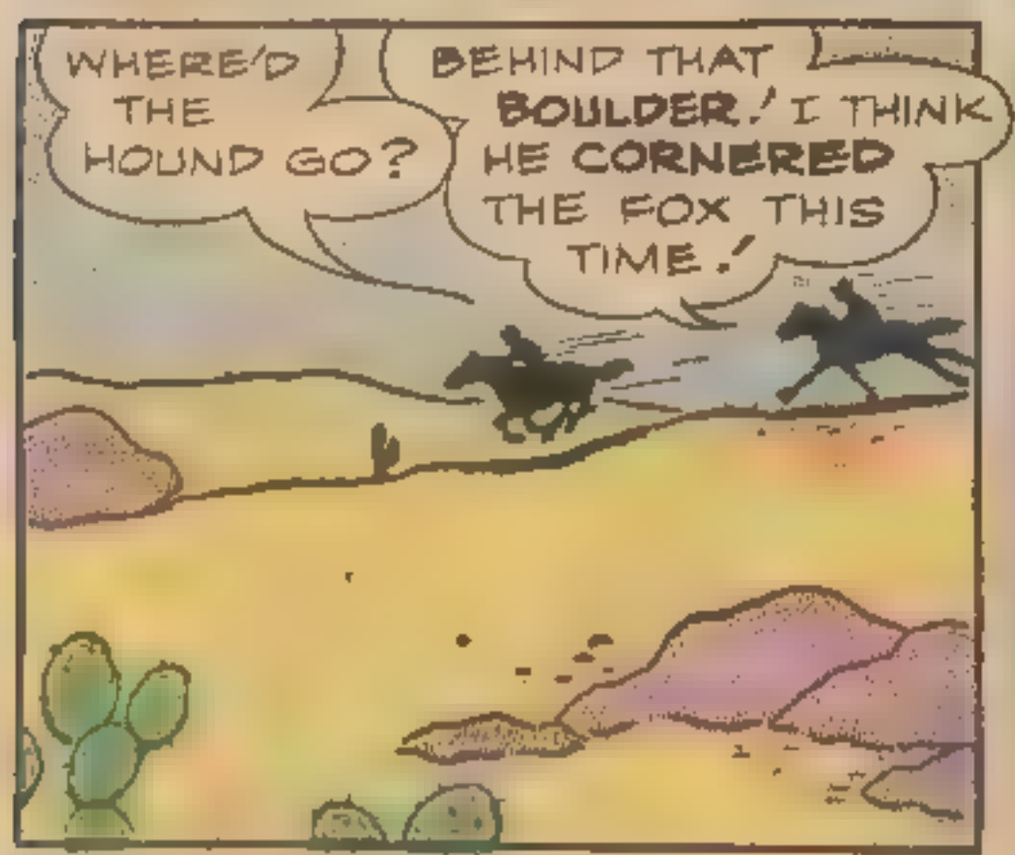

OH, NO, YA DON'T!!

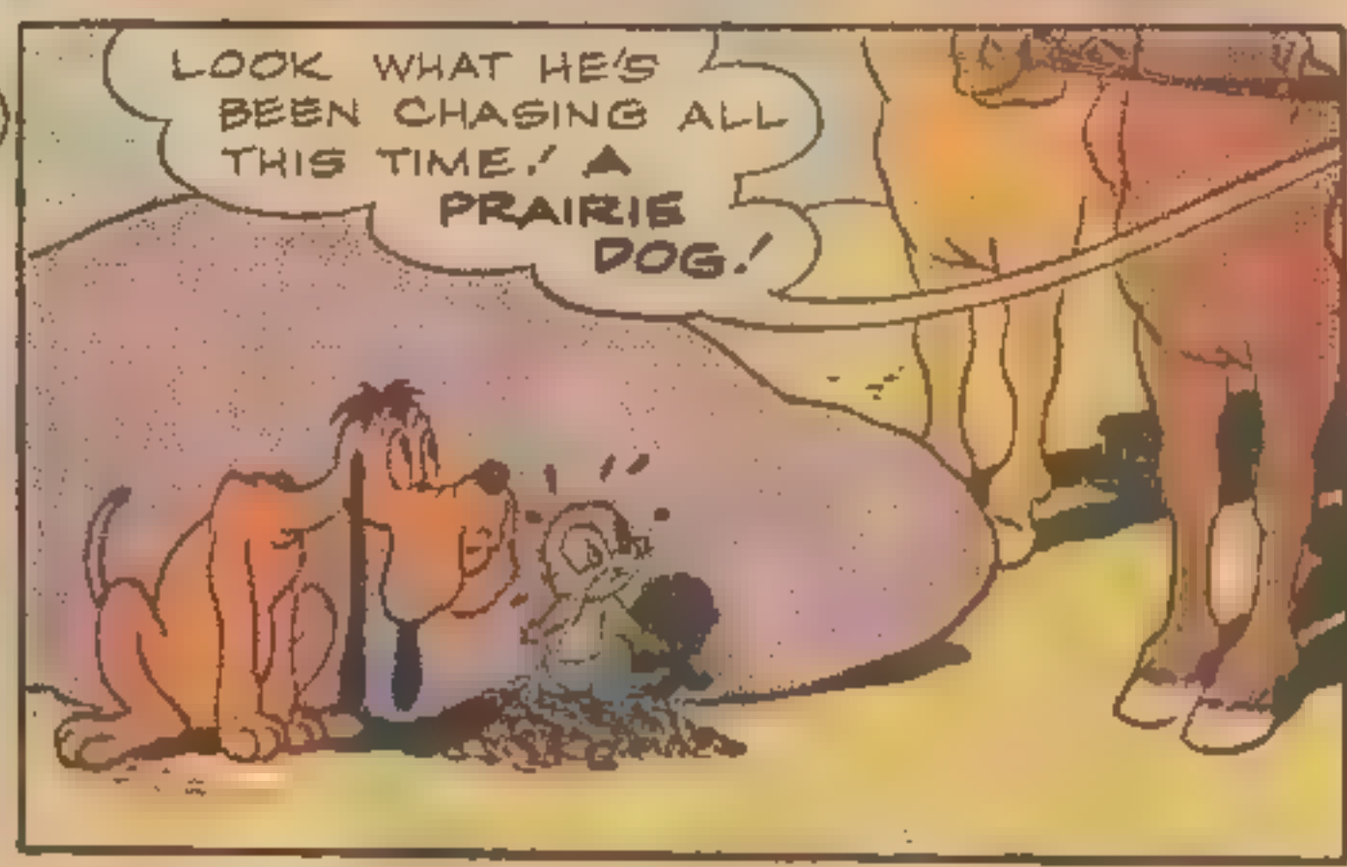

YA TOLD ME WRONG BEFORE....

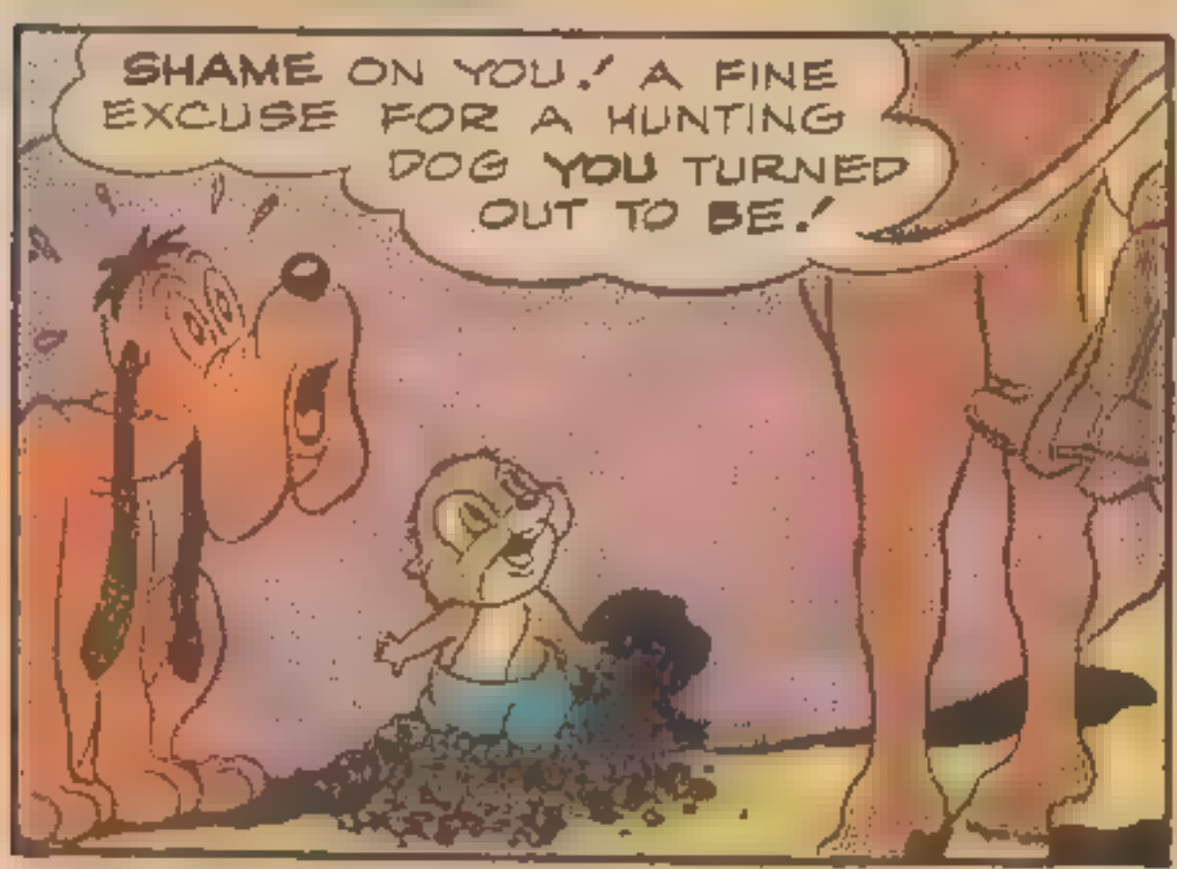

THIS TIME I'LL SET RIGHT HERE TILL YA TELL ME THE TRUTH ABOUT WHERE HE WENT!

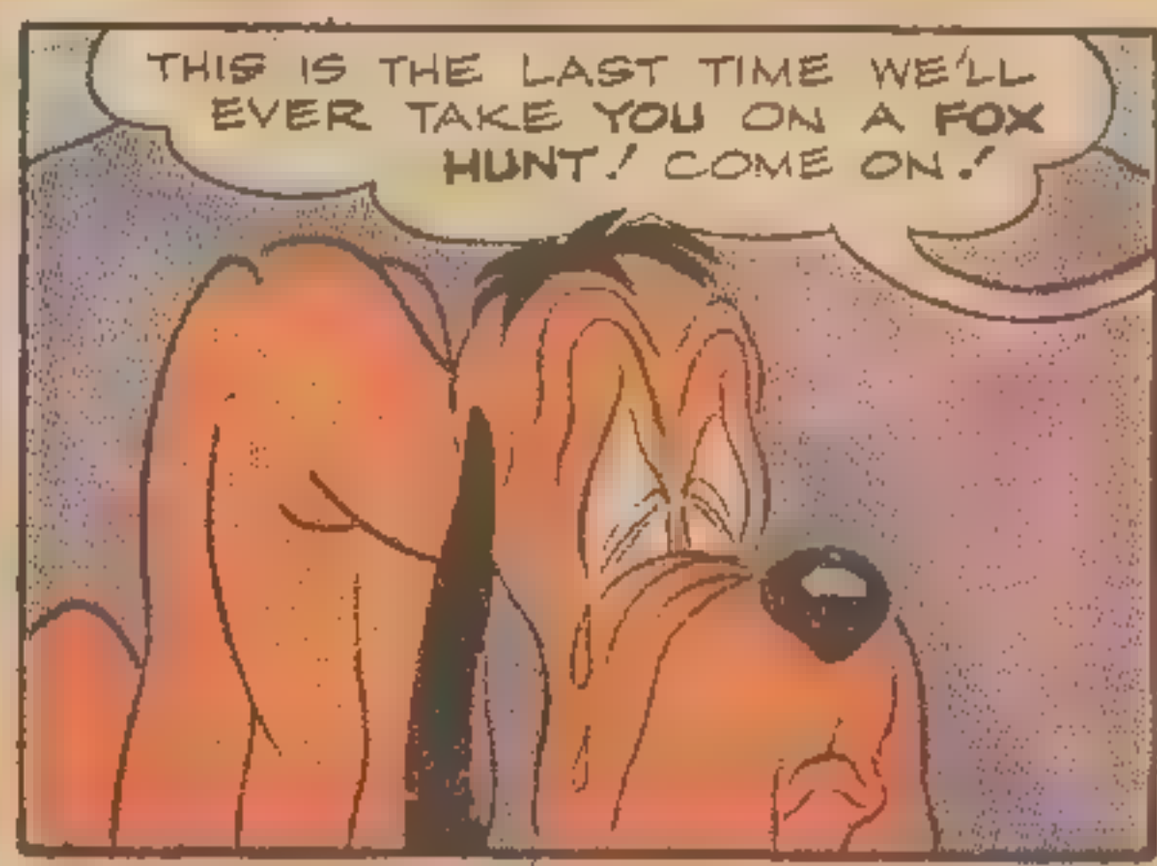
GOLLY! THAT POOR LI'L FOX WILL SMOTHER IF HE HAS TO STAY DOWN THERE TOO LONG!

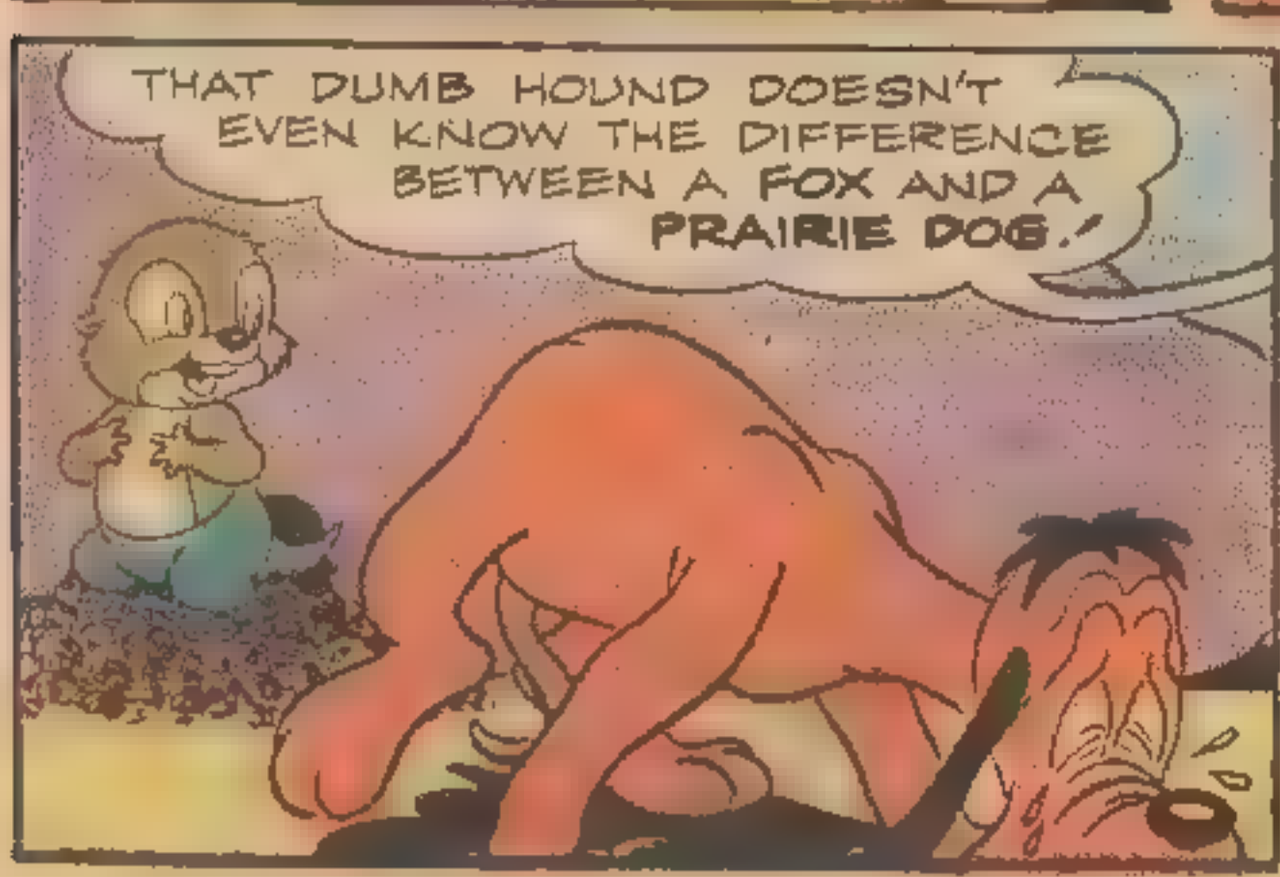

I KIN SET HERE AS LONG AS YOU CAN!

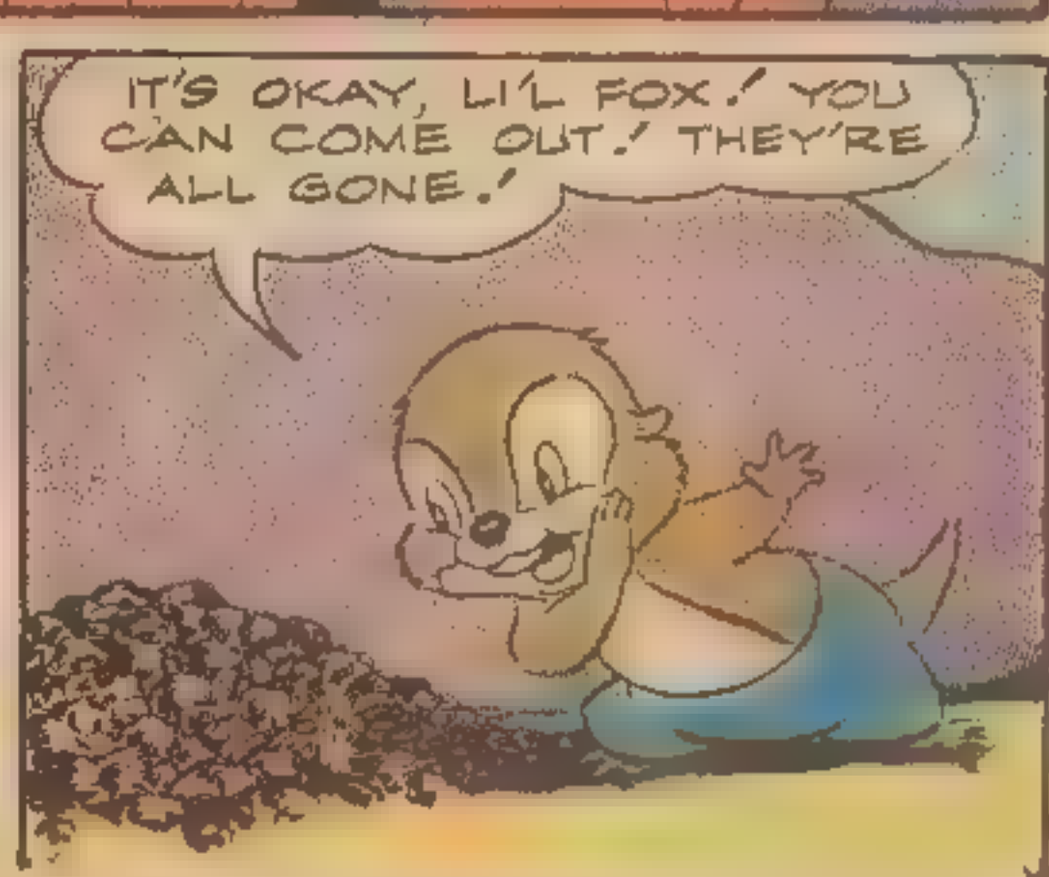

WHERE'D THE HOUND GO?
BEHIND THAT BOULDER! I THINK HE CORNERED THE FOX THIS TIME!

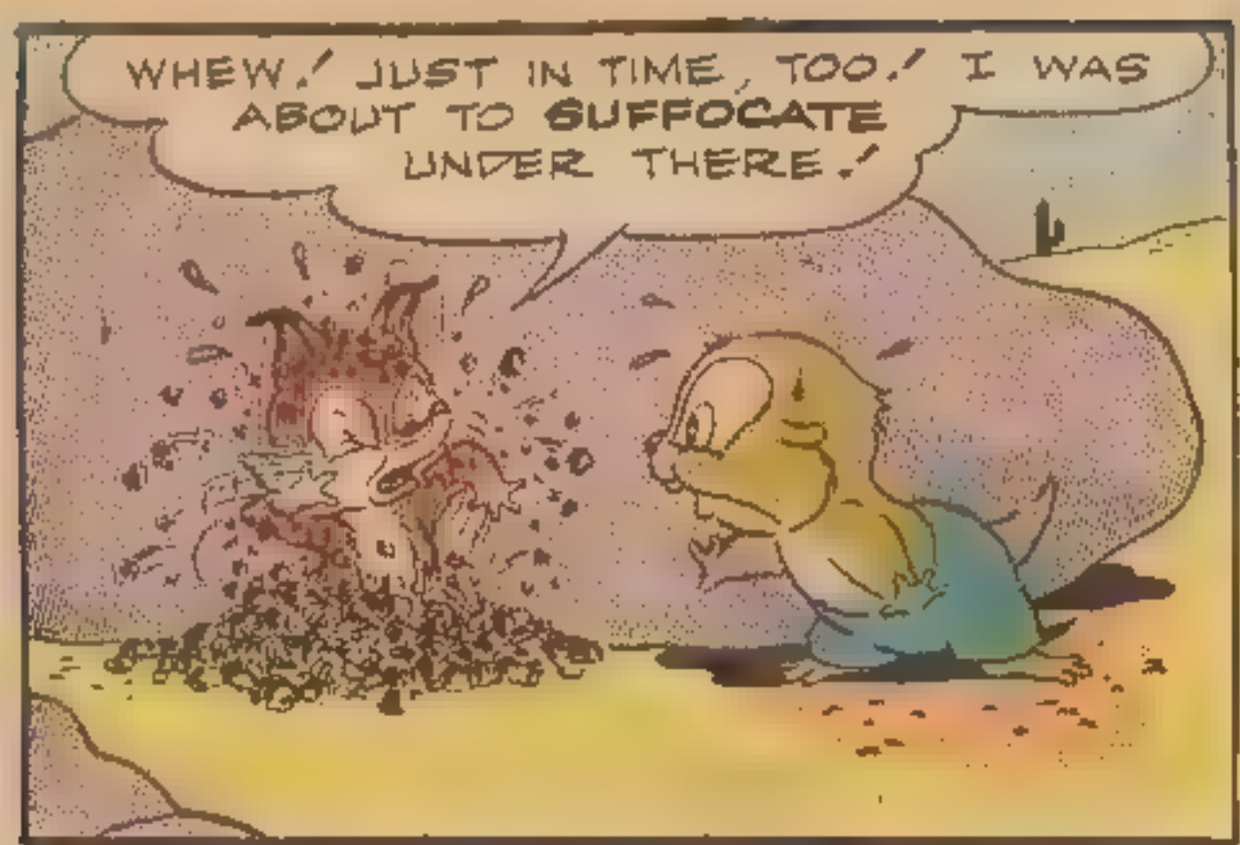

LOOK WHAT HE'S BEEN CHASING ALL THIS TIME! A PRAIRIE DOG!

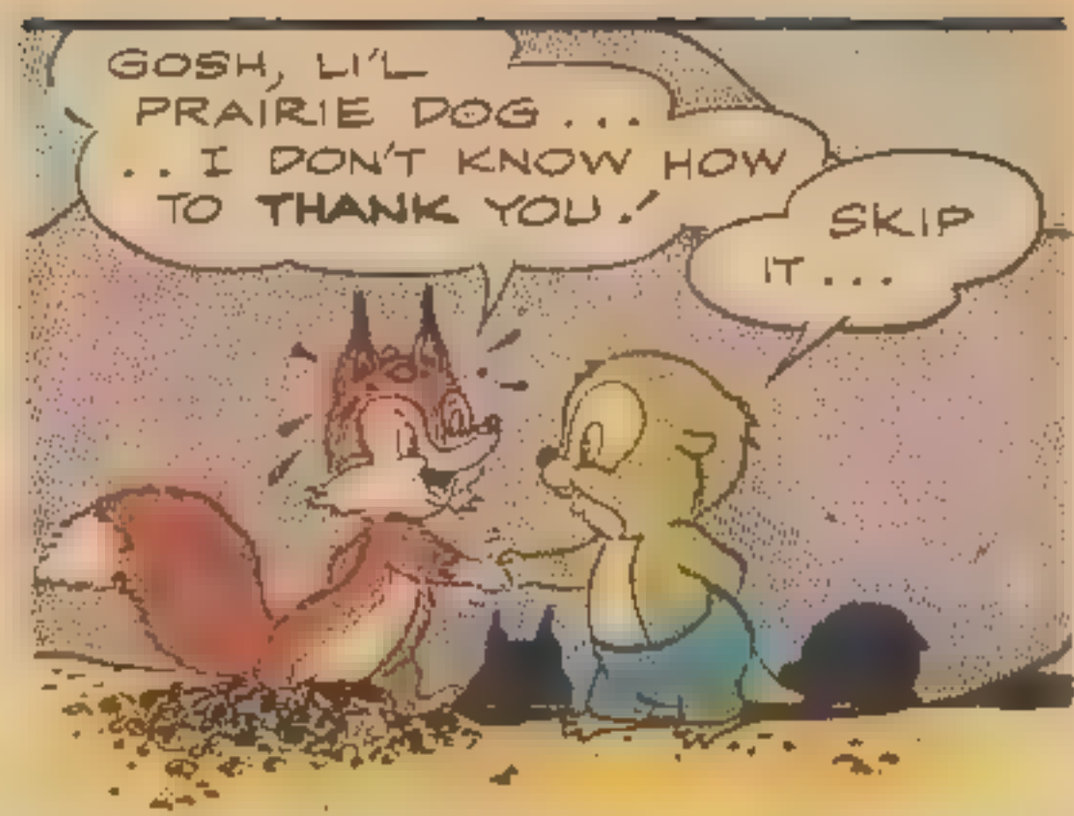

SHAME ON YOU! A FINE EXCUSE FOR A HUNTING DOG YOU TURNED OUT TO BE!

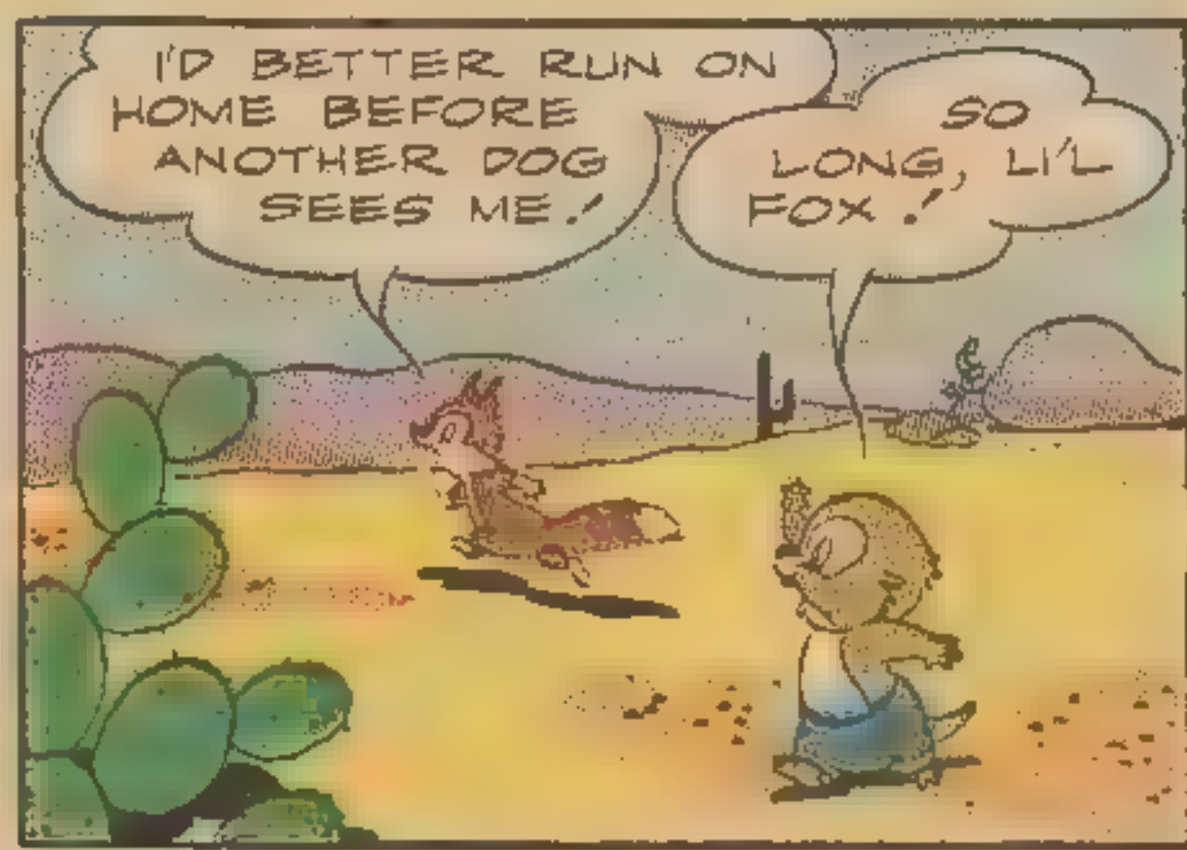

THIS IS THE LAST TIME WE'LL EVER TAKE YOU ON A FOX HUNT! COME ON!

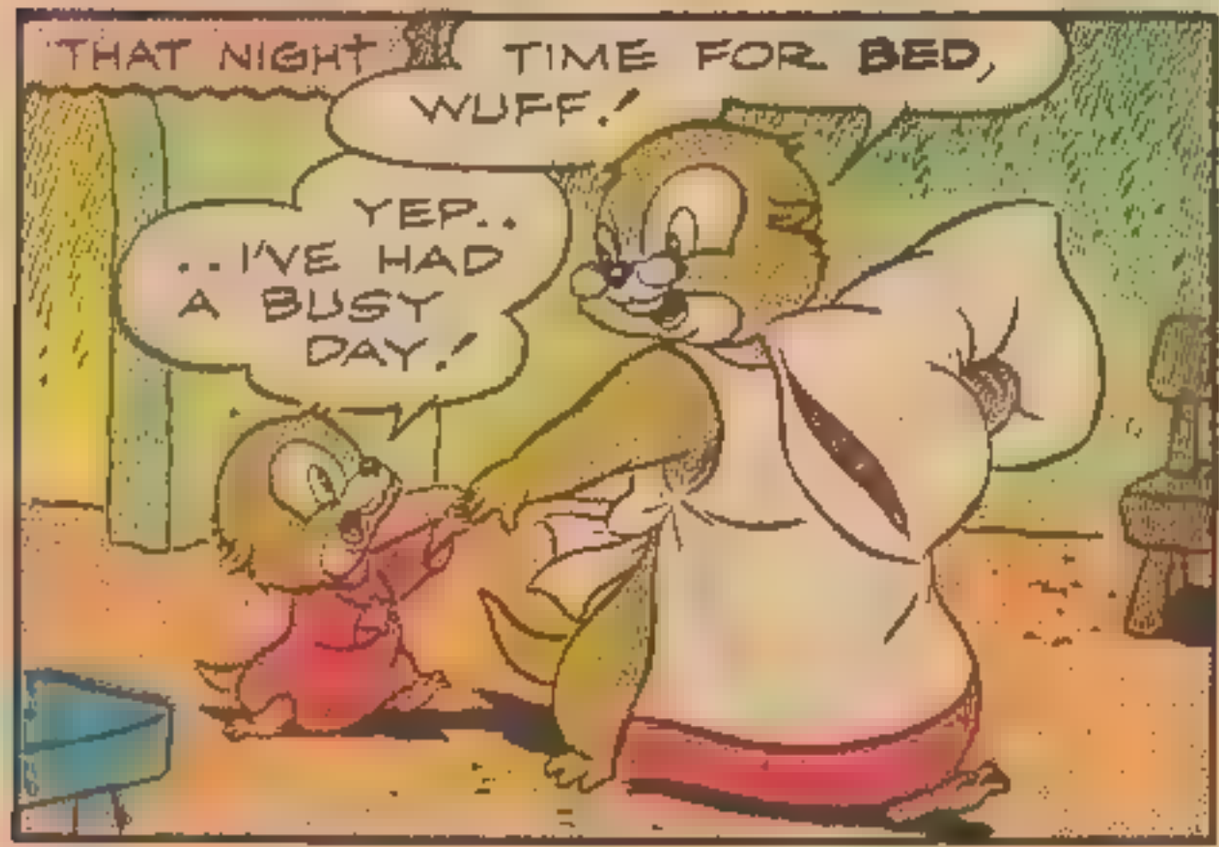

THAT DUMB HOUND DOESN'T EVEN KNOW THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A FOX AND A PRAIRIE DOG!

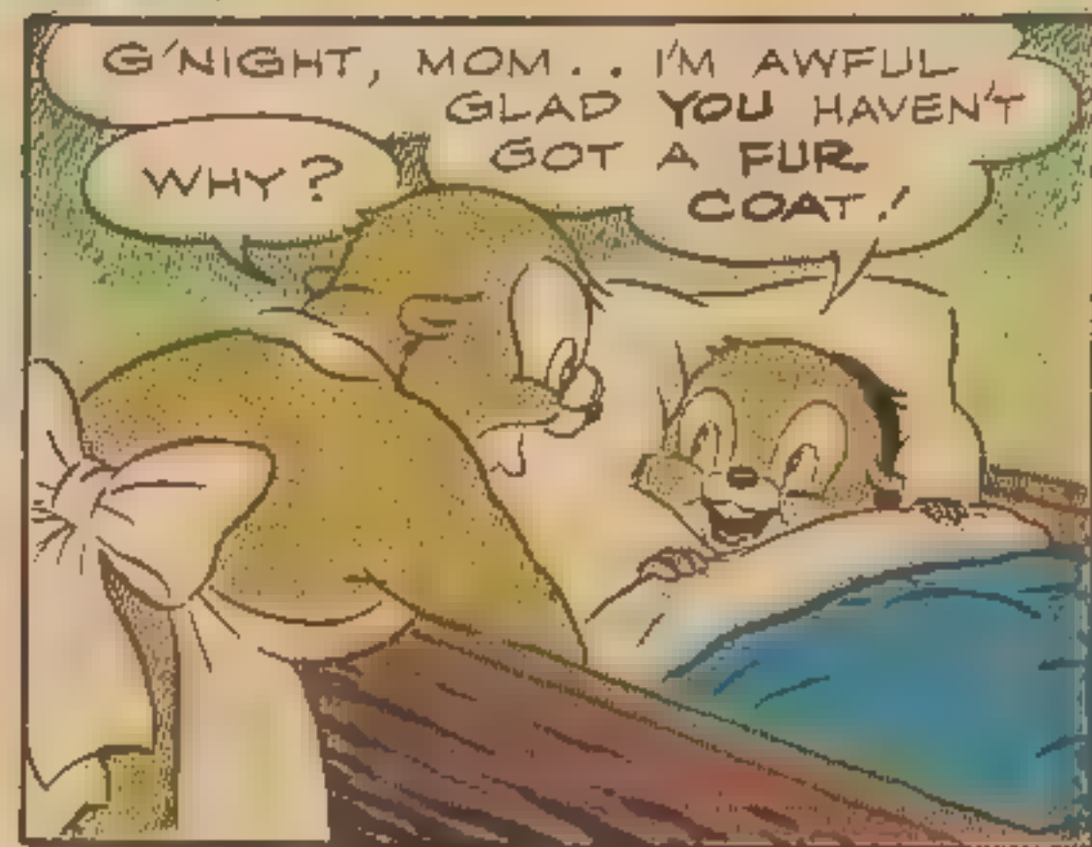

IT'S OKAY, LI'L FOX! YOU CAN COME OUT! THEY'RE ALL GONE!

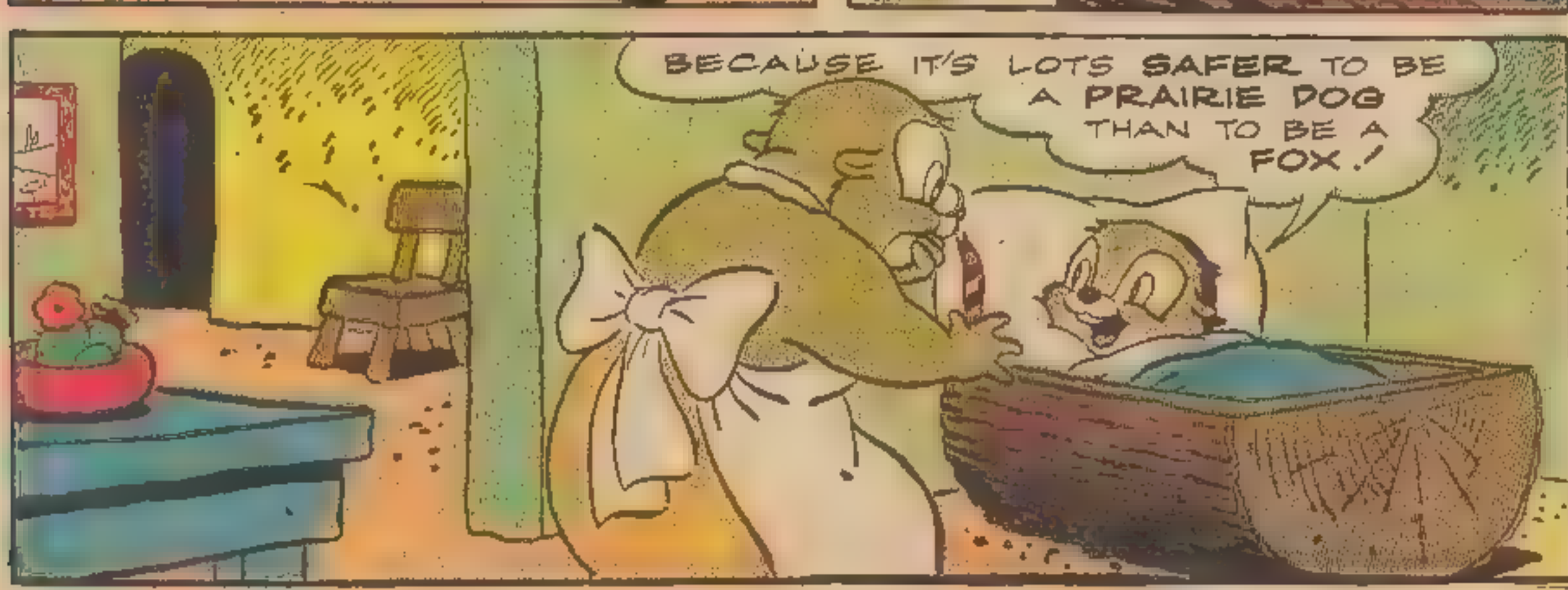












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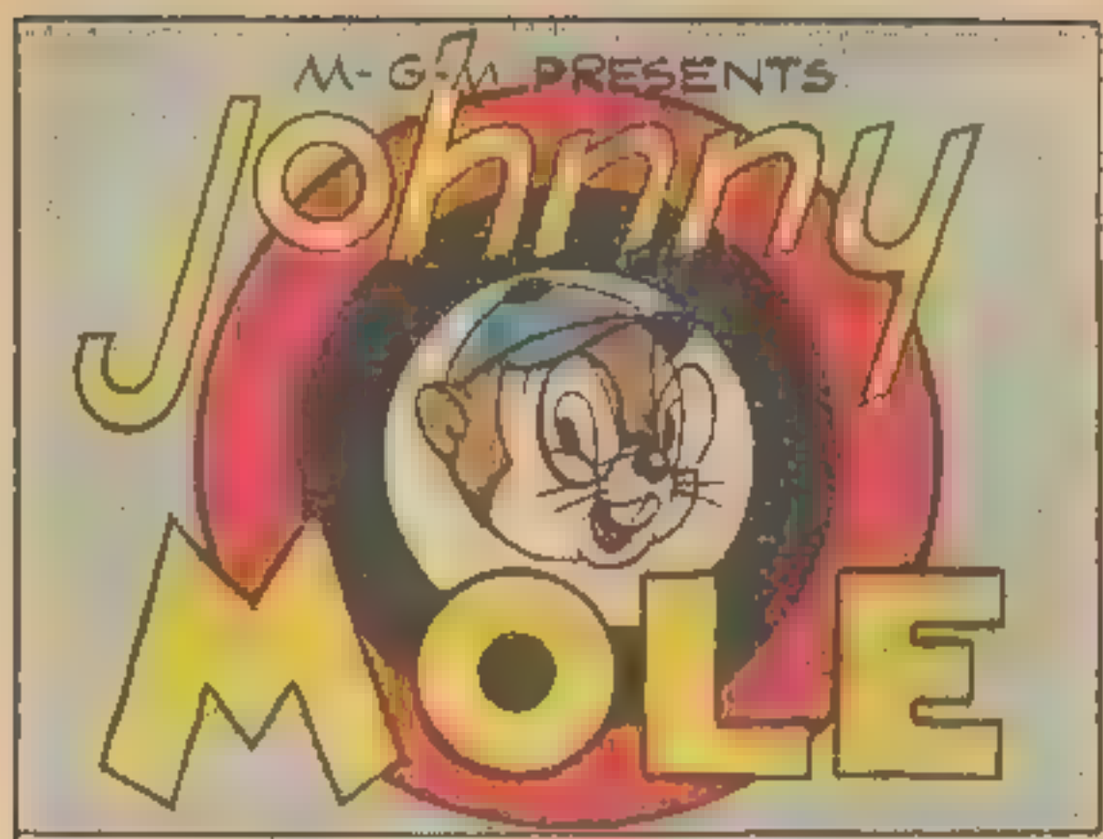
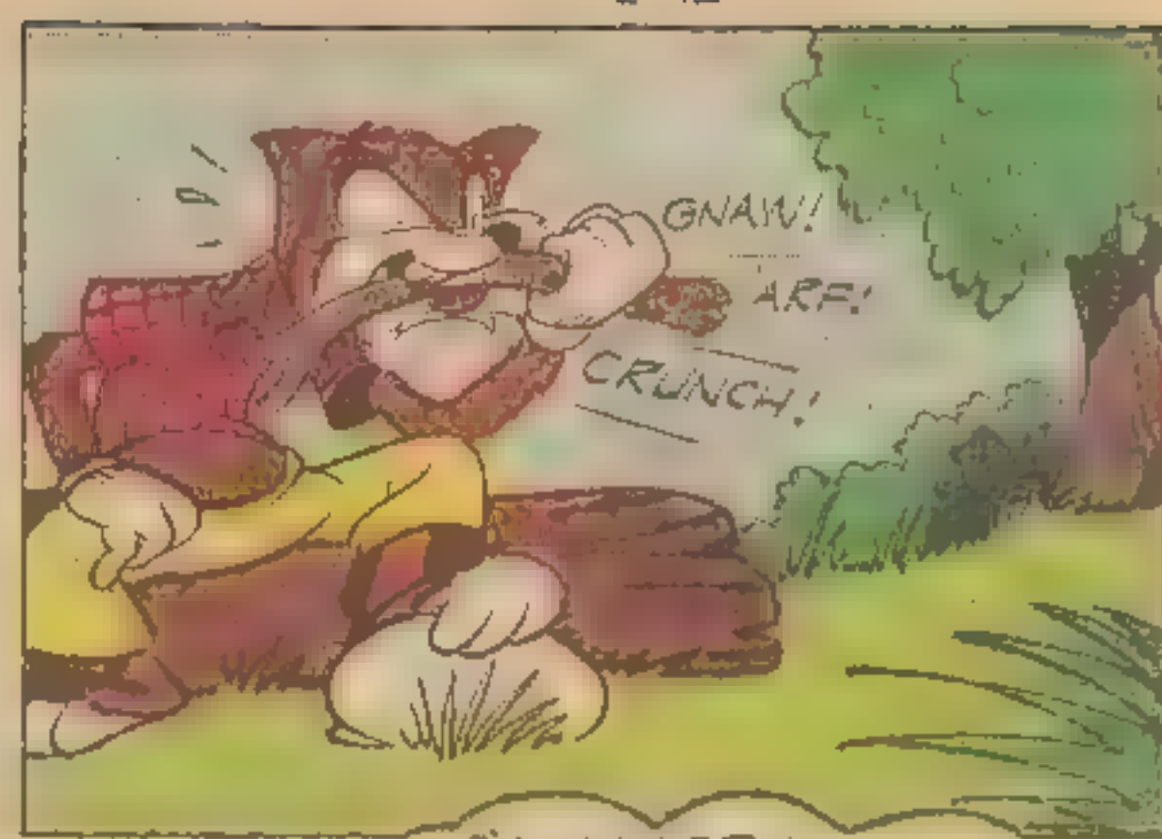
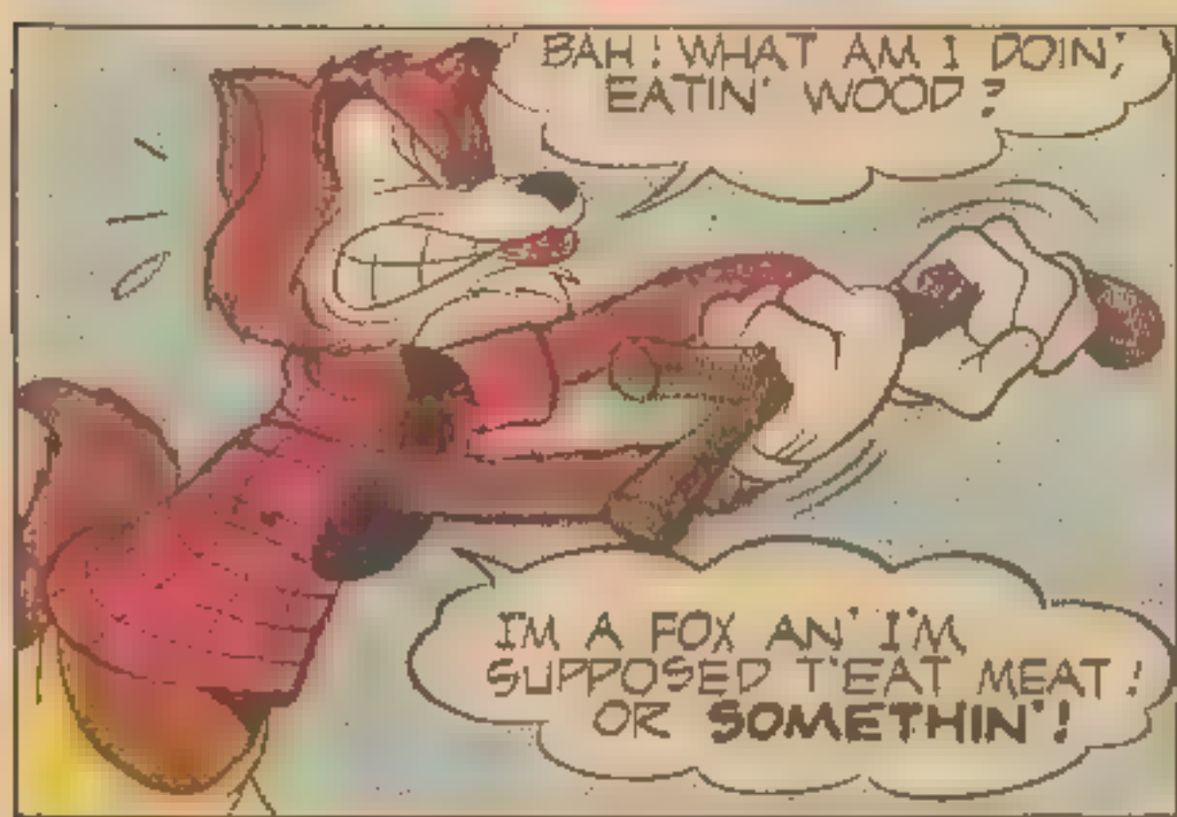
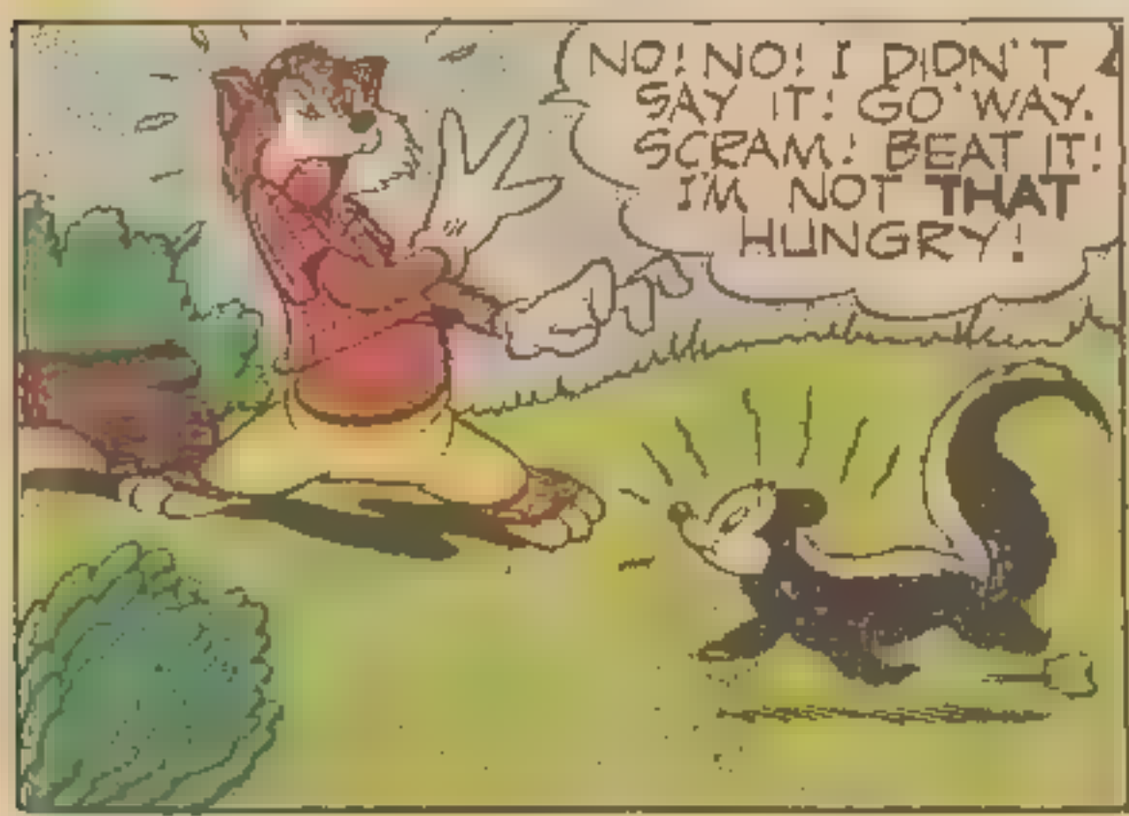
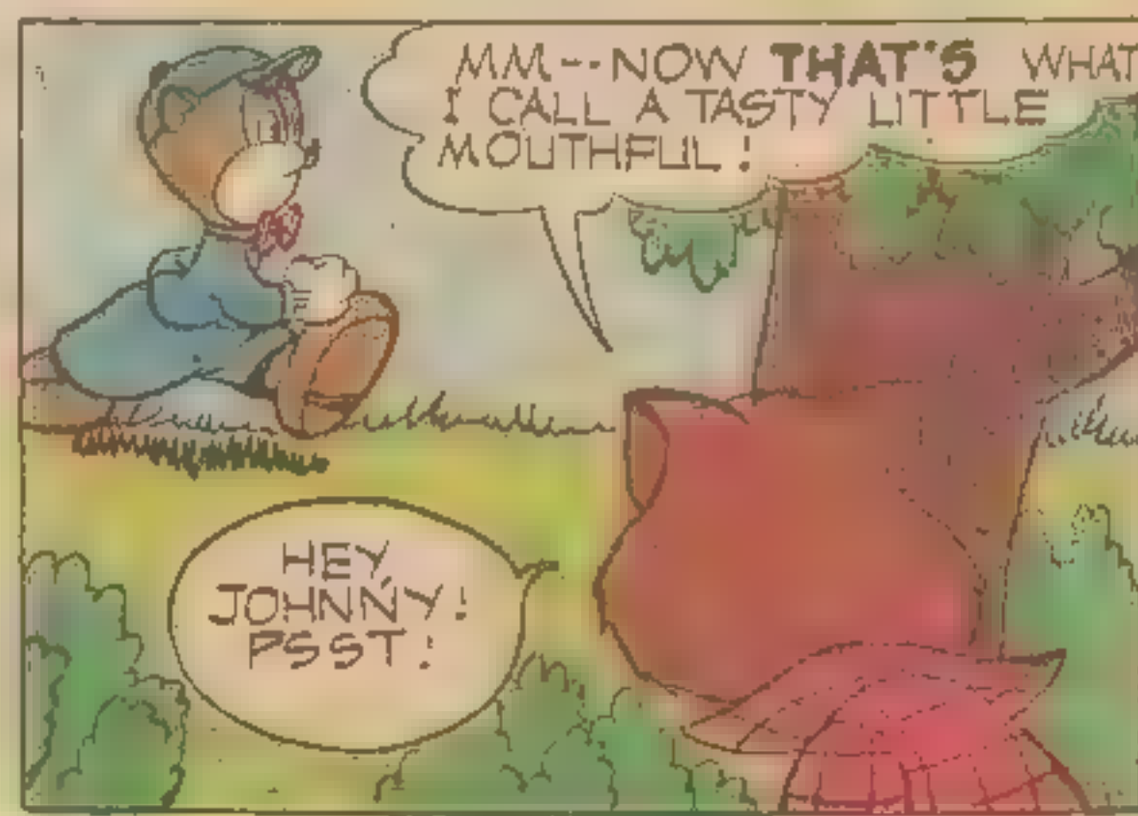

M-G-M PRESENTS
Johnny
MOLE

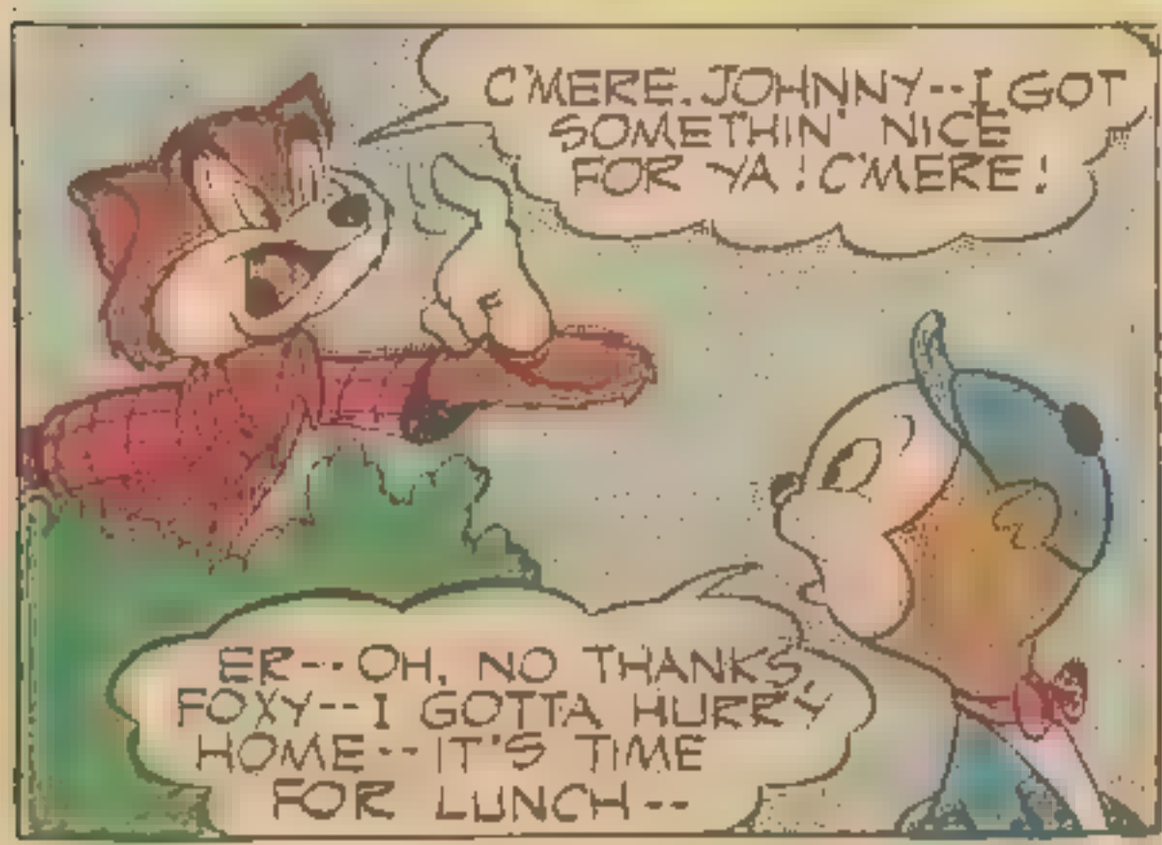

GNAW!
ARF!
CRUNCH!

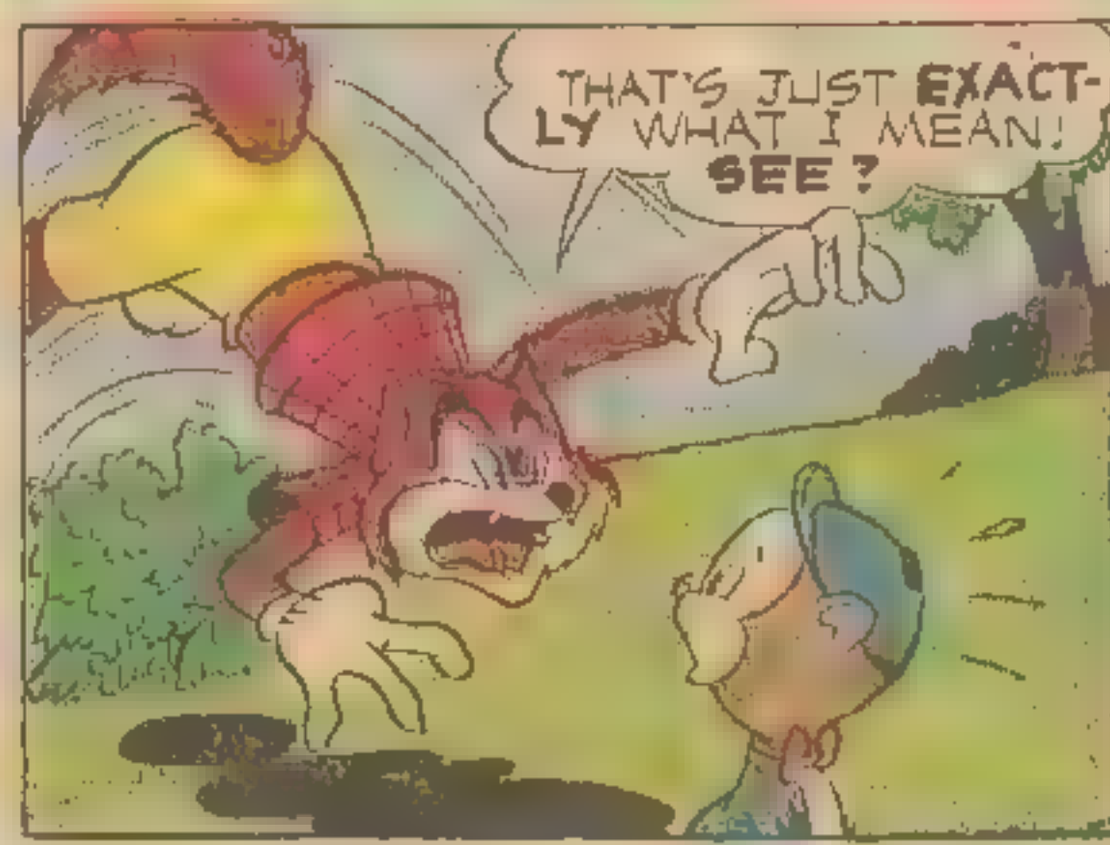

BAH! WHAT AM I DOIN' EATIN' WOOD?
I'M A FOX AN' I'M SUPPOSED T'EAT MEAT! OR SOMETHIN'!

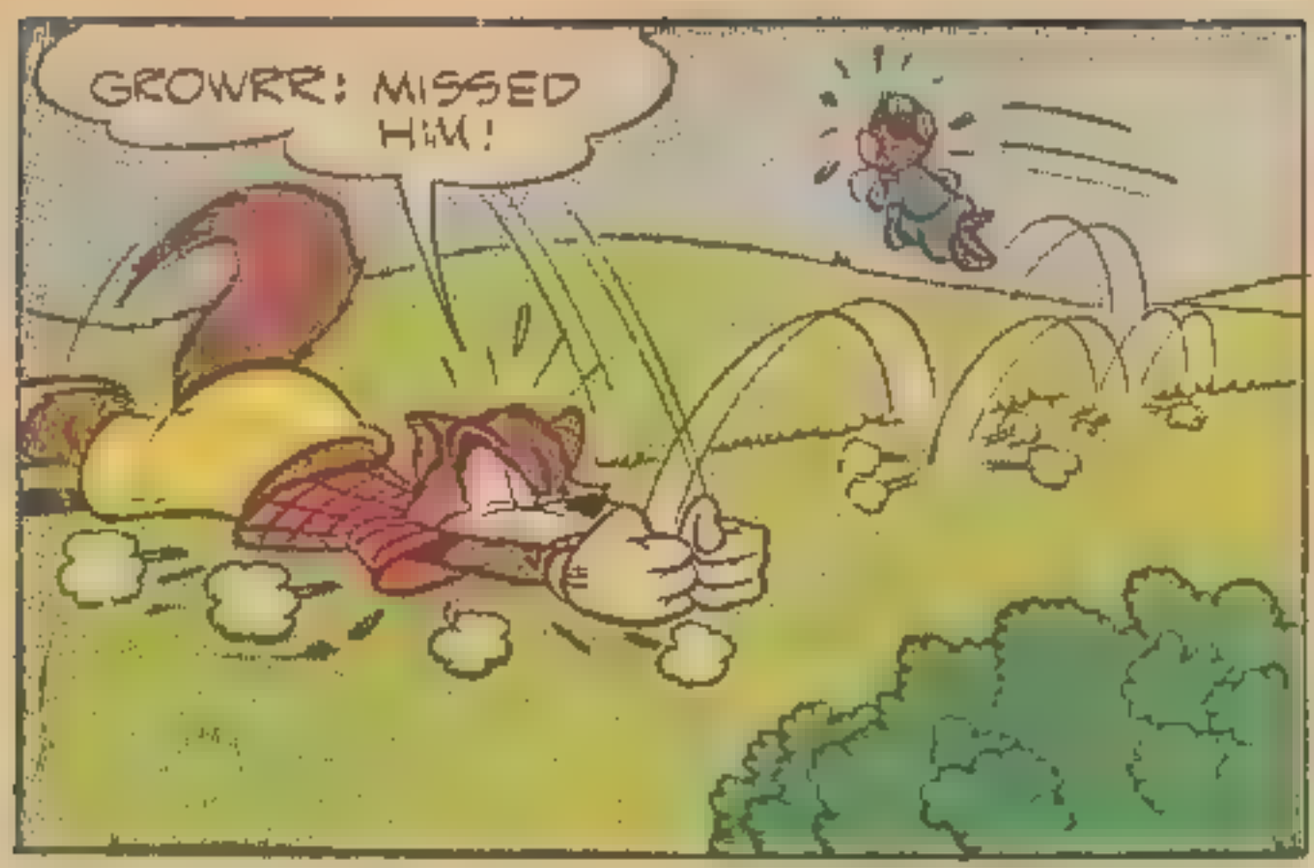
I'M HUNGRY ENOUGH TO DEVOUR A-- SNIFF--
SNIFF


NO! NO! I DIDN'T SAY IT! GO'WAY. SCRAM! BEAT IT! I'M NOT THAT HUNGRY!

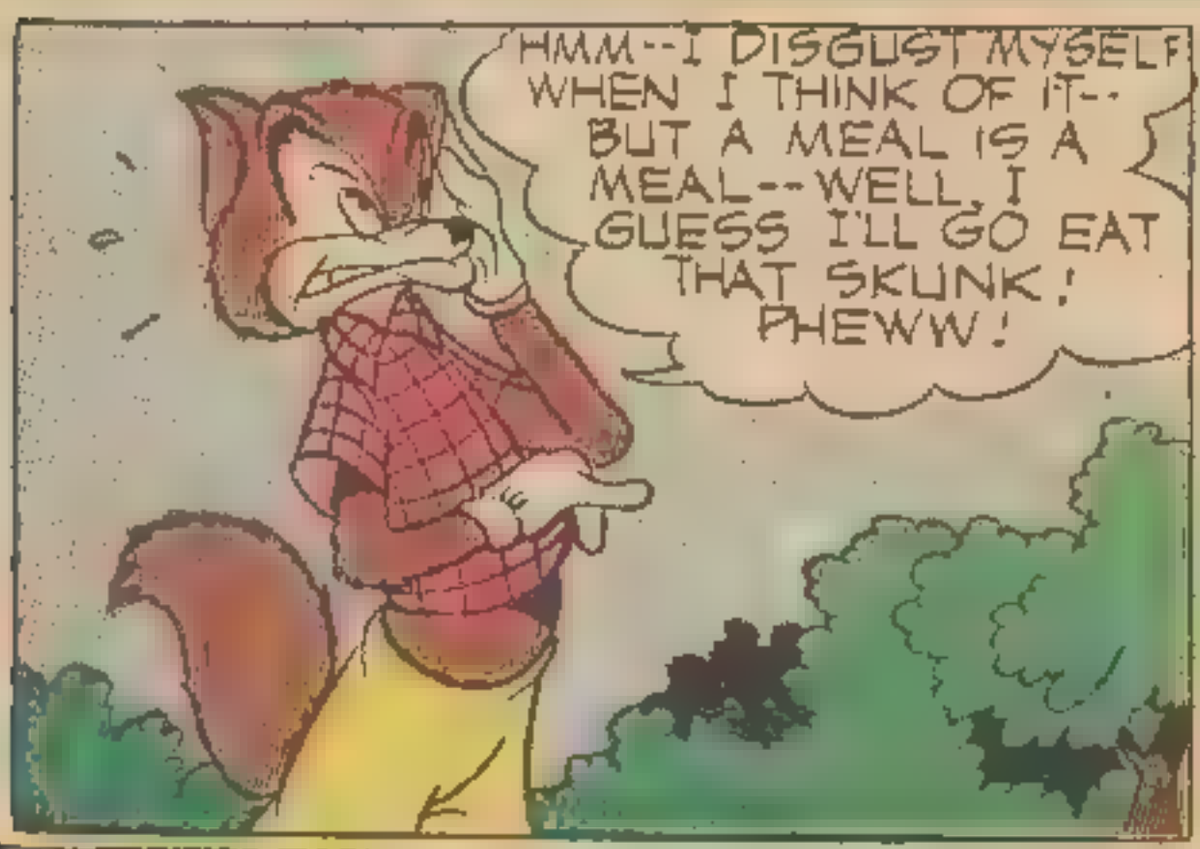

MM--NOW THAT'S WHAT I CALL A TASTY LITTLE MOUTHFUL!
HEY JOHNNY! PSST!

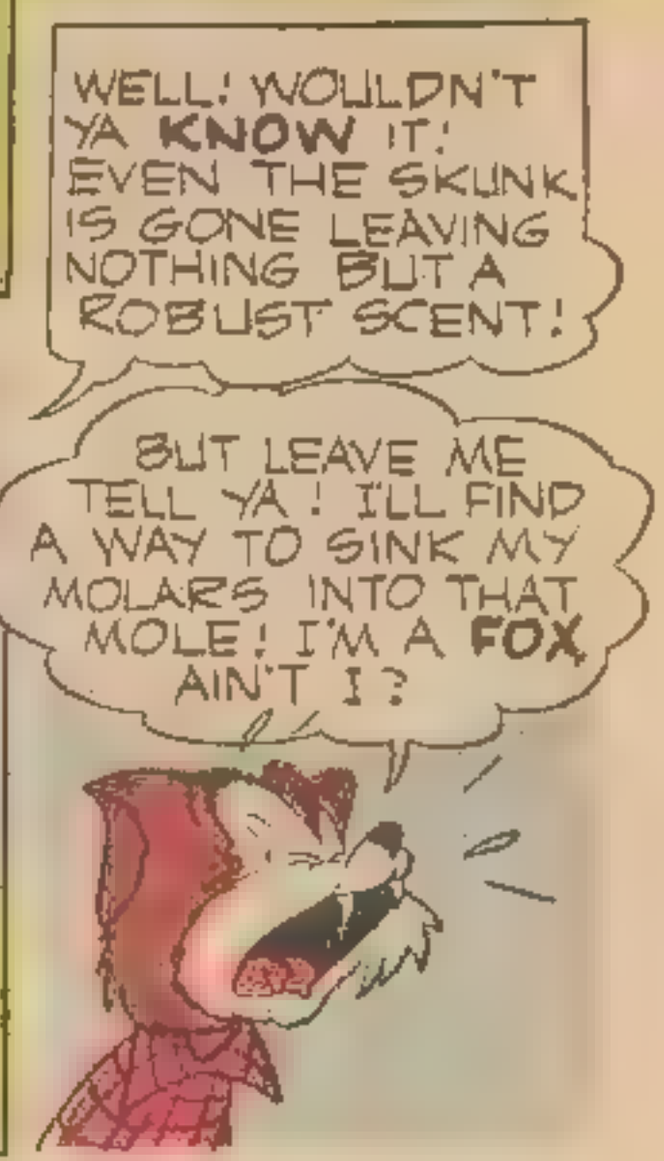

C'MERE, JOHNNY--I GOT SOMETHIN' NICE FOR YA! C'MERE!
ER--OH, NO THANKS, FOXY--I GOTTA HURRY HOME--IT'S TIME FOR LUNCH--

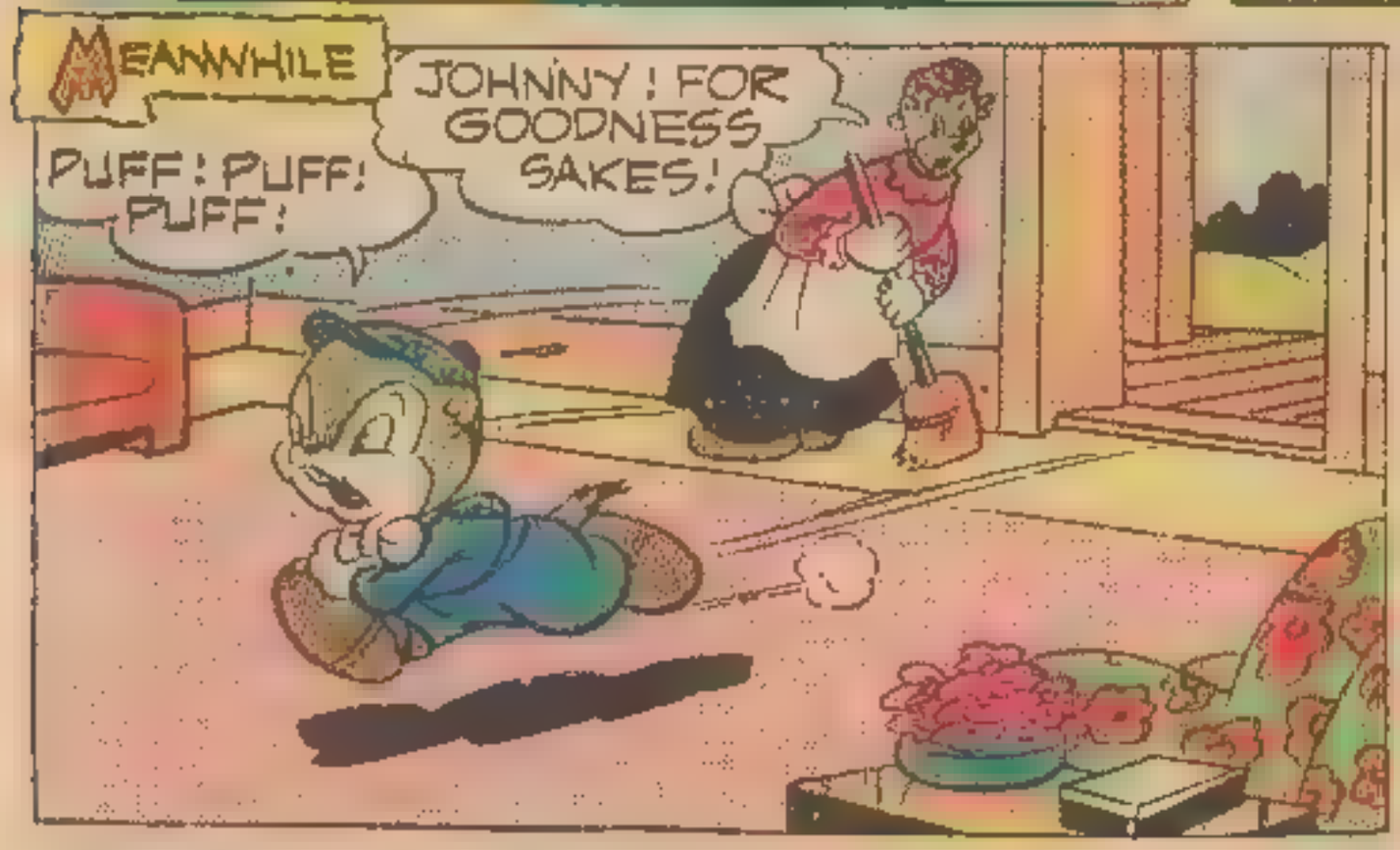

THAT'S JUST EXACTLY WHAT I MEAN! SEE?

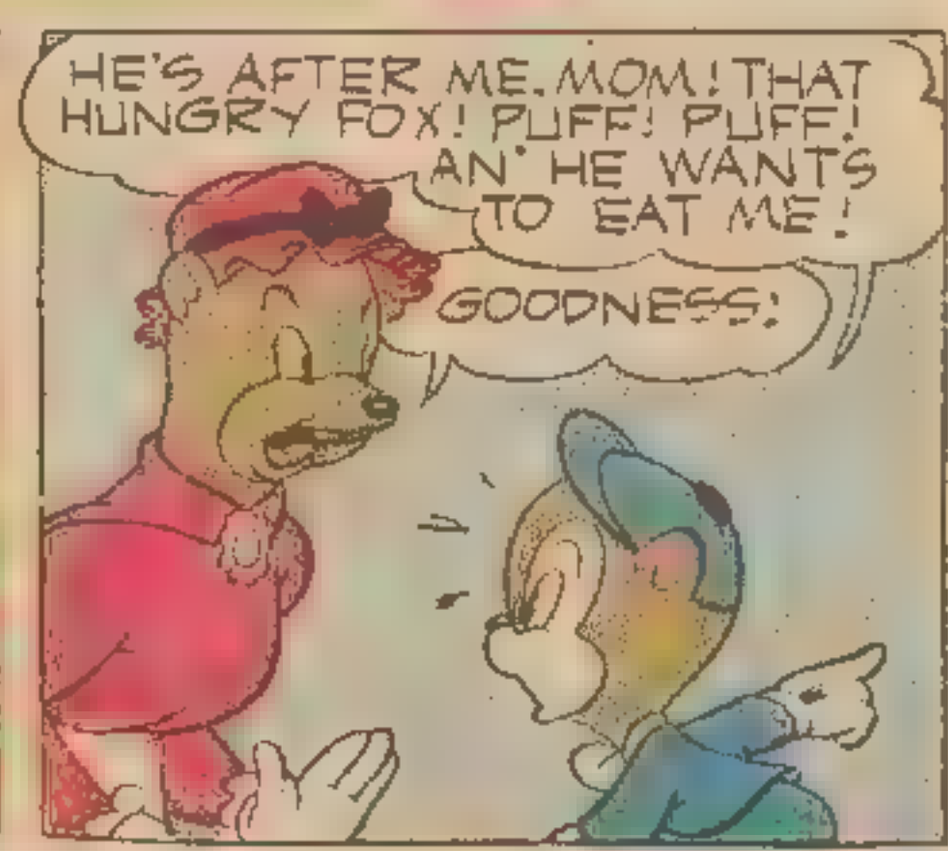

GROWRR! MISSED HIM!

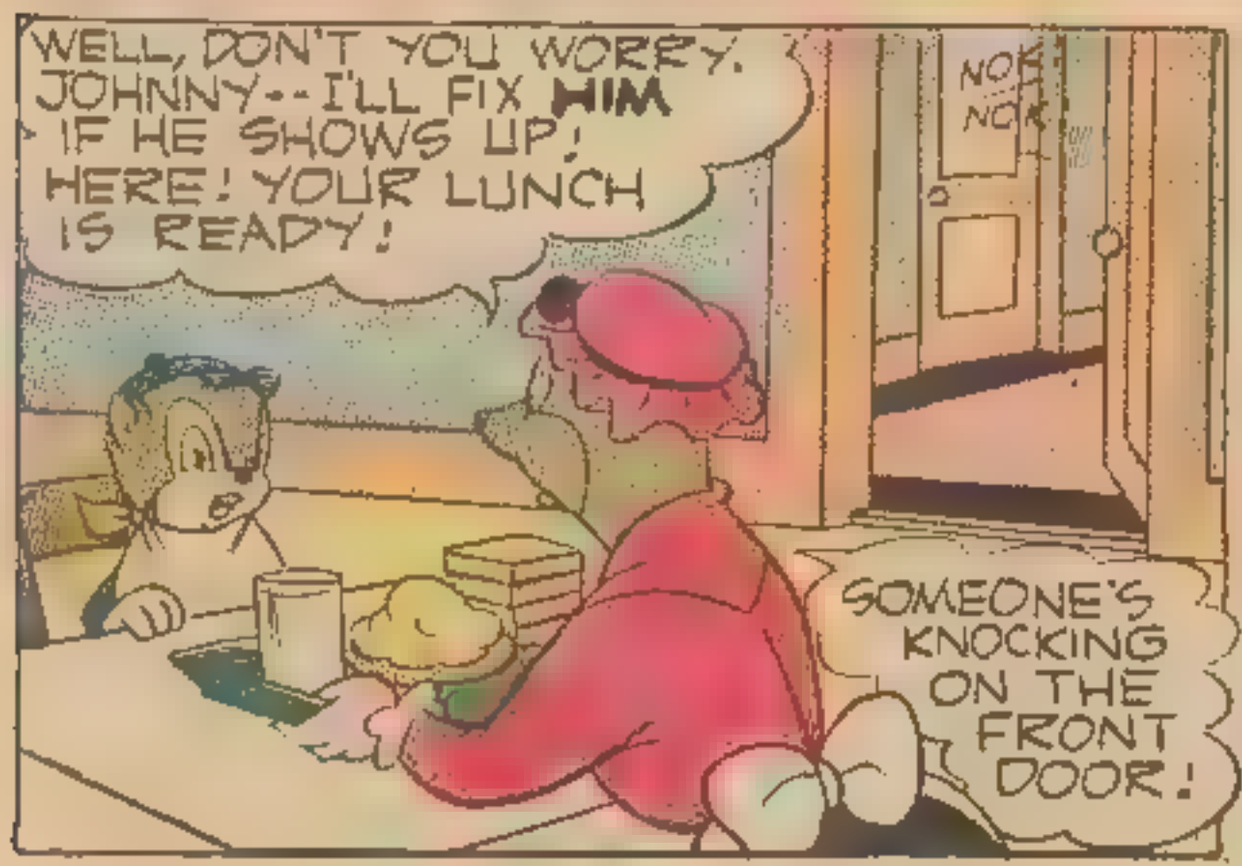
EEEOOF! I GOTTA EAT SOMETHIN' SOON! GAD! MY STUMICK THINKS MY THROAT'S CUT!

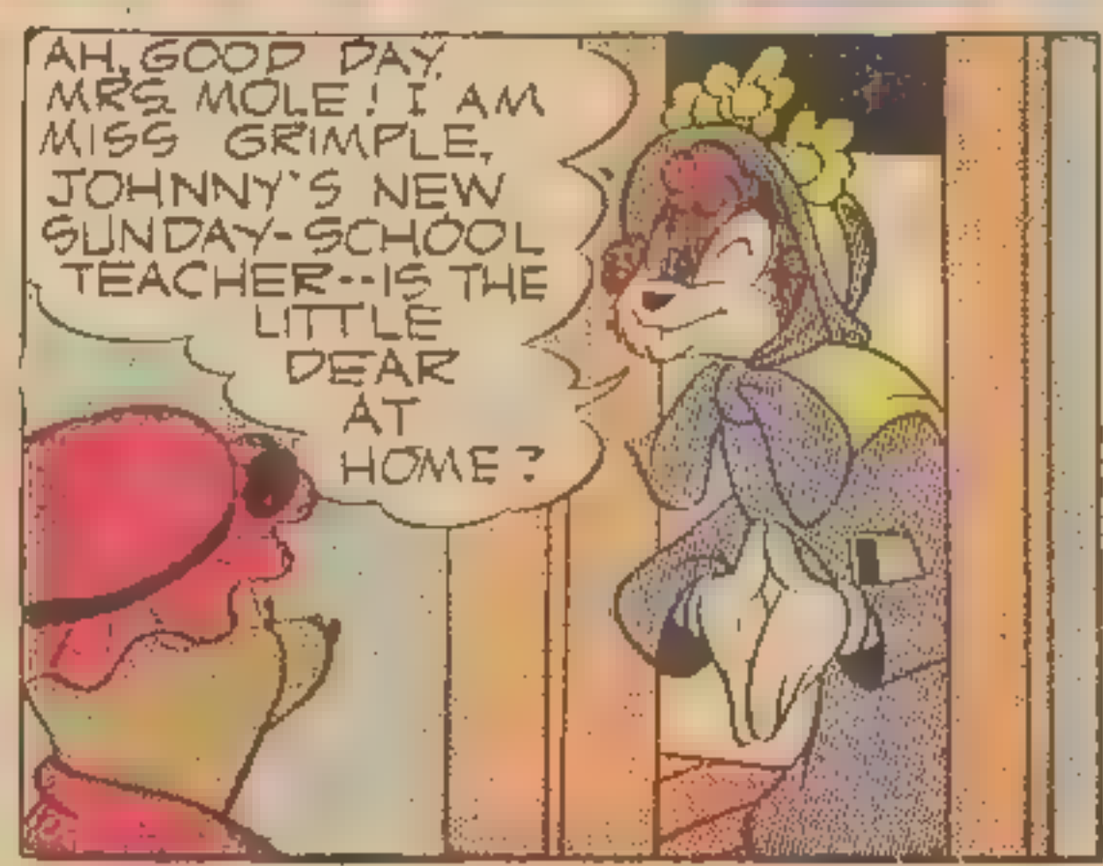

HMM--I DISGUST MYSELF WHEN I THINK OF IT-- BUT A MEAL IS A MEAL--WELL, I GUESS I'LL GO EAT THAT SKUNK! PHEWW!

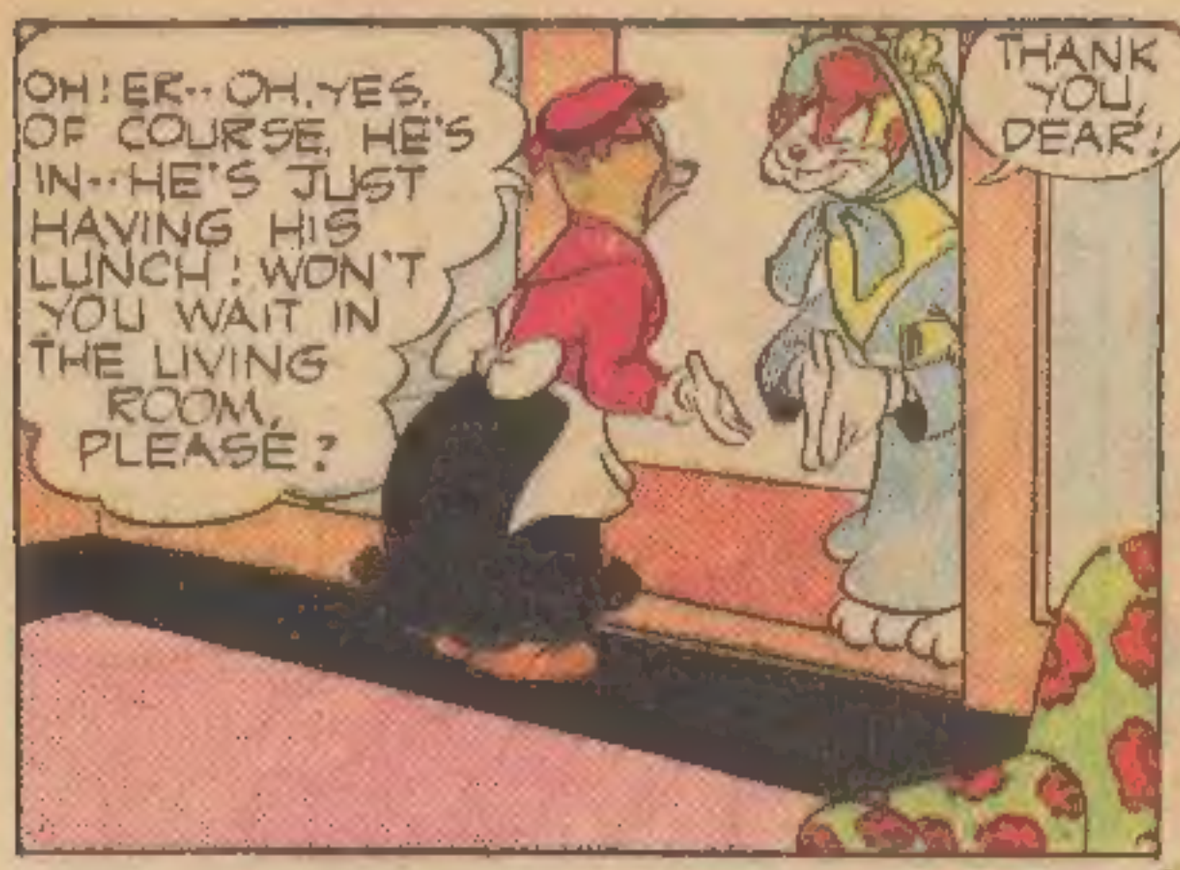

WELL! WOULDN'T YA KNOW IT! EVEN THE SKUNK IS GONE LEAVING NOTHING BUT A ROBUST SCENT!
BUT LEAVE ME TELL YA! I'LL FIND A WAY TO SINK MY MOLARS INTO THAT MOLE! I'M A FOX AIN'T I?


MEANWHILE
PUFF! PUFF! PUFF!
JOHNNY! FOR GOODNESS SAKES!

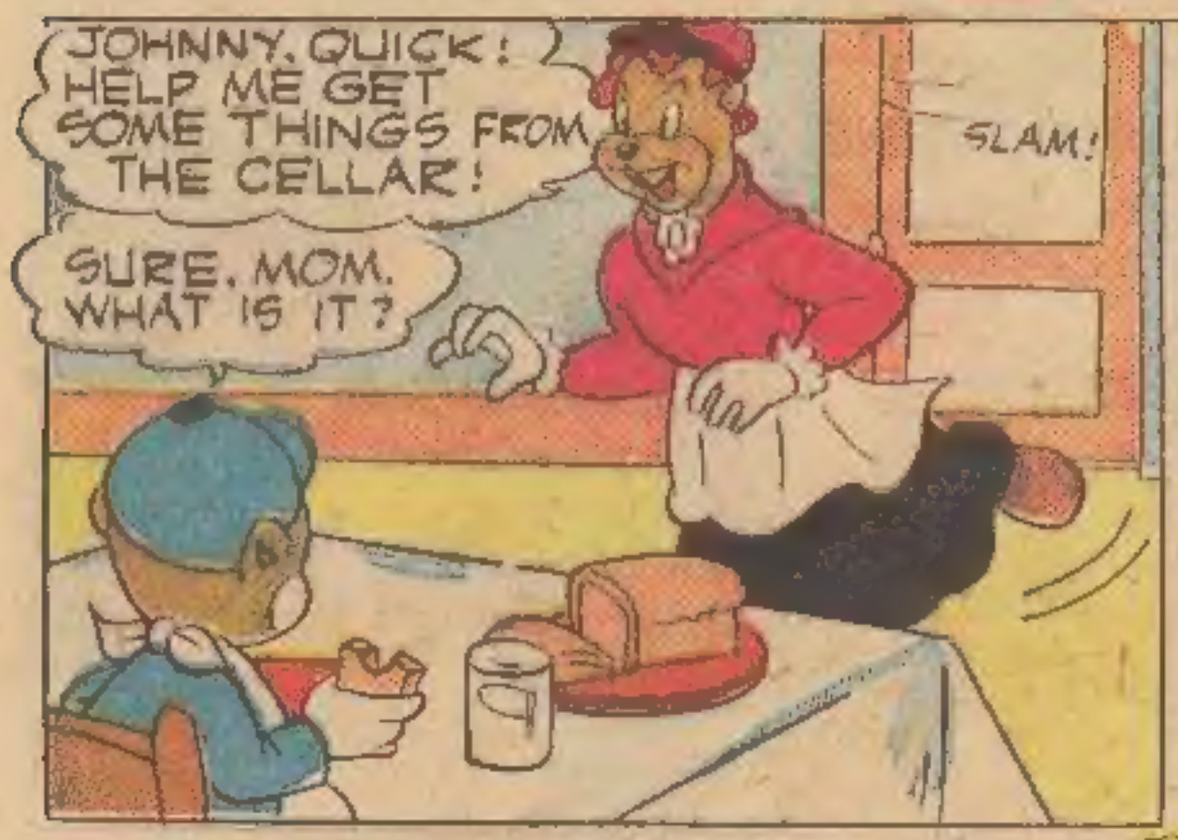

HE'S AFTER ME, MOM! THAT HUNGRY FOX! PUFF! PUFF! AN' HE WANTS TO EAT ME!
GOODNESS!


WELL, DON'T YOU WORRY, JOHNNY--I'LL FIX HIM IF HE SHOWS UP! HERE! YOUR LUNCH IS READY!
NOK NOK
SOMEONE'S KNOCKING ON THE FRONT DOOR!

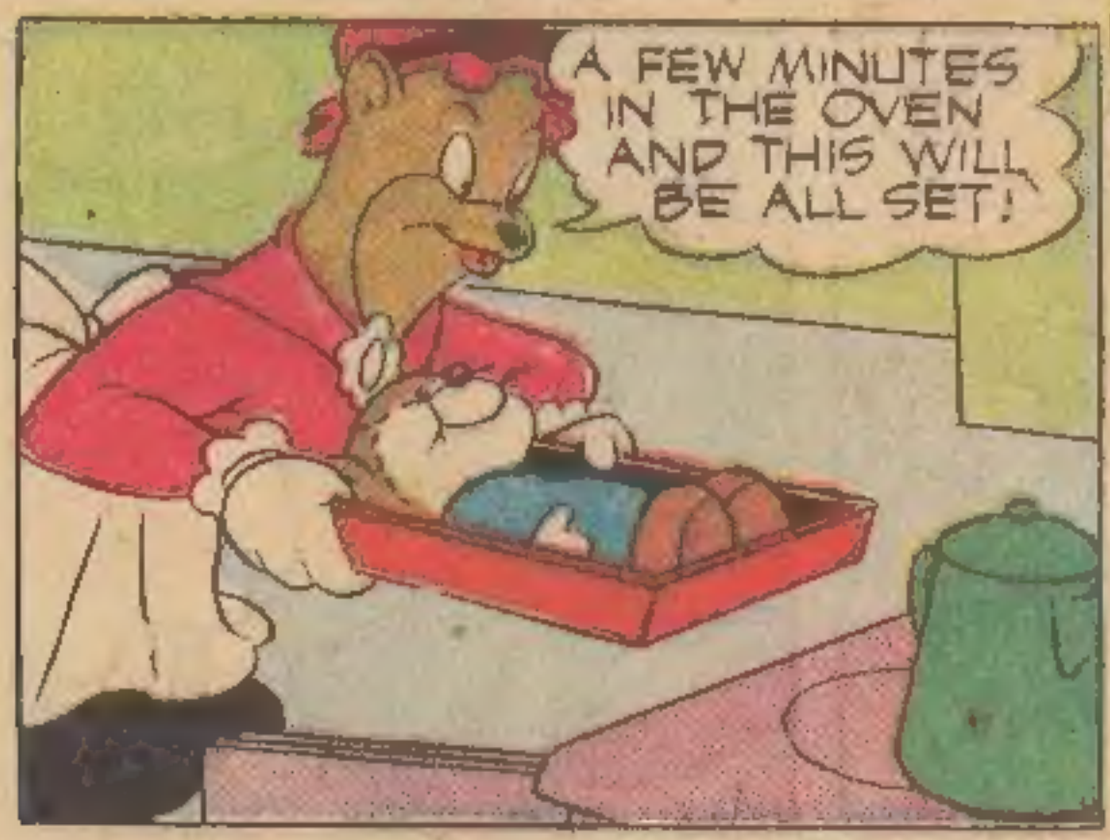

AH, GOOD DAY, MRS. MOLE! I AM MISS GRIMPLE, JOHNNY'S NEW SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER--IS THE LITTLE DEAR AT HOME?


OH! ER-- OH, YES, OF COURSE, HE'S IN--HE'S JUST HAVING HIS LUNCH! WON'T YOU WAIT IN THE LIVING ROOM, PLEASE?
THANK YOU, DEAR!

AH-I'D LIKE TO TEAR-ER! MEAN I'D LIKE TO TEACH THE LITTLE DEAR SOME NEW SONGS-- UMM--


JOHNNY, QUICK! HELP ME GET SOME THINGS FROM THE CELLAR!
SURE, MOM. WHAT IS IT?
SLAM!

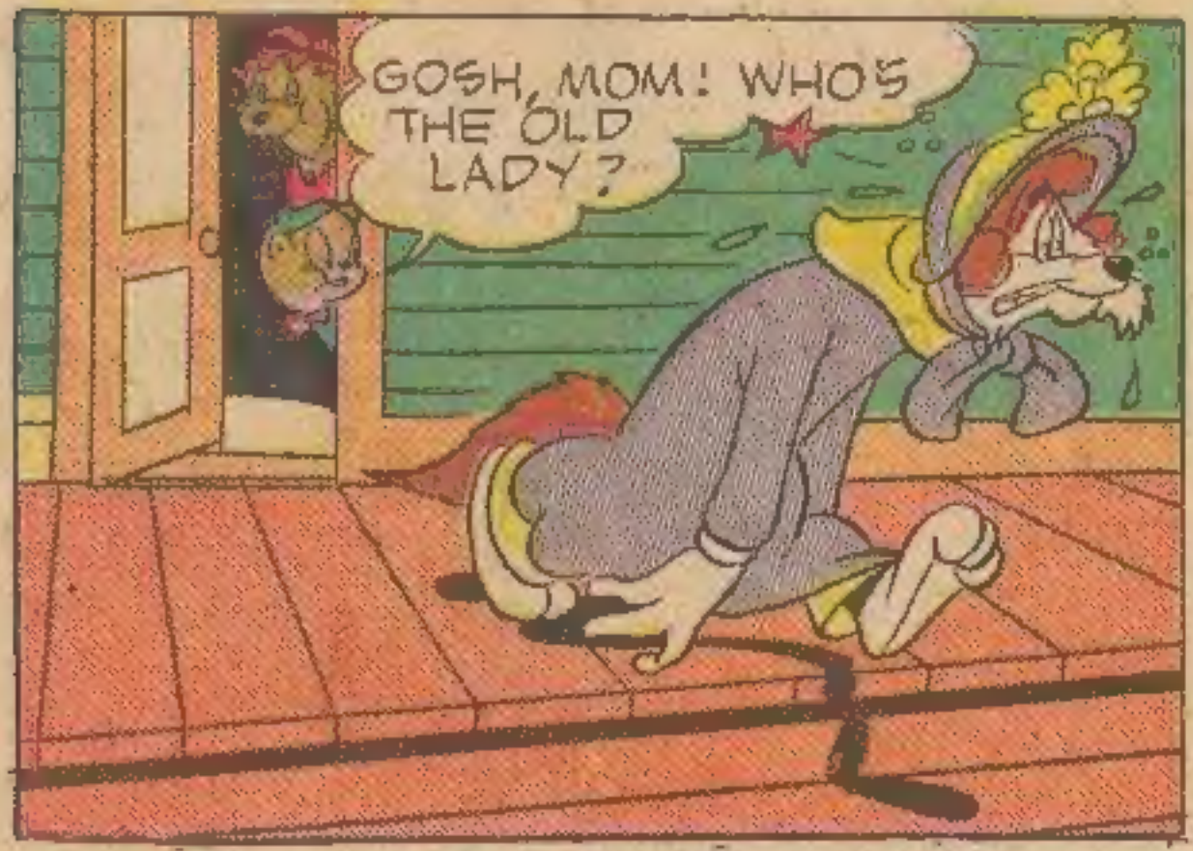
A FEW MINUTES LATER--
THAT'S FINE! NOW YOU GO OUT THE BACK DOOR AND KEEP OUT OF SIGHT FOR A WHILE!
OKAY, MOM!
KEROSEN
FISH GLUE
VINEGAR
GINGER
RED PEPPER


A FEW MINUTES IN THE OVEN AND THIS WILL BE ALL SET!

TEN MINUTES LATER!
ALL RIGHT, MISS GRIMPLE! YOU MAY COME IN NOW!

I HOPE YOU WON'T MIND IF I GO SHOPPING, MISS GRIMPLE!
OH, NO NO NO! YOUR JOHNNY WILL BE IN GOOD HANDS, NEVER FEAR!

TA TA, MISS GRIMPLE BE PATIENT. WITH JOHNNY!
YOU WON'T KNOW YOUR SON WHEN YOU RETURN, MRS MOLE, DEARIE!



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TIMOTHY TURTLE'S NEW SUIT

(Continued from inside front cover) One group was to start out in search of Timothy's old shell, while another was to scout around trying to find a substitute, in case the old shell was not found.

"You'd better come with us, Timothy," said Uncle Porcupine who headed the second group. "We will probably need your advice. At least for a fitting."

"Why don't we go down to the old picnic grounds, and see what we can find," spoke up Georgie Groundhog. "There's a lot of things down there we might be able to use."

"An excellent idea," agreed Gramp Beaver, and the little group filed down the path to the picnic grounds.

"See, here's a Dixie Cup. Here, try this on for size," cried Georgie. He plumped it down on Timothy's back and stood off to admire his creation.

"Too small," sighed Timothy.

"How about this cardboard box, Tim?" And Uncle Porcupine dragged it into view.

"Too big. Oh, gosh, I wish I had my old shell back again. And to think I had been thinking of trading it in for a newer model. Gee, it was just like home. In fact, it was home." And a tear rolled down Timothy's nose.

"Now, now, buck up, old man." Gramp Beaver patted him on the head. "We'll find a shell for you."

"Hey, here's a beauty," said Billy Bear, running with something in his arms. "Look at this!" And he held up a beautiful cut glass bowl, slightly cracked it was true, but sparkling and shining like a jewel.

Billy dropped it down on Timothy's back and stood back for a better look. "Gee, that's pretty neat, just fits too."

Timothy craned his neck around and said hopefully, "What do you think, fellows?"

"It's the best looking shell in the forest."

"Then I'll keep it," and Timothy started back up the path. Then he stopped suddenly.

"Wait a minute," he cried. "I just happened to think. How about my business? No one will be able to ride on this across the stream, it's too slippery."

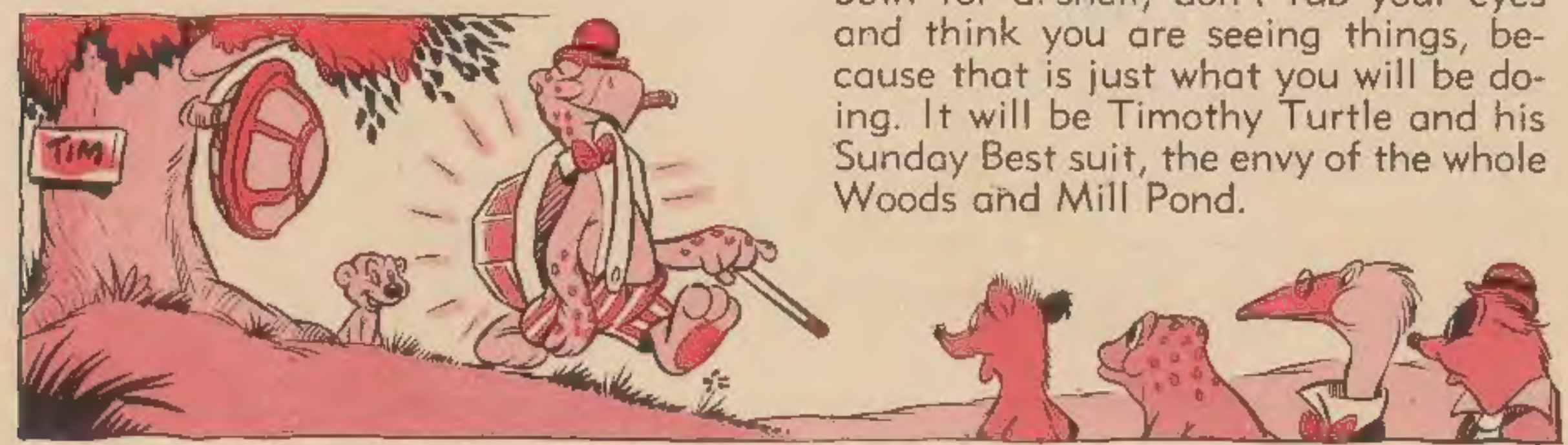
As they stood around in silence trying to think of what to do about their problem, they were met by the other group of neighbors who had been in search of Timothy's old shell, and there with two very sheepish young chipmunks, was the result of their search.

"Gosh, fellows, thanks," murmured Timothy, as he gratefully slipped into his old shell. "But gee, it looks kinda shabby compared to that cut glass bowl." And he looked longingly at the colorful substitute.

"Why, say, young fellow, there's no business on Sunday. Why not use this glass bowl as your Sunday Best?" cried Gramp Beaver.

Timothy perked up and cried," Why not, indeed? And won't Myrtle Turtle be impressed when she sees it?"

And that is just what happened. That is why, if you should happen to be down by the Mill Pond some day, and it should happen to be a Sunday, and you should happen to see what looks like a turtle wearing a cut glass bowl for a shell, don't rub your eyes and think you are seeing things, because that is just what you will be doing. It will be Timothy Turtle and his Sunday Best suit, the envy of the whole Woods and Mill Pond.



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